Collier's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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Madame Butterfly's Children

THE PLIGHT OF "GI BABIES" IN JAPAN

NINA FOCH

A Star Goes to Drama School

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA X0353
485797 2Y 8 25

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It's a jet-streamed new Studebaker

Designed for real gas saving

YOU'RE money ahead every mile you click off in a sleek new "swept-back" Studebaker.

You save gas because Studebaker designing keeps the car free from excess weight.

This advantage paid off in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. A Studebaker Champion and Commander V-8 finished first and second over all other standard class entries in actual mileage per gallon.

These thrifty Studebakers, and most of the other contending cars, used Overdrive. You can have Overdrive or Automatic Drive in any new Studebaker model at extra cost.

1852 ★ **Studebaker** ★ 1952

One hundred years of progress on the roadways of the world

Studebaker Commander V-8 Starliner "hard-top"—also available as a Champion. White sidewall tires, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

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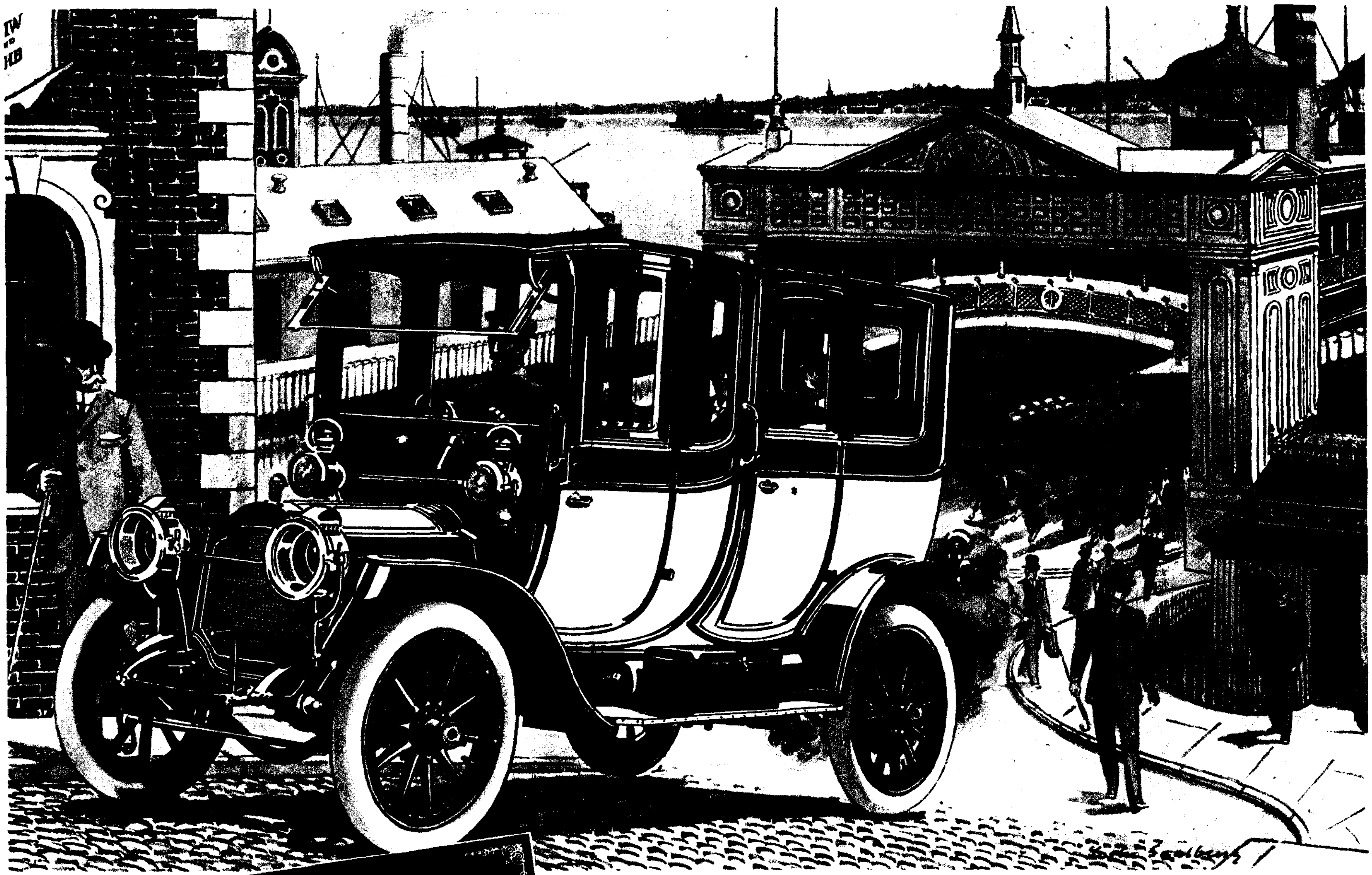
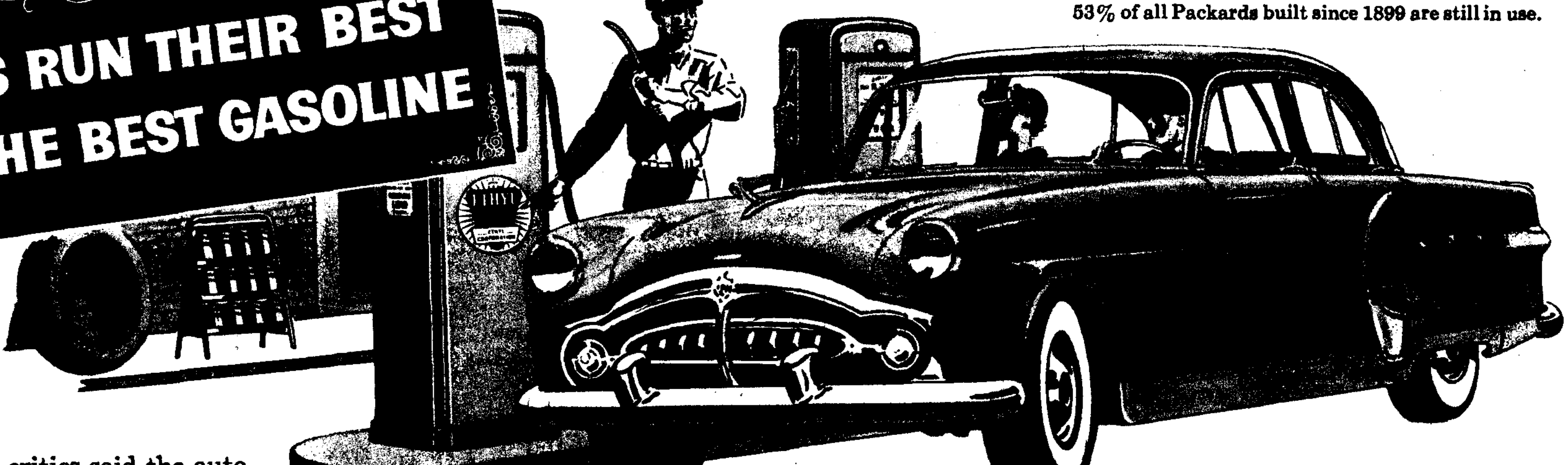


1912 PACKARD town car had a four-cylinder engine, weighed 4,000 pounds and sold for $4,600. The separation between the chauffeur and passenger compartments gave it a double-body look.

TODAY AS YESTERDAY

CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE

1952 PACKARD, with its high compression engine, lives up to the standards of its predecessors. More than 53% of all Packards built since 1899 are still in use.



You can see why critics said the automobile would never replace the horse. Underpowered early motorcars usually bogged down on roads that a good horse could travel. But we wonder what the "Get a horse" folks say today. Particularly when they see the performance of a modern engine using "Ethyl" gasoline.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It's the gasoline modern high compression engines need to develop top power and efficiency. It's the gasoline you ought to buy. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

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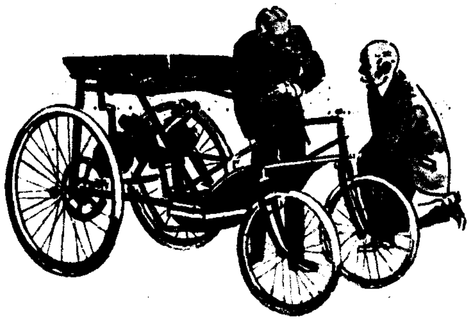
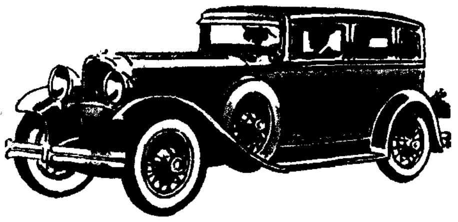


1894 BALZER was built by a New York City inventor. Its air-cooled, three-cylinder engine was of the rotary type—the cylinders and crankcase revolved around a fixed crankshaft.



1930 ROOSEVELT was advertised as the world's first straight eight priced under $1,000. It was Marmon's entry into the low-priced field but lasted only a short time.

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Like you and millions of others, we've been waiting to read this exciting entertainment news...

LANZA ... SINGS ... AGAIN!

And...as if Lanza's glorious, golden voice were not enough... this time M-G-M has given Mario a new Technicolor musical that blends a rollicking, fun-filled story of our time with his romantic singing.

Mario plays a singing star who's drafted ... goes from public idol to buck private overnight! It turns out that his tough, blustering top sergeant ("Battleground" star, James Whitmore) has a secret ambition to sing, and Mario, to avoid K.P. encourages him, with hilarious results. Then, the sergeant's sister (a sparkling *new* star, Doretta Morrow) appears. She's not only lyrical but luscious—and Mario makes time with melody!

The singing?... Most wonderfully varied array of music that Mario has ever sung on the screen. You'll be humming the lovely, new rhapsodic ballad "Because You're Mine" by the composers of "Be My Love". You'll hear the exciting, enchanting "All The Things You Are" sung as it's never been sung before... the lilting love-song, "You Do Something To Me"... the pulse pounding "Granada"... and a dozen others.

We never would have believed that Mario Lanza could be greater than he was in "The Great Caruso"... but he is in "Because You're Mine"!

You'll have your own favorite scene—but to us it was Mario in the Army Medical Office undergoing his physical check-up. The doctor, stethoscope poised, listens to the heartbeats of assorted draftees. As the line moves on, Lanza appears... a husky, bare-chested, magnificent specimen. The doctor doesn't bother with the stethoscope this time... he just shouts, "1-A!"

NEW STAR FIND... is musically talented, strikingly beautiful brunette, Doretta Morrow. She was discovered by Joe Pasternak—producer of all the Lanza pictures, including "Because You're Mine". He signed her during her Broadway performance in "The King and I", without even a screen test, for a Hollywood debut opposite Mario Lanza. And he was right for she's the perfect song-bird sweetheart for the screen's greatest romantic singer.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents MARIO LANZA in "BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE" introducing DORETTA MORROW with James Whitmore. Color by Technicolor. Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Leonard Spigelgass. Based on a story by Ruth Brooks Flippen and Sy Gomberg. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Joe Pasternak.

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September 20, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Nina Foch portrays a gay young lady haunted by pensive thoughts. Nina, a dramatic actress of the movies, Broadway stage and television, is one of several successful young show people who study acting in director David Alexander's unorthodox school of dramatics. For the unusual details, see page 12.

Week's Mail

McCarthyism

EDITOR: My hearty congratulations to you on your fine editorial, McCarthy Cries Again (Aug. 2d). If more top-flight publications such as yours would take this stand, decent, honest people would soon be rid of the fear of being attacked with charges that seem to be based primarily on instinct, publicity or smell.
KARL H. BREVIK,
Minneapolis, Minn.

... Have just perused your editorial entitled McCarthy Cries Again, and while we may have to admit that McCarthy has been somewhat lacking in tact in his effort to rid our government of Reds and Pinks, he obviously would have gotten nowhere had he not used some glass-breaking methods.

The fact is indisputable that he has done more to arouse the American people about the subversive influences extant in the very core of our government, and to scare the very devil out of scores of questionable risks, than all the half-hearted investigations conducted by sundry Congressional committees put together.
JOHN A. GELLATLY,
Wenatchee, Wash.

... I want to congratulate your magazine on the outstanding editorial in your August 2d issue. It took courage to do it, and I, as one of your readers, am proud of you.
ETTA S. LEFTWICH,
Philadelphia, Pa.

... Your editorial attack on Senator Joe McCarthy is unwarrantable and a disgrace to your magazine. He is doing a necessary and courageous job.
MRS. GARNA KUKOR, San Diego, Cal.

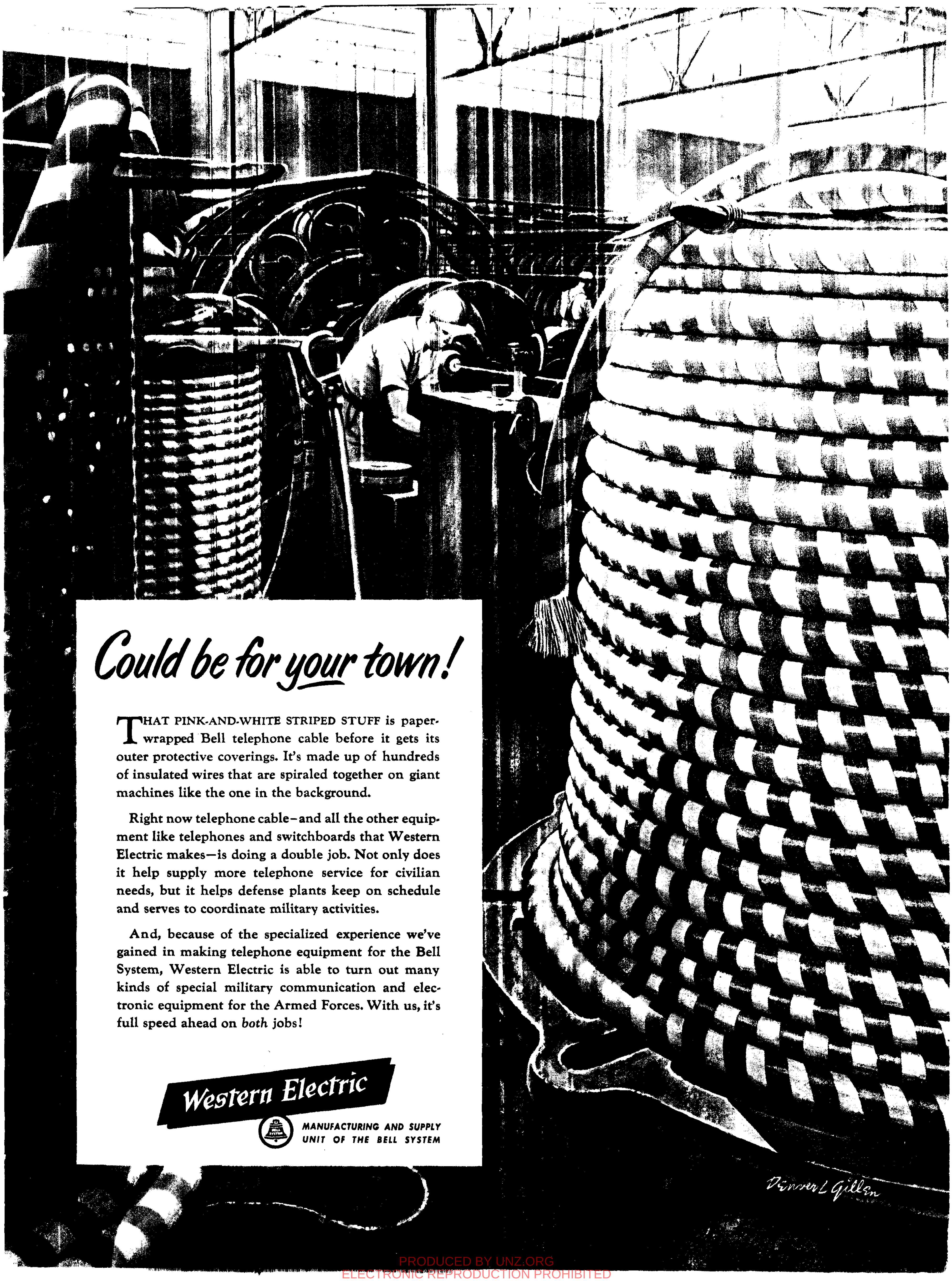
... Accept my gratitude for your cogent editorial concerning Senator Joe McCarthy. It is a fulfillment of one of journalism's greatest obligations to the reading public.
J. IDEN NELSON, Waco, Tex.

Correction

In Collier's for May 31st, there was a picture story showing what is being done to treat speech handicaps at the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York City, which is one of the best clinics in the United States. Exercises given to correct speech disorders were demonstrated by two children whose pictures appeared upon the cover. The children pictured were models and never have had a cleft palate. Collier's is glad to clarify the point.

The Versatile Alec

EDITOR: Thank you for your very enlightening article on one of the world's greatest actors from one of his admirers (Guinness—Man of Many Faces, July 26th). Collier's is among the first to carry information about Alec Guinness. Up until now his fans in America have only been aware that he has given some-



Could be for your town!

THAT PINK-AND-WHITE STRIPED STUFF is paper-wrapped Bell telephone cable before it gets its outer protective coverings. It's made up of hundreds of insulated wires that are spiraled together on giant machines like the one in the background.

Right now telephone cable–and all the other equipment like telephones and switchboards that Western Electric makes—is doing a double job. Not only does it help supply more telephone service for civilian needs, but it helps defense plants keep on schedule and serves to coordinate military activities.

And, because of the specialized experience we've gained in making telephone equipment for the Bell System, Western Electric is able to turn out many kinds of special military communication and electronic equipment for the Armed Forces. With us, it's full speed ahead on *both* jobs!

Western Electric

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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

...Jim Hegan

HEGAN'S UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE OF RIVAL BATTERS' WEAKNESSES HAS HELPED MAKE THE INDIAN PITCHING STAFF THE STRONGEST IN THE A.L. **HE HAS CAUGHT 3 NO HITTERS!**
MY GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED IS THE HANDIEST AND EASIEST-SHAVING RAZOR I'VE EVER USED
James E. Hegan
IN NEW STYRENE CASE THAT SPRINGS OPEN AT A TOUCH!
ZIP! Blade hooks on ...drops in place PRESTO!

BIG JIM HEGAN, ACE RECEIVER OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS, IS RATED BY MANY AS **THE SMARTEST CATCHER IN THE BIG LEAGUES.** HIS FIELDING RECORD IS ALMOST FLAWLESS WITH **BUT 32 ERRORS IN 685 GAMES** (1947-'51)!

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thing to the theater and cinema that few actors have the ability to give: complete and original character studies that are gems in this world of "personality" actors. Thanks to Mr. Newman we now know a little about the man himself.

I for one feel that he has more than earned the right to pick and choose the roles he wishes to portray. My one prayer is that Mr. Guinness can steer clear of Hollywood until he can choose his own material.

One of the nicest ways our English cousins can repay us for the Marshall Plan is to send us Alec Guinness for another fine Broadway appearance. Until they do, we can only run to the nearest art theater and watch the master work.

CONSTANCE POLITES, Towson, Md.

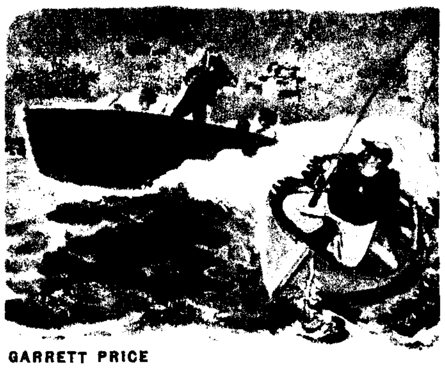
. . . I suggest at least two of the eight Alec Guinness characters mentioned in caption on pages 26 and 27 were not murdered:

Banker—natural death; admiral—collision at sea.

RIGEL SCHMIDT, Columbus, Ohio

Reader Schmidt is right. A mere six were murdered in Kind Hearts and Coronets.

Cartoonish Coincidence



GARRETT PRICE

"Catching anything?"

EDITOR: A most amazing coincidence is your cartoon by the eminent Garrett Price on page 26 of the August 2d issue.

Last evening at dusk this same experience, identically, happened to me! Imagine my surprise when this morning I opened my Collier's and saw the duplication of my fate of the evening before.

I have learned my lesson and seen the error of my ways. I promise never again to holler at fishermen as I go roaring by in my speedboat. I'll ignore them completely. BOB BARNES, Southbury, Conn.

Toward Greater Air Safety

EDITOR: I have read Air-Crash Detective at Work (Aug. 2d) and wish to commend you for giving credit where credit is due in the field of aircraft-accident investigation. The staff of the Bureau of Safety Investigation of the Civil Aeronautics Board is composed of a very modest but very competent group of people who work untiringly to determine causes of accidents so that the public can fly with even greater assurance.

JEROME LEDERER, Flight Safety
Foundation, New York, N.Y.

Middle East Policy

EDITOR: I read The Moslem Crescent, published in your July 26th issue, with interest. While appreciating the study made and many of the points raised by the authors, I cannot see their logic in arriving at a conclusion: "We mean to stay here." It is inconsistent with parts of the article, such as the "hard lot of the defenders of Suez" who must endure "the antagonism of the local population."

Insistence on the part of England and France on "staying there" just by sheer force increases tension and hostility; weakens the position of Western democracy, both ideologically and materially, in that vital part of the world; and, above all, does not constitute any gain militarily, since British bases along the Suez Canal have ceased to be effective bases and have become "police stations" surrounded with a people devoid of any interest in defending a democracy which has invariably identified itself with oppression and colonialism.

But should Middle Eastern nationalism be properly estimated, understood and dealt with in a spirit of co-operation and equality, it would be turned into a virtual "position of strength" which could be depended upon as a strong bulwark against aggression. If the spirit guiding the U.S. in her relations with Turkey should guide Britain and France in their relations with the rest of the Moslem Crescent, the latter would become equally strong, dependable friends of the West. M. SAMIR AHMED, Press Attaché,
Royal Egyptian Embassy,
Washington, D.C.

Neglected Moppet

EDITOR: It is my opinion that you made a great mistake in preparing the material for the article, Ambitious Mothers: Hollywood Headache (Aug. 2d). You failed to mention probably the greatest child actor that the screen has ever known. His name is Dean Stockwell.

I'm sure that no one who has seen any of his memorable performances in such pictures as The Green Years, Gentleman's Agreement, The Boy with Green Hair, Kim and many more will ever forget his fine acting. Don't you think that he deserves some recognition?

JOHN F. HARRISON, Camp Kilmer, N.J.

Good Appointer

EDITOR: I can't resist pointing out the inconsistency in the opinion expressed by Mr. Carl S. Gray, of Battle Creek, Michigan, in his letter to you regarding the Presidential appointment of federal judges (Week's Mail, Aug. 2d).

The appointive power which he speaks of will be in the hands of Stevenson or Eisenhower, *both* of whom are selections of President Truman—one as the Democratic nominee for President of the U.S. and the other as head of our armed forces in Europe. Let's give credit where credit is due. I do not believe President Truman is infallible, but he has made some wise decisions and fine selections, in my opinion.

ALICE CORNELL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Experience

EDITOR: Just finished reading your short story, A Caboose Named Martin (Aug. 2d). I can't remember when I have been so amused by a story—you see, I am the mother of three small boys.

Tell me, does the author, Charles Einstein, write from experience?

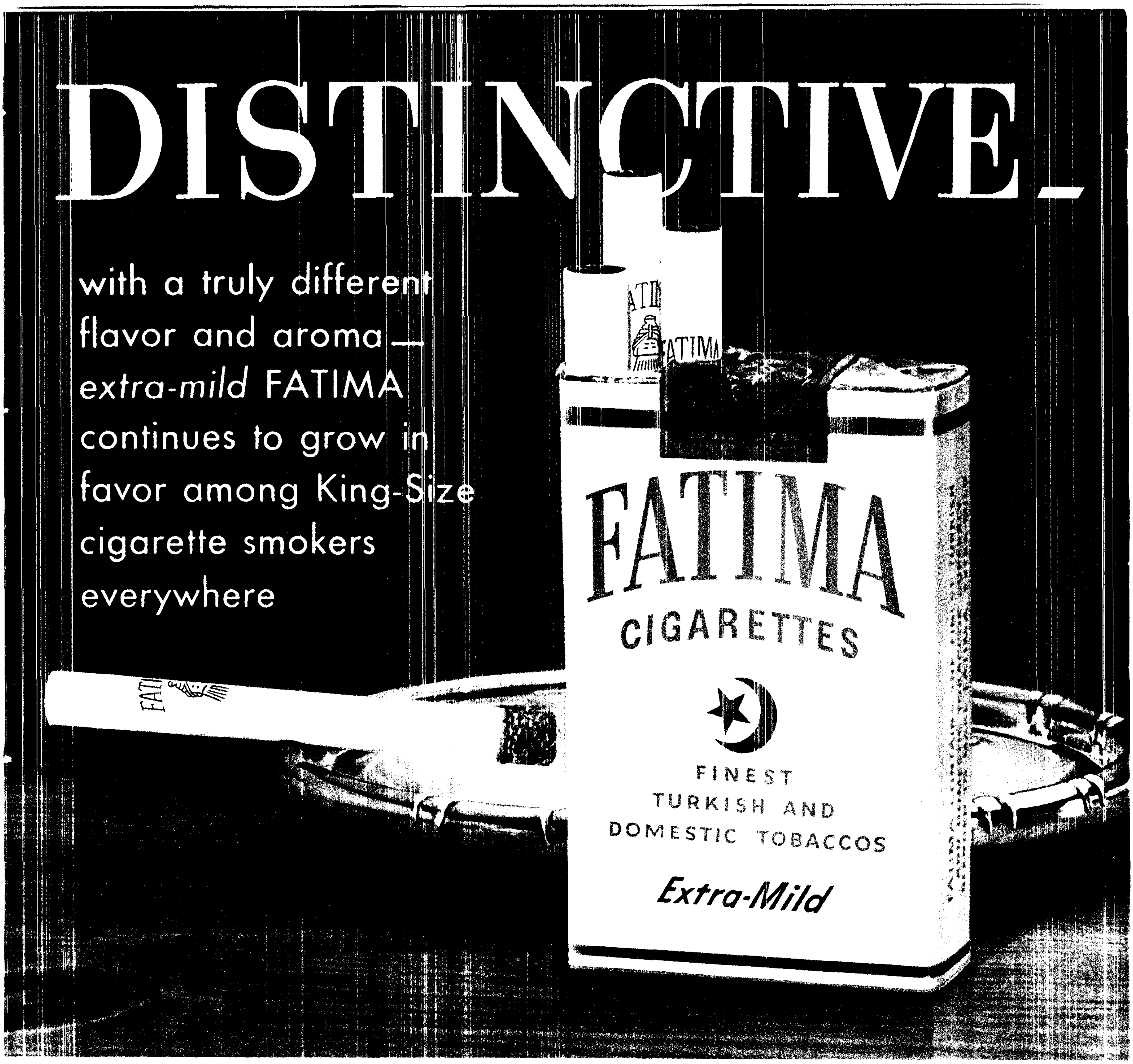
MRS. ARTHUR TEN EYCK,
Delaware, Ohio

Mr. Einstein had two small sons when he wrote the story. He now has three.

Insurance Investments

EDITOR: I have read with much interest the article by Ben Merson, Insurance Companies: What Do They Do with All That Money? (Aug. 2d). I asked all my agents to read this article, and we are showing and telling the policyholders about it, as well as the general public.

OTTO GREEN, Empire Life and Accident
Insurance Co., Indianapolis, Ind.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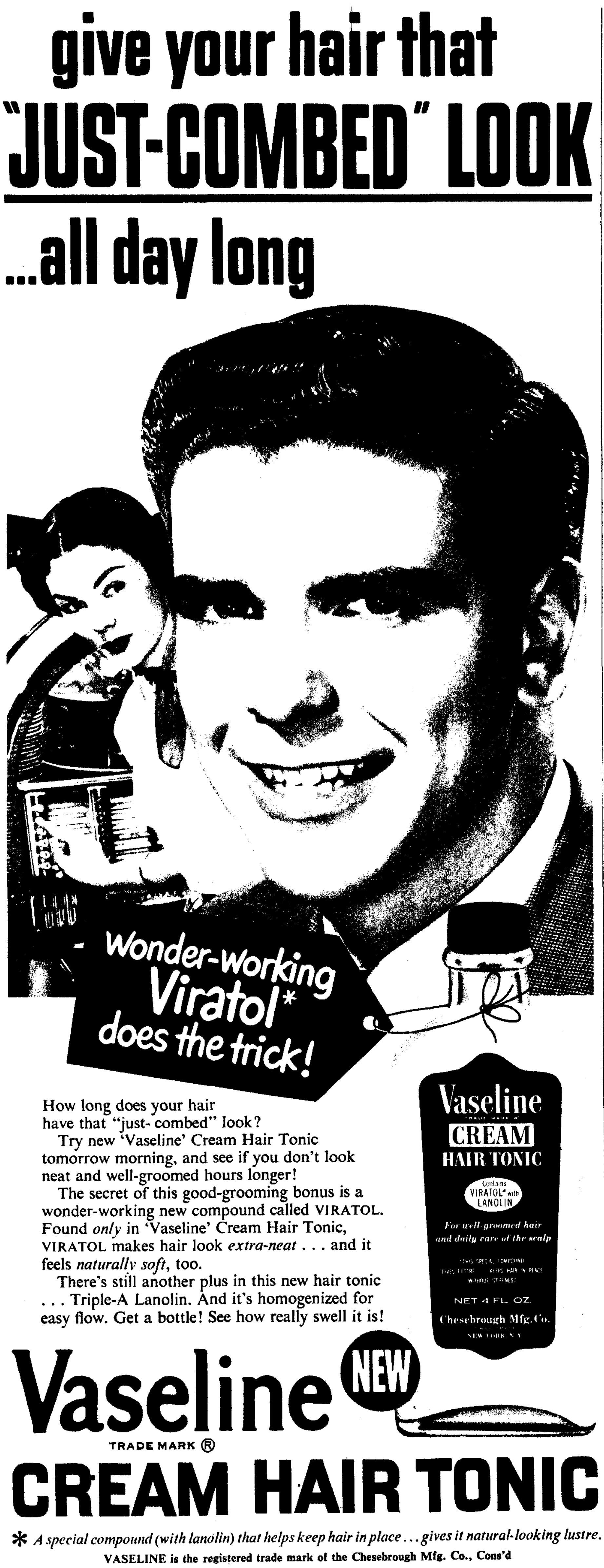
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...all day long

How long does your hair have that "just-combed" look?

Try new 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic tomorrow morning, and see if you don't look neat and well-groomed hours longer!

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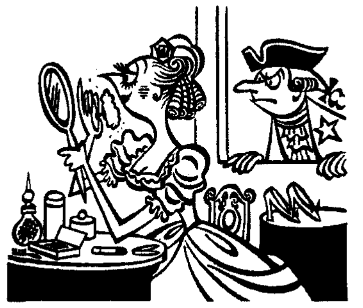
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Maybe the high cost of campaigning is responsible. Anyway, we're not getting nearly as much political ballyhoo literature as usual. In fact, we're getting so little that we're tempted to do the unusual and read some of it.

* * *

George III was king of England in 1770 and the bewildered fellow was having the devil's own time of it. There was trouble in the colonies too—the Boston Massacre, for example. Then the English Parliament decided to pass a law. This it did, and we thank Mr. Clinton Brewer, our special research man in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, for reminding us. The law: "All women of whatsoever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft." And that, kiddies, may have been the *real* cause of the American revolution.



* * *

People in West Bend, Wisconsin, were wondering what in the world had got into Mr. Leif Eriksen. They'd known for years that Mr. Eriksen refused to go to weddings. But there he was, getting ready to drive 320 miles to one. "Got to," explained Mr. Eriksen when the pressure of being questioned got too heavy to bear. "I think it's me that's getting married."

* * *

If the Godlove family of Topeka, Kansas, hadn't already eaten, they would have stopped at a diner in Denver. The sign on the place advertised: "Horrible-burgers. Try them. They're awful." Mrs. Godlove says the diner was packed with people obviously enjoying a deliciously horrible meal. Can't forgive herself for not joining them.

* * *

Mr. Claud H. Foster, a Cleveland, Ohio, manufacturer, has retired. We wish him peace and happiness. He has earned both. Forty-seven years ago, with a capital of $1,500, he founded the Gabriel Manufacturing Company. In time he was making 75 per cent of all the shock absorbers used in the world. As he made more and more money, Claud Foster gave more and more away. First, $5,000,000 to various institutions which made men happier because they made them better—hospitals, schools, the Salvation Army, the Y.M.C.A., and so forth. And later, $4,000,000 to hospitals, orphanages, schools, refuges for the unfortunate. His chief concern was that Protestants, Catholics, Jews, black and white should share his wealth equally with each other. "Many roads lead to God," explained Claud Foster very simply. Claud Foster is retiring to a four-room cottage on Sandusky Bay. When we've forgotten what he's done, let's remember what he said.

* * *

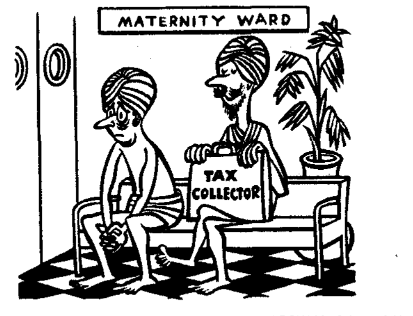
To get back to where we interrupted ourself, we advise you that in Washington, D.C., a restaurant cook was arrested for stealing 85 steaks from his employer. Give a guess what he was charged with. Petty larceny! By the way, you have heard, undoubtedly, about those guys who swiped a million dollars or so in Boston a couple of years ago. Malicious mischief if we ever heard of any.

* * *

Just received word from Michigan that there's a psychiatrist at large in the state who has announced that parents who forbid their young to eat all the cookies and candy they want may be seriously damaging the child's personality, with no one knows what dire consequences later. The doctor was asked whether he was planning to run for President in about 20 years. He said it hadn't occurred to him, but that he would think about it.

* * *

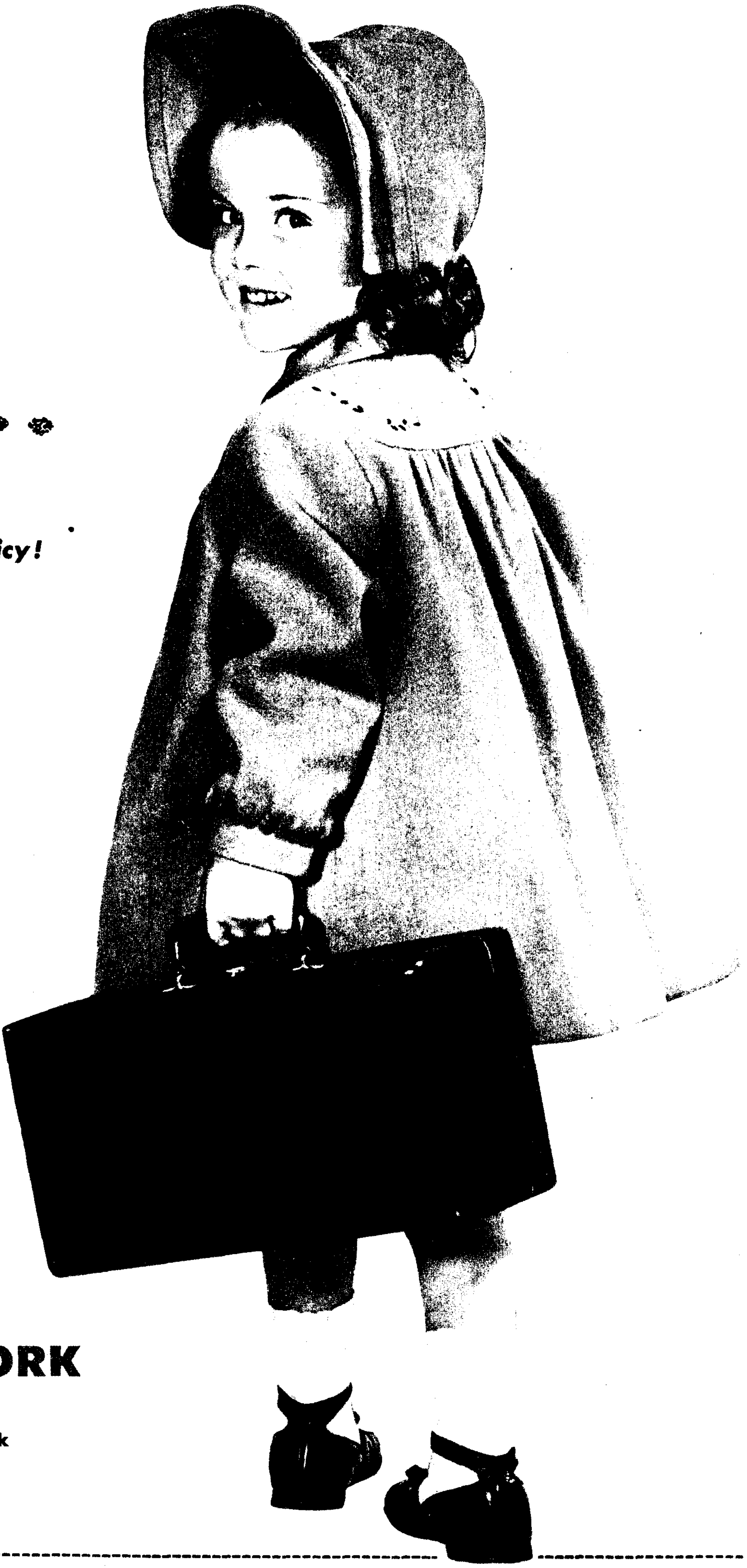
Apparently we've irritated a gentleman in Albuquerque, New Mexico, by saying something too cute about taxes. He points to the Karnal district in India's Punjab where, says he, there's a birth tax. If the new baby is a boy, the tax is one rupee. If it's a girl, the tax is half a rupee. This, insists the irritated gentleman, clearly shows that our government has not gone completely tax-happy, as we in our carefree way are supposed to have stated. "We haven't gone that far," says he. No, but just wait until our representatives in Washington get to hear about it.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

And from Morehead City, North Carolina, Mr. Jerry Schumacher reports the arrival there of a small and exhausted homing pigeon. The band on the bird's leg indicates that it came from somewhere in the English Channel. But there is nothing to tell how many transatlantic records it had broken nor how many troops it could carry in the event of war. We will be looking for more details. ▲▲▲



She's off to college . . .

backed by a MONY policy!

She really doesn't know what college is—yet—but her Daddy does! He wants her to benefit from the rich experiences and the added values that a college education can provide. He knows, too, that her earning power will be greater, in case she ever wants or needs a job.

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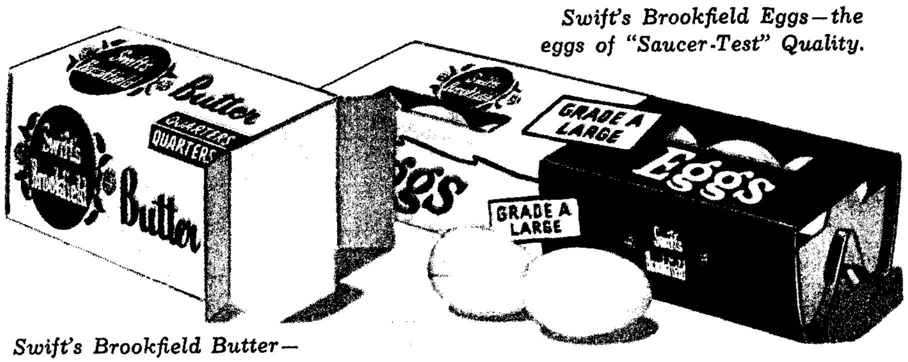
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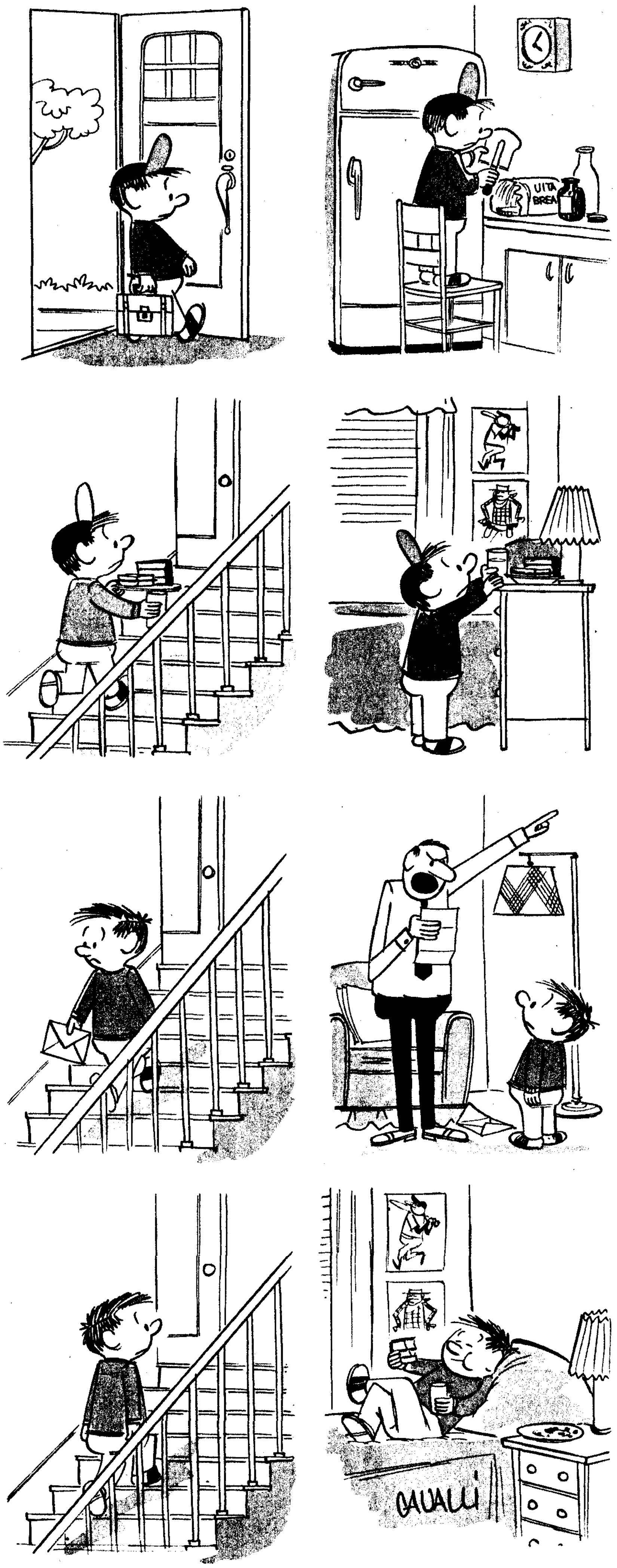
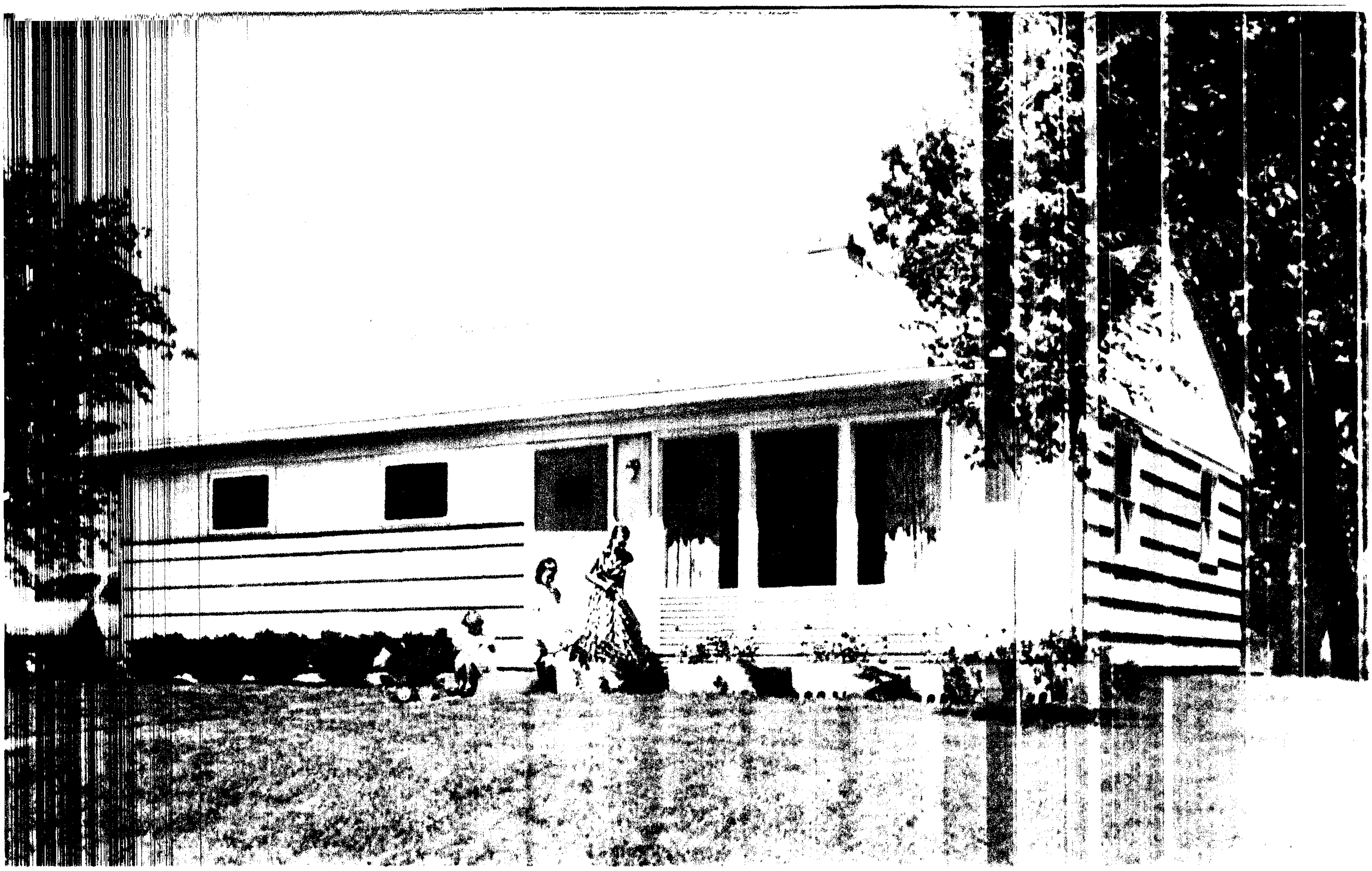
Note from Teacher

By DICK CAVALLI





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SEPTEMBER 14-21

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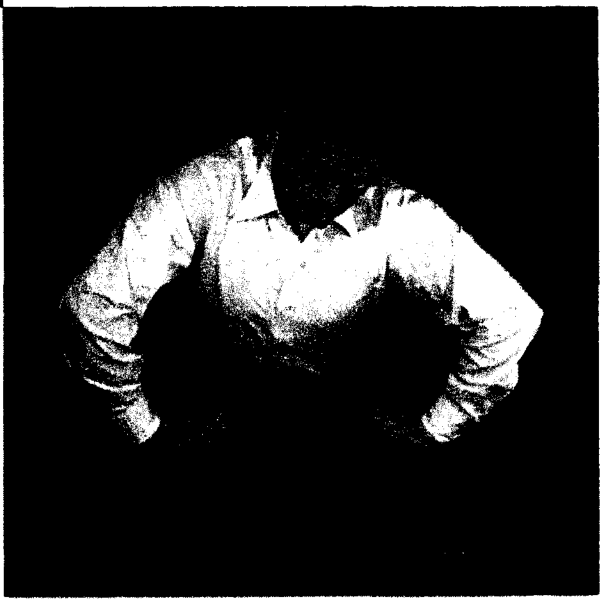
Director Alexander sets pace for his unique drama class

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

One Way to ACT



Television actor Ross Martin starts out with uncomplicated portrayal of bulldog

TWICE a week, a group of successful young actors gather in a New York studio, where they are asked to shed their own personalities and take on those of inanimate objects, and assorted animals from raccoons to Rhode Island Reds.

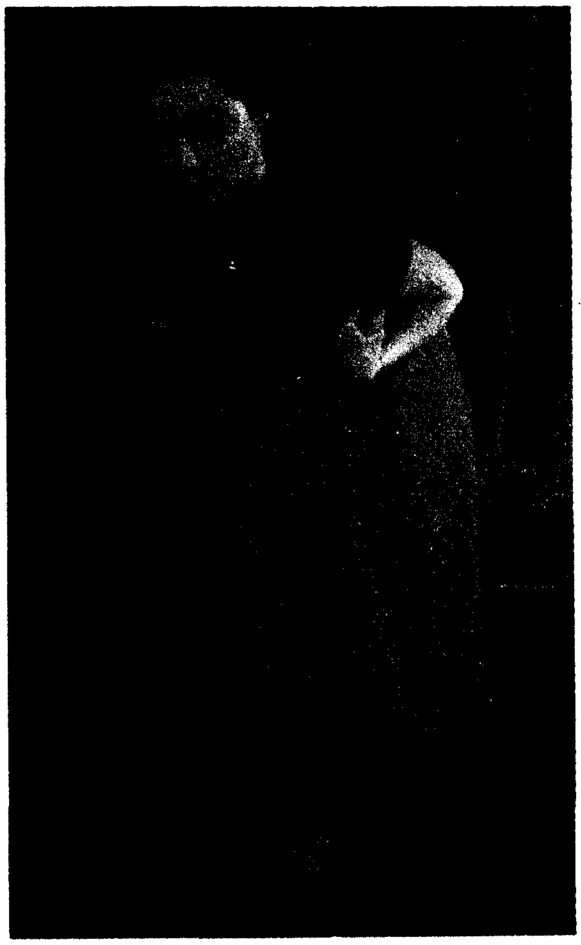
This offbeat drama class, guided by David Alexander, television free lancer and award-winning director of Broadway's musical smash, Pal Joey, is no carefree coffee klatsch. Concerned by the fact that television's triphammer tempo allows performers little time for individual direction, Alexander attempts to give his class a set of mental "tools" that will ready them for any sort of emergency.

Sitting wrong-way to a kitchen chair and flourishing a silver-tipped cigarette holder, he puts them through paces that are puzzling to the uninitiated, but remarkably successful in making the actors forget who they really are—the essence of all good directing.

Starting with such relatively "simple" exercises as a "duck with delusions of grandeur" or a "terry-cloth towel on a windy day," they gradually pile on other attitudes and situations until they are equipped to cope with the most challenging dramatic roles.

From a "mud turtle with intentions to snap at a dragonfly" to a Brutus with intentions to betray Julius Caesar, it is apparently just a short, technical hop. But don't take *our* word for it. David Alexander's pupils are proving that point on the stage and on television every day. ▲▲▲

In series of stylized steps, pupils add mood and situation to simple imitations. Above, Hollis Irving uses cat as a logical base for "image" of a seductive woman

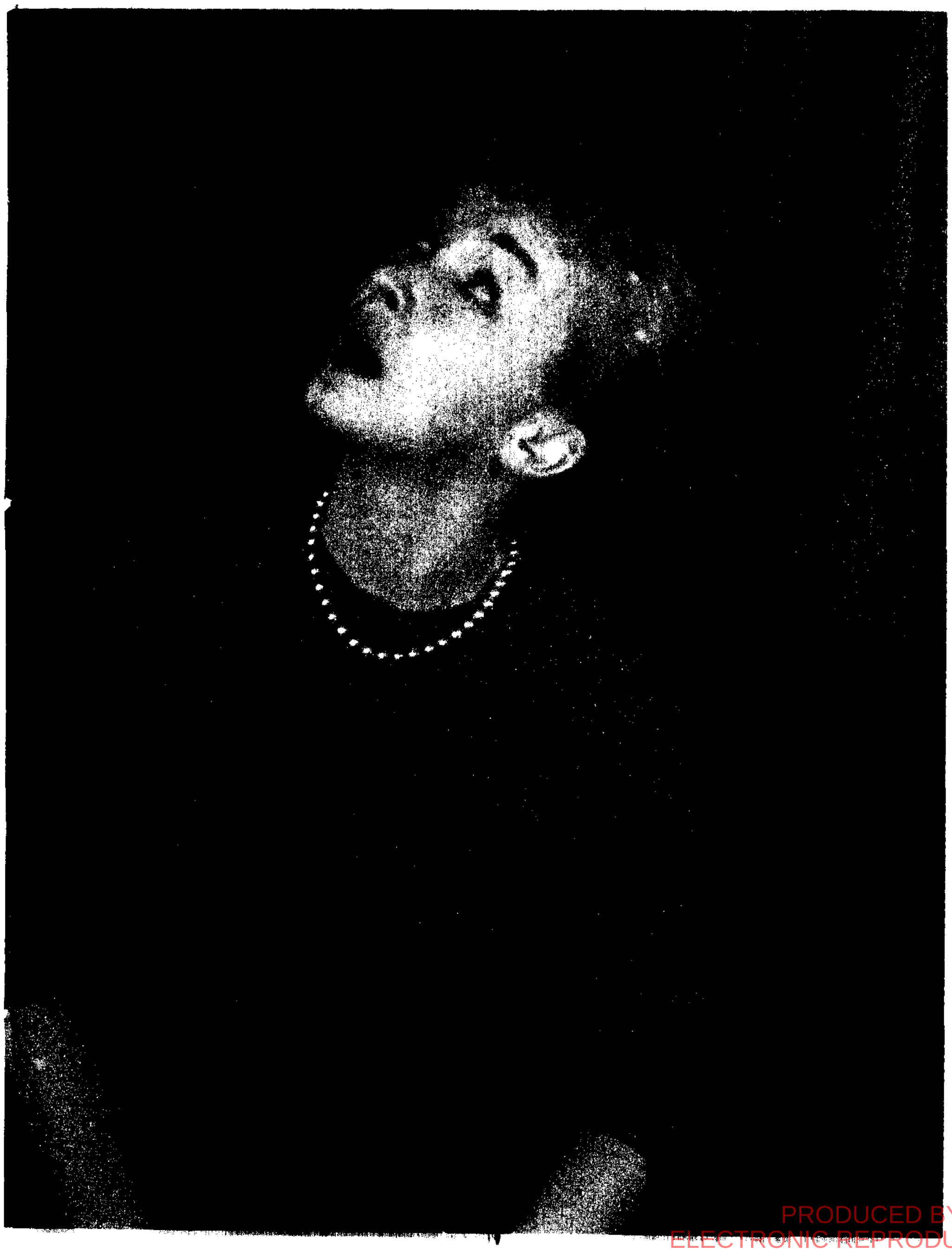


Hen takes on human trait as Peggy McCay shows bird as barnyard gossip

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON

Vivian Smolen and Alfreda Wallace find the shift to realistic roles smooth sailing in a scene complicated by "intent to murder"

Actor Earl Hammond builds with several basic "tools" in an imitation of eagle preparing to pounce on prey



Top-notch scene from Richard III is end result of bulldog exercise by Ross Martin

Nina Foch, top TV-stage-motion picture actress, does imaginative exercise of "a rock discovering it's growing moss"

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MADAME BUTTERFLY'S *Children*

By PETER KALISCHER

GIs left thousands of illegitimate babies as a tragic, persisting legacy of the Japanese occupation. Many veterans are fathers without knowing it—and many other veterans are fathers but don't care

THE frenzied little girl named Hisae, with the fair skin and oval brown eyes, scratched and bit the woman trying to comfort her. " 'Kachan no toko ikitai," she wailed over and over. "I want to go to my mama."

But her Japanese mother, who worked as a barmaid near the American Naval Base at Yokosuka, had just walked out of her three-year-old life forever. And her American father, who had bequeathed her the yellow glint in her hair but not his name, had done the same before she was born.

Earlier, the mother had been seen to turn away from the orphanage gate three times and lead the little girl down to the Oiso beach where the heavy rollers of the Pacific broke at their feet. Whatever dark alternative she contemplated, the mother gave it up. She returned finally to the orphanage and handed the girl over. Without visible emotion she explained that she wanted to begin a new life her daughter could not share. She could not afford to bring up the child, she said, and there was no hope, now, that the girl's father would return to Japan or contribute to her support. The child was a living reminder of something she wanted to forget. "She looks so *foreign,*" Hisae's mother said, "everybody knows."

Hisae is now one of more than 600 so-called "GI babies," the eldest nearly six years old, living in homes and orphanages throughout Japan. Until then she had belonged to the great uncounted majority of Madame Butterfly's children whose mothers refuse to part with them despite poverty, illness and the ostracism of their countrymen.

The term "GI baby" is used by both Americans and Japanese to describe the illegitimate offspring of Japanese mothers and occupation-force fathers —90 per cent of whom are American, and the rest Australian, British, Russian, Filipino and Indian. No one knows how many there are because for six years occupation authorities discouraged any over-all census. No one knows how many have died by neglect or infanticide. But their number today is moderately estimated by government officials to be between 5,000 and 15,000, and at 150,000 to 200,000 by the Japanese press, which is now exploiting a hitherto censored topic with the zest of a small boy discovering a naughty word.

Eight days before Japan became a sovereign nation the Tokyo Times carried an editorial entitled The Problem of Half-Breeds, in which it noted righteously that "contrary to the general belief, a half-breed is not a child of crime but one whose mother has been degraded when her husband deserted her because of a baby." Then the editorial went on bluntly to say exactly which husbands it meant: "The number of half-breeds will be on the increase in view of the stationing of United States forces in Japan for a relatively prolonged period."

The editorial also noted that some persons were agitating to keep these children out of Japanese schools—the eldest are scheduled to enroll next year—and said such a ban "is next to impossible." It urged that measures be taken to limit the half-breed population by moral education or birth control. (Japan had 638,350 legal abortions in 1951.) Simultaneously, newspapers reported a move to send a group of "GI baby" orphans to Brazil for adoption by Japanese farmers who need labor.

Ever since General MacArthur's headquarters fired a Japanese radio announcer, 10 months after American troops landed in Japan, for sarcastically referring to the birth of a GI baby as "the first occupation present," the subject has been dynamite. SCAP Public Health and Welfare officials believed that any segregation or publicity on illegitimate Eurasian and Negrasian babies would reduce their chances of growing up to be normal Japanese subjects. It would also, they felt, provide anti-Ameri-

Many soldiers wanted to marry their Japanese

can propaganda for the jingoes and Communists.

They were right on both counts, but the hush-hush policy only delayed the reaction. Six years and a peace treaty later, a potentially tragic generation of "untouchables"—the disowned and unmistakable "seed of the conqueror"—is growing up in Japan. Their plight and its alarming implications have aroused every organized Christian group, as well as Armed Forces chaplains and the American consulate, whose chief interracial worry had been how Japanese brides married to servicemen would get along in the United States. It came as a surprise to many that the white man has no monopoly on race prejudice, and that the Japanese consider themselves racially purer than Americans.

It was no surprise, however, to Sister Mary de St. Albie, chief nurse of Our Lady of Lourdes Baby Home in Yokohama. The home, which cares for 175 orphans, three quarters of them "GI babies," is run by 18 Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, half of them Japanese, and 43 helpers. It is seeking funds for its school-age charges.

"We must have a school for the boys," says Sister Mary; "we can manage for the girls now. But the poor things—the Japanese children will make them suffer if they go to public schools. Children," she adds, "can be very cruel, you know."

The cruelty of adults, as well as children, toward those who breach racial barriers was recognized by one group of officers almost from the day the first of 1,500,000 Allied troops set foot in Japan. They were the chaplains. Together with the missionaries they have wrestled with the Oriental Exclusion Act, the "White Australia" policy, the normal biological urge of thousands of young men, Army regulations and their own consciences in advising the troops on their relations with docile, attractive Japanese women who were ready to go halfway to make the occupation the friendliest in history.

The regulations were explicit. No Armed Forces approval was granted a serviceman to marry a Japanese at the American consulate—the only registration recognized by Japan or the United States—unless he could take his wife home. And he couldn't under the 1924 Immigration Act barring Japanese from citizenship or permanent residence.

When Loneliness Plays Tricks on Men

But as the families of the older men arrived, and the occupation settled down to housekeeping, so did many of the eighteen- to twenty-four-year-olds with Japanese girls. Their minimum overseas tour was three years, during an age period "when a man usually seeks his life companion—and loneliness plays tricks on people," in the words of Major William E. Austill, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, chief chaplain of Tokyo's Headquarters and Service Command. He pointed out that the ratio of Occidental men to Occidental women in Japan was never less than 100 to one.

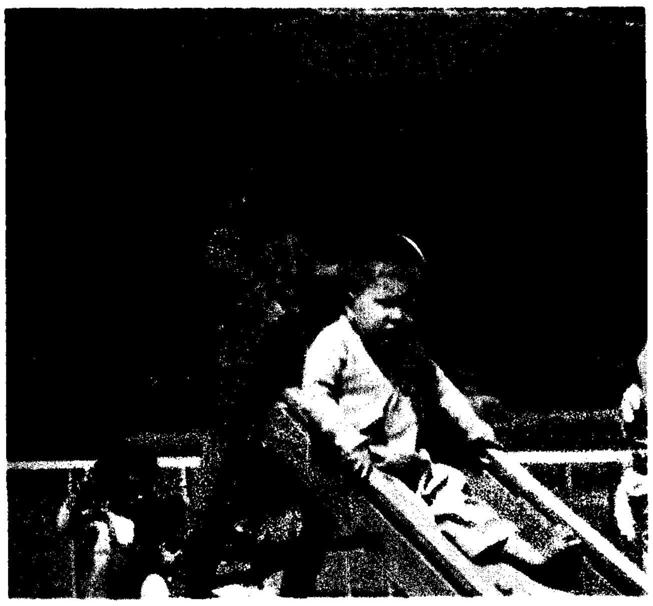
The men picked pretty girls and plain ones, educated girls who spoke a little English and country bumpkins, innocent girls, taxi dancers and prostitutes, but mostly girls in economic difficulties who worked as waitresses, maids or typists in military installations.

Many couples were married by Shinto or Buddhist priests, or by a Japanese Christian pastor who had not got the word it was against the rules to perform weddings without a consulate registration. Where there was no legal ceremony there was often what the Japanese call "san-san kudo," a traditional marriage vow that involves nothing more complicated than the exchange of three cups of rice wine three times between "bride" and "groom." And where there was none of these, there were promises, sincere or not, reinforced with a cast-iron alibi—no legal way existed for an American serviceman or Defense Department civilian to make an honest woman of his Japanese girl until Congress changed the law.

Congress finally did in July, 1947, when the immigration bars were dropped for Japanese girls who married servicemen or World War II veterans at the Yokohama consulate during a 30-day period. Exactly 823 couples made it, although many could not unwind the occupation red tape in time.

Then the consulate marriage mill shut down for three years, while the occupation dwindled to 100,000 land, air and sea forces. Many "homesteaders" were rotated outside Japan, some leaving as many as three children with their common-law Japanese wives. In the United States about 200 veterans pressured individual bills through Congress to have their families rejoin them. A great many more, however, wrote back and sent money—at first—and then gradually stopped writing altogether as their life in quaint Nippon shrank to a picture post card recollection.

"I think many of the Japanese girls were deceived," said Father Leopold H. Tibesar, a six-foot-two Maryknoll Society priest from Quincy, Illinois, who heads the Catholic charities in Japan.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IAN MUTSU AND PETER KALISCHER

girl friends, but were thwarted by law, service regulations and government red tape

Father Tibesar's present parish is the Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway. He speaks fluent Japanese. "These girls are too naïve to lie—I know them," he said. "I also know about the Yurakucho Station streetwalkers' union that prides itself on fleecing every GI it can. There's no black and white about it. I believe a lot of the men walked out on the girls, not because they were heels, but because of Army regulations. And even the regulations were well meant, I suppose. I'd rather like to see U.S. citizenship granted to the kids who can prove American parentage—they have no future in Japan."

The regulations were not changed but Congress opened the doors to Japanese brides again August 18, 1950, and kept them open—with a one-month lapse—until March 19, 1952. The law came too late for many. The Korean war broke out in June, 1950, and within 90 days four divisions and dozens of combat units had left Japan. Death or rotation to the States with only a 48-hour stopover in Tokyo kept thousands of men from seeing their Japanese girls again—or their children. Nevertheless, in 18 months, 8,381 American-Japanese couples successfully underwent four to eight weeks of processing, physical examinations, investigations and interviews to register their marriages at five U.S. consulates throughout Japan. The routine immigration physical examinations sometimes prove an unforeseen barrier. They may reveal cases of T.B. among the Japanese wives of servicemen. T.B. is a widespread affliction in Japan and its victims were, of course, not eligible to enter the United States.

The "brides" law expired and nothing will take its place until December when the situation should be eased somewhat for brides whose husbands want them to enter the United States. In December the newly revised immigration law passed by the last session of Congress goes into effect. It will permit wives of servicemen to enter this country regardless of quota restrictions. The law will be administered in Japan by the United States Immigration and State departments. The Army will act in an advisory capacity and unofficially will advocate recognition of marriages which are legal in the country in which they are performed.

A survey made by Tokyo Consul General James B. Pilcher showed the racial background of the husbands was 15 per cent Nisei, 12 per cent Negro and 73 per cent white. Along with the newly married couples, more than 2,000 children, born out of consulate wedlock, walked, toddled or were carried in to be documented as American citizens.

Girls Often Superior to GI Husbands

"These Japanese girls have a genuine sincerity about them," said Major Harmon D. Moore, of Wedowee, Alabama, chief chaplain at Tokyo's Chapel Center, and former paratrooper with the 11th Airborne Division in Leyte. "There's a deep desire on their part to be everything their husbands want them to be. Do you know something? Many of these fellows married above themselves, culturally, academically and even financially, according to the Oriental scale of living.

"We Americans," he added, "have got to live with other people of the earth, and we only learn how when it happens to our sons, or brothers or grandsons—not to the other fellow's."

What is happening to her grandson in Japan was made painfully clear to an American woman last January by Major Maury Hundley, Jr., of Dunnsville, Virginia, another headquarters chaplain, who feels many servicemen married Japanese, not always wisely, out of a "belated sense of honor."

"Dear Mrs.——," wrote Hundley, "Miss Tomiko Suzuki came to see me day before yesterday and brought with her letters that she had received from your son and from you. It appears to me that these letters support her story that your son is the father of her son.

"Now, if we are correct in the above assumption, I wonder if you are aware of the circumstances under which your grandson is existing? Miss Tomiko is working as a maid for the sum of 7,000 yen which is less than $20 per month. You can well imagine the limit of what can be done for a 17-months-old boy, his mother and the girl's mother on such an amount when food, clothing and rent must be paid. I noted your description of your son's 'spending spree' when he returned to the States. I think it is fine that he felt able to purchase so many nice things for so many people, but *his son*, here in Japan, isn't receiving proper food and clothing. I have been dealing with cases like this ever since I arrived in Japan, and it tears my heart out to see those who are supposed to be Christians act as they do, living in immorality and then leaving the child that they fathered to be cared for in any way possible.

"This baby had no choice in its being born, but he will suffer all his life because of his birth. I cannot see how your son can sleep at night if he does not accept the moral responsibility of his father-

Japan sends most abandoned "GI babies" to orphanages of foreign religious groups

hood and sees that this child is given some financial support. Perhaps you, a mother, will feel that this child deserves more than it is getting at present . . . I will be glad to assist in any way possible."

A visit to Tomiko's two-room house in a Tokyo slum revealed her to be a pale, big-eyed woman of twenty-five, living in poverty with her son, her sick mother and a younger sister. Walls papered with pages from a 1950 mail-order catalogue and a few empty jars of cold cream and after-shave lotion bottles were all that remained of the wages of sin. The baby, dressed in rubber diapers and a torn sweater with the word "Champ" lettered over the left breast, bore a noticeable resemblance to the picture of his father on the bureau. Tomiko had given up her job as a maid to take care of her son and was earning even less than before, making paper bags at home. She had received $60 from the child's father while he was in Korea, but she had not heard from him or his mother in six months. She would not give her baby to an orphanage—and please, she begged, no pictures of either of them. Kneeling on the worn straw *tatami*, and wearing a faded blue maternity jacket—all her other dresses had been sold—she bore little resemblance to Cho-cho-San of Puccini's opera. But she is a prototype for Madame Butterfly, 1952.

Childless American Wife Adopts Baby

There are others. There is the taxi dancer, who reclaimed her little girl from a home and detests Americans. She gets occasional letters from the child's father discussing eventual marriage—and asking for the latest Tokyo jazz recordings. There is the girl in Hokkaido who wrote her soldier "husband" in Mississippi of the birth of their son, and got a letter back from his American wife asking to adopt the baby because she had been childless for 10 years. Because she was in disgrace with her family, the Japanese girl consented. And there is Shizuko Teraoka.

Shizuko is a neat, plain woman of twenty-six who married an American soldier we shall call Tim Smith late in 1949 at one of Tokyo's Shinto shrines. Tim left for the States the week after the wedding, but Shizuko knew he would come back—and he did, in March, 1950, presenting her with his mother's wedding band. When Public Law 717 came into effect in August, they went to the American consulate to make out a marriage application. On that unlucky day the forms were not yet in, and before they were, Tim was shipped to Korea. In November, Shizuko wrote him he was the father of a four-pound boy, born one month prematurely. The letter came back, stamped "Deceased."

Tim's mother confirmed his death and sent Shizuko $175 and baby clothes. The money went to pay hospital bills—Tim, Jr., caught pneumonia—and Shizuko went to Tim's former unit to establish further legal claim to her marriage. She wants to educate Tim, Jr., in America because her neighbors are already "pointing and whispering." After a routine Army investigation, she was awarded $671, six months of Tim's back pay. The report noted tersely: "It is the policy of the Japan Logistical Command to pay a gratuity to an illegitimate child if the relationship of the child to the deceased is properly established . . . There is no derogatory information on Miss Teraoka.

"Recommendation: That the case be closed in the files of this office."

The case is just opening, however, for Tim, Jr., and thousands like him, the cute youngsters with the arresting "double-take" features, who live in orphanages, in the slums of every big Japanese city, as near-freaks in farm villages, in brothels and over dance halls, and sometimes as a hidden shame in a well-to-do home.

Either through hopelessness or ignorance, only a few of the mothers have sought to trace the errant fathers. The Army does not rule on paternity claims, and during the occupation, unless a man acknowledged paternity voluntarily, he could not be made to contribute to his child's support. The right to file paternity claims in civil court against members of the security forces, however, is being considered under the U.S.-Japanese administrative agreement. It is legal in Germany.

Gordon Bowles, an American professor of anthropology at Tokyo University who was born in Japan of missionary parents, believes that it will take three generations to absorb the present crop of "ainokos" into the Japanese population, now 84,000,000. It will be harder on the boys, economically and socially, than on the girls, whose physical attributes can be expected to get them a husband or a job. And it will be much harder on the Negrasians than the Eurasians.

How Illegitimate Stigma May Die Out

Bowles hopes that if American security forces remain in Japan much longer there will eventually be enough *legitimate* Japanese-American children around to take the "on sight" stigma off the illegitimate ones.

Dr. Yoshio Koya, Director of the National Institute of Public Health, whose research hobby is the problem of Eurasian minorities in the Orient, is organizing an advisory committee to map out an educational program for the ainokos. His chief worry seems to be that they will grow up with a superiority complex toward the Japanese and an inferiority complex toward Occidentals, like the Dutch-Indonesians and the Anglo-Indians.

Masami Takata, head of the Japanese Welfare Ministry's Children's Bureau, said present plans call for the older GI babies to enter regular Japanese public schools next year. "So far we have made no racial distinction and we don't intend to," he said. "The problem is similar to the one caused by Japanese troops in China, Korea and the Philippines. There is only this difference—the American forces have some 8,000 marriages to their credit."

There is another. Mothers of half-Japanese children in those countries never had to dye their children's hair black, as the Japanese mothers of some ainokos have done to disguise their origin.

Although Takata is sincerely against segregation, local Japanese welfare agencies have practiced it by sending 90 per cent of abandoned GI babies to Christian institutions—"the foreigners' religion"—where they felt the responsibility lay.

Some American Christian groups are eager to shoulder that responsibility now. The Reverend Verent J. Mills, overseas director of the Christian Children's Fund of Richmond, Virginia, with headquarters in Hong Kong, boldly proposes a mass adoption of GI babies by American families, widely separated so as to avoid overconcentration in any one area. So far some 200 have been adopted by members of the occupation. But getting U.S. entry permission by individual bills in Congress for each child now takes from 4 to 12 months.

Failing this, Mills wants a special school fund for the children to give them a bilingual education that will fit them for jobs with foreign trading companies, either in Japan or the United States.

On a more immediate level, American servicemen, who contribute thousands of dollars yearly to all Japanese orphanages, have "adopted" homes having a large percentage of GI babies. Under the poster slogan, "These are our responsibilities," the men of the U.S. Naval Air Station at Atsugi contributed $2,200 to the Elizabeth Saunders Home in Oiso. And the 40th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion Headquarters Battery, in Yokohama, monthly donates $250 from the pay of 125 officers and men toward the support of the Our Lady of Lourdes Baby Home. Each member of the battery has sent a letter to his home-town religious or social organization soliciting funds for the home.

As summed up by Lieutenant Colonel John J. Power, of Fresno, California, the battery's Catholic chaplain: "We have a definite responsibility to these kids. They tell you race prejudice is dying down—well, maybe it is in theory, but in practice it's still there. From what I've seen of what these kids have to contend with, they may develop into the greatest class of featherweight fighters in the world." ▲▲▲

Alice Crowell brings home the groceries, bought at the Danish-U.S. weather station where her husband works. She's the only American woman for hundreds of miles around

The Crowells' chief entertainment is radio. Note homey furnishings, 800 miles from Pole

Alice, Eskimo women can't converse, but like visiting. Here she measures one for a dress

Mrs. North Pole

Often vicious, sled dogs like Mrs. Crowell, who treats them with unaccustomed kindness

MRS. ALICE CROWELL is one housewife who never frets about moths, termites or nosy neighbors. But she has a few problems all her own—like polar bears, arctic wolves and five months of constant darkness. Known as "Mrs. North Pole," she is the wife of Jack Crowell, American manager of a Danish-U.S. weather station in Greenland, about 800 miles from the Pole. That makes her the world's northernmost American woman, nearly 1,000 miles farther north than her rivals in Alaska, Canada and southern Greenland.

Yet, though her prefab, government-built dwelling sometimes is covered by snowdrifts, Mrs. Crowell leads a life not too different from that back home in Isle au Haut, Maine. Mornings, she takes a shopping bag and strolls to the weather station, a few hundred yards away, to get groceries. She even maintains the New England tradition of calling on her neighbors Saturdays, walking two miles to a little Danish-Eskimo village where she visits Aviaja Rasmussen, pretty half-Eskimo wife of a Danish official, and several other women. Sundays, she's at home for return visits. She and the others don't speak one another's languages, but they exchange gifts, drink tea and coffee, and "when things lag, we look at my Sears, Roebuck catalogue."

Mrs. Crowell is in the north as an experiment; if it works out, other weathermen will take their wives to the arctic. (They aren't the only men around; several thousand GIs live on a nearby air base, but Mrs. Crowell never sees them.) In July, when the Crowells will have been in their new home a year, they'll have to decide whether to stay 12 months longer. They may do that.

"We've been married 26 years," Alice Crowell says, "but Jack's always been away. That's why I'm so content here. You see, this is our first real home together." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

How Many Goose Feathers

By JAMES POLING

The toughest snoopers in Customs don't operate on the docks. They plug away in laboratories analyzing everything from artificial yule shrubbery to the amount of ham in a sandwich spread

EACH year, the U.S. government collects 600 million dollars in duties on the imported goods that are sold on the American market. The job sounds as simple as a grocery cashier's. It's not. For customs men don't just take in money. They also must inspect with microscopic thoroughness the stuff that's shipped in—and set a value on it. That can mean counting the threads in a piece of cloth or measuring a piece of mineral twelve ten-thousandths of an inch thick.

A chemist in the laboratory of the New York Customs District, sagging after a day during which his boss threw at him six different problems, all of them hairsplitters, summed up his job this way: "If you want to go crazy around here, you're given every assistance."

Customs experts at other U.S. points-of-entry probably would agree, but the problems in New York are more numerous and vexing than elsewhere, for this bustling port handles a third of our total imports (ten billion dollars' worth annually) and collects half the nation's customs receipts. Its jurisdiction stretches across lower New York State and northern New Jersey, and includes two major international airports.

Especially trained for their assignments, the district's watchdogs of the docks, and the desk-bound specialists of the Appraiser's and Collector's offices, run into frequent technical problems for the solution of which they must turn to science. Consequently, the New York Customs Laboratory (at 201 Varick Street), largest of nine the bureau has established at key U.S. ports, plays a vital and necessary role in the collection of tariff dollars.

In the utilitarian, loftlike rooms of the Appraiser's Stores Building in lower Manhattan, a sample of every article known to commerce is at one time or another analyzed by the lab's 28 chemists. With little more than a glance, they can tell whether a hair net is made of human or yak hair; whether marijuana has been inserted into a birdseed mixture and whether it is a legitimate part of that mixture or is meant to be diverted to illegal uses; and they can readily distinguish between champagne and carbonated apple cider worth $1.25 a quart—something many a night-club patron has never been able to do.

When tough problems arise, as they do constantly, they are tackled with complete equanimity by Edward Kenney, a tall, mellow-mannered scientist who, as the lab's chief chemist, is in charge of 30,000 square feet of gleaming glass beakers, sample rooms, ore-melting furnaces and complicated chemical equipment of every description. Kenney's problems overlap the borders of the New York Collector's District. As an independent unit answerable to Laboratory Division Chief Colonel John F. Williams in Washington, his operation reaches out to take in all of New York State, Connecticut, part of New Jersey, and Puerto Rico. But the chief chemist and his assistant Herbert Eckweiler are equipped to cope. With 55 years of laboratory experience between them, they say: "We can generally take apart anything man or nature has put together."

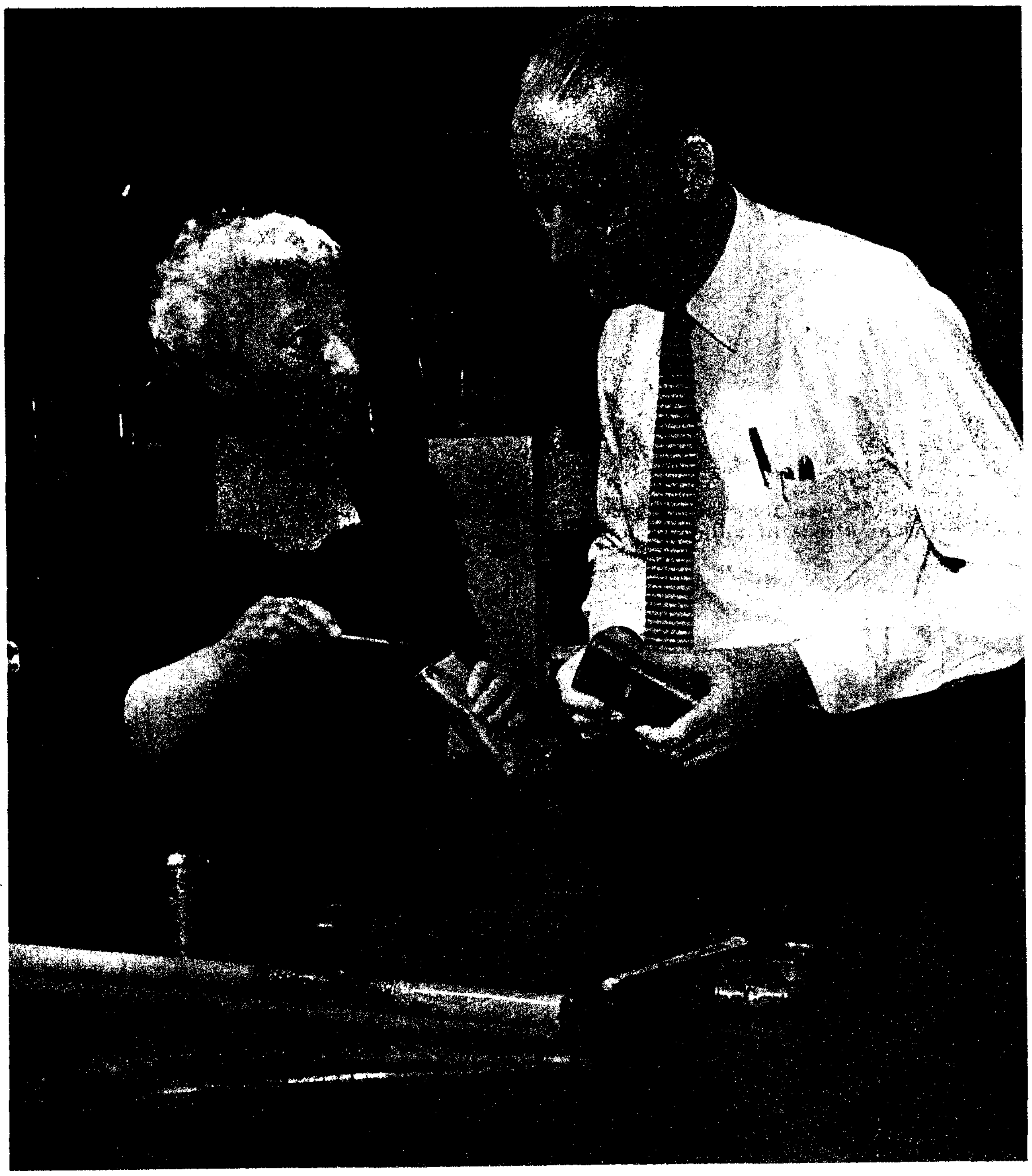
They Tax Olives but Not the Brine

"Now, take olives," said Chief Kenney recently. "They sound simple enough, don't they? Well, I can tell you they aren't, because they've been causing plenty of headaches for Customs. You see, 75 per cent of our olives come from Spain. They're packed in brine and shipped over in barrels and casks of from 16 gallons to 190 gallons apiece. But while the duty on one type of olives is $.20 a gallon, that's just on the *olives*. On brine there's no duty at all. So the problem is to figure out the dutiable quantity of olives in the shipments. Well, the lab division has been working on it and hopes to come up with a simple method. But it's no snap."

To help the chemists in figuring out the complexities of imports from olives to opium, the lab is equipped with a maze of mystifying apparatus, ranging from a $25,000 spectrographic room (used mostly for analyzing metals) to a gadget for separating down from feathers, and a homemade electrolytic machine that cost $35 but does the work of a commercial counterpart priced at $1,100. In spite of these scientific aids, a specialist will sometimes grumble about his inability to obtain really accurate results in his work—while he measures out a sample to one ten-thousandth of an inch and weighs it down to one three-millionth of an ounce. Without the help of such "loose" calculations, however, the Customs Service would have to rely solely on the judgment of its appraisers.

That such judgment is fallible was recently, though unwittingly, demonstrated by one of the lab's chemists. After pointing with pride to the equipment all around him, he said, "Even so, a chemist's nose is still probably his best friend. It's a remarkable organ for identifying things."

He then lifted a bottle from a bench, uncorked it, sniffed and added, "Now, here's a sample of really lousy citronella oil. I can tell by smelling that it's probably half kerosene." The experiment was more revealing than he had anticipated. For when the usual test was made later on, it was found there wasn't a drop of kerosene in the sample. Man's five senses, the Customs Service has learned, remain less trustworthy than the laboratory's scientific methods.



Chief chemist Edward Kenney of the new Customs lab and Bella Kahn of lab's Organic Division examine parts of opium pipe found with seized narcotics sent them for analysis

in a CHRISTMAS TREE?

Although it has had little publicity, there is probably no other laboratory in the world doing work as varied as Kenney's. On a recent morning, one of the carts, which carry an average of 100 items a day to the recording desk, held samples of wool grease and damask bedticking from Belgium, tungsten ore from Australia, English rum-and-butter toffee, mica splittings from India, Dutch whole-milk powder, Spanish cream sherry, flake graphite from Madagascar, lump graphite from Ceylon, and a rosary case from Japan.

"Among the things asked of us," says Kenney, "is that we identify the so-called wool grease and bedticking; state the percentage of tungsten in the ore; determine the amount of coconut or palm oil, if any, in the toffee; measure the butter fat in the powdered milk and the percentage of alcohol in the sherry; determine the type of the two graphite samples; name the chief component in the rosary case; and determine the percentage of mica splittings in the shipment which measured over twelve ten-thousandths of an inch in thickness."

Every one of these facts, and many more, had to be known before the legal rates of duty could be assigned the various items. Mica splittings of .0012 inches thickness or under, for example, pay a duty of 12½ per cent on their value; but when over .0012 inches, they pay a 20 per cent duty, a measurement of some concern to the government and the importer. These were all routine analyses which the lab submits on about 25,000 samples a year. But fresh problems turn up every day.

How Tomato Powder Was Standardized

An Italian manufacturer recently sent in a shipment of dehydrated tomato powder, and the appraisers wanted to know if anything had been added or subtracted. It was a new product, for which no standards existed. So the Foods and Miscellaneous Division of the lab simply took some fresh tomatoes, dehydrated them, analyzed the powder and set up its own standards for the item.

When a shipment of artificial Christmas trees baffled the inspectors at the pier, the lab tore one of the trees apart—pasteboard base from wire trunk and paper bark from artificial pine needles—and discovered that the needles were made from dyed goose feathers which, as the "component material of chief value," called for a 20 per cent duty.

When an importer complained that he was being charged a duty based on a "fineness-of-wool" standard higher than the actual standard of the wool used in a shipment of men's socks, the lab's Fiber Division took some fibers from one of the socks and projected an enlargement of them onto a screen. It took only 1,600 measurements to discover that the importer's complaint was justified.

Some of the hairsplitting tasks the lab is asked to perform seem unreasonable to the layman. It took two weeks of intermittent testing to discover that ham was the dutiable material of chief value in a Swiss homogenized ham-and-cheese spread. Ham and cheese are chemically of the same ilk, both being of animal origin and consisting of protein and fat. It was rather like being asked to separate water from water.

Obviously, the manufacturer knew his product was chiefly ham and could have so informed Customs. But legally such information comes under the heading of "trade secrets" and a manufacturer

Kenney, assistant chief chemist Herbert Eckweiler, and Isidore Schnopper, chief of laboratory's Methods Division (l. to r.) run a test to develop markings on smuggled gold. About $30,000 worth is spread on the table. Bars were mutilated in an attempt to prevent identification

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

One millionaire's imported "antique" wall paneling turned out to be modern pine

does not have to reveal them, even though they would be held in confidence by the lab.

Occasionally the lab is asked to determine "where" as well as "what." Miss Bella Kahn who heads the Organic Division—and who, as the first woman ever employed there, says of her coming 32 years ago, "I was a real revolution as well as a source of considerable disgust"—is currently faced with such a problem. Her division is at present checking all imported tannic acid, which is used extensively in tanning leather. With Chinese armies in Korea, tannic acid made from Chinese or North Korean nut galls is not favorably regarded, and it takes a much higher rate of duty than tannic acids imported from other countries.

Close Check on Chinese Tannic Acid

Chinese nut galls or tannic acid have on occasion been shipped to countries with which we have favorable trade agreements. Then it has been transshipped, provided with a new bill of lading and rerouted into this country. The lab was asked to cope with the situation—and it was found that Chinese tannic acid reacted to a certain chemical by forming three layers of liquid, while other tannic acids formed only two. Today, no Chinese tannic acid gets into this country undetected.

The Chinese did, however, score one signal victory over the laboratory. For years the Chinese in this country have imported their native vegetables as "crude drugs," since these are admitted free, whereas vegetables pay a high tariff. In a series of court tests they produced witnesses to testify to the therapeutic value of the vegetables. Cogent rebuttal was difficult, as few Americans had any real knowledge of the Chinese *materia medica.*

Finally, at the request of the Customs Service, the lab thoroughly analyzed the vegetables and offered evidence that they contained no known drugs or compounds of therapeutic value. But the seeds, bulbs, fruits, lily scales and other vegetable curiosities which the Chinese find so succulent are still admitted duty free. The courts were unimpressed by the findings of science and ruled the vegetables medicinal because, "they are not habitually eaten by man"—a sweeping legal interpretation that seemingly erases 500,000,000 Chinese from the genus Homo.

There are times, too, when the lab is called upon to lend a hand to the Secret Service, the Coast Guard, the Bureau of Narcotics and the Attorney General's office. For it has specialists who are expert at detecting forgeries, analyzing narcotics and spotting counterfeit inks and metals. Its Methods Division recently examined a seizure of gold bullion. The bar serial numbers had been almost obliterated by hacking and gouging the soft metal, but the lab was able to identify the numbers, anyway. The Secret Service tracked down the man who had purchased the numbered gold bars from the U.S. Assay Office and diverted them into black-market channels. The lab refuses to divulge just how or with what it "looks" at mutilated gold. "We don't just sit and stare at it," is all the chief chemist says.

The Assistant Attorney General's office, in the midst of a trial, has sent material to the lab and asked that it be analyzed and returned to the court, in the company of an expert witness, within an hour and a half—and has been given the service requested. And Chief Kenney also recalls an incident involving a ship captain who illegally pumped bilges in Baltimore harbor and was quickly apprehended by the Coast Guard, once the lab had analyzed his bilge oil and compared it with the bilge oils of other ships then in port.

Charles Augner and his Inorganic Division once co-operated with border patrolmen who suspected that cattle were being smuggled across the Canadian border into upstate New York. "We got out our test tubes and went after the rustlers," Augner says. "We sent some agents in Canada a chemical which shall be nameless. They secretly smeared it on herds up there. Then we gave the agents in this country a second chemical. When it was applied to cattle that had previously undergone treatment in Canada it produced a large red blotch. Probably the only time cattle rustlers were ever exposed and convicted by chemical means."

On another occasion, when a curator of a museum vouched for the antiquity of a tapestry (under the law works of art—except rugs and carpets made after 1700—or objects of educational value manufactured before 1830 are antiques and entitled to free entry) the lab's experts proved to the beguiled authority that his tapestry's threads were stained with coal-tar dyes, which were first produced in 1857. "It was also our sad duty to pass on the information that a millionaire's imported 'antique' wall paneling was actually made from a species of pine only very recently found to be worth the trouble of milling," said a chemist.

Curious incidents of this nature do not arouse in the chemists undue suspicion of their fellow men. "Sometimes we get the impression that many importers don't know the Tariff Act," says Assistant Chief Eckweiler, "but on the whole we believe in sweetness and light and the innate goodness of man." Chief Chemist Kenney adds, "Yeah, we can take objects apart, but we can't take people's motives apart, and test *them.* We just take it for granted they mean well."

Museum-Piece Tiara Wasn't Dutiable

Since the lab is concerned only with scientific fact, it is as quick to pass on good news to the importer as it is to expose the machinations of expert craft forgers. When a man recently imported a gold, diamond and ruby tiara which was a museum piece, the lab saved him from a stiff tariff assessment. The appraiser's office suspected that the tiara had undergone repair since 1830 by having had a new section of gold added to it, and an importer must pay duty on any substantial repairs on antique jewelry. "By using a very fine sandpaper, however, and rubbing it over the tiara so lightly that its tracks could not be detected by the eye, we were able to remove enough gold," says a customs expert, "to permit a spectrographic analysis of the metal to be made. And this test showed that all of the tiara's gold bore those impurities that earmark gold refined by antique methods."

The laboratory is not, however, infallible. The scientific method often collapses in the presence of common clay. Under the tariff act, common earthenware pays a different duty than earthenware made from clay that has been fortified. But the lab can find no means of determining whether the original bank from which the clay was dug was an admixture of clay and sand or whether the sand was deliberately added during the manufacturing process. So importers are requested to list the component materials, which are subject to verification.

But recalcitrant clay is not the customs laboratory's chief headache. While its chemists have to know the established trade practices for literally thousands of commodities, as well as their basic chemistry, they are further burdened with the need for a minutely detailed knowledge of the 731 paragraphs on dutiable and nondutiable merchandise which comprise the Tariff Act. And these, unlike scientific principles, are as subject to change as the winds that blow over Capitol Hill. ▲▲▲

Duty rate will hinge on whether foreign dye George Davis is testing has U.S. counterpart

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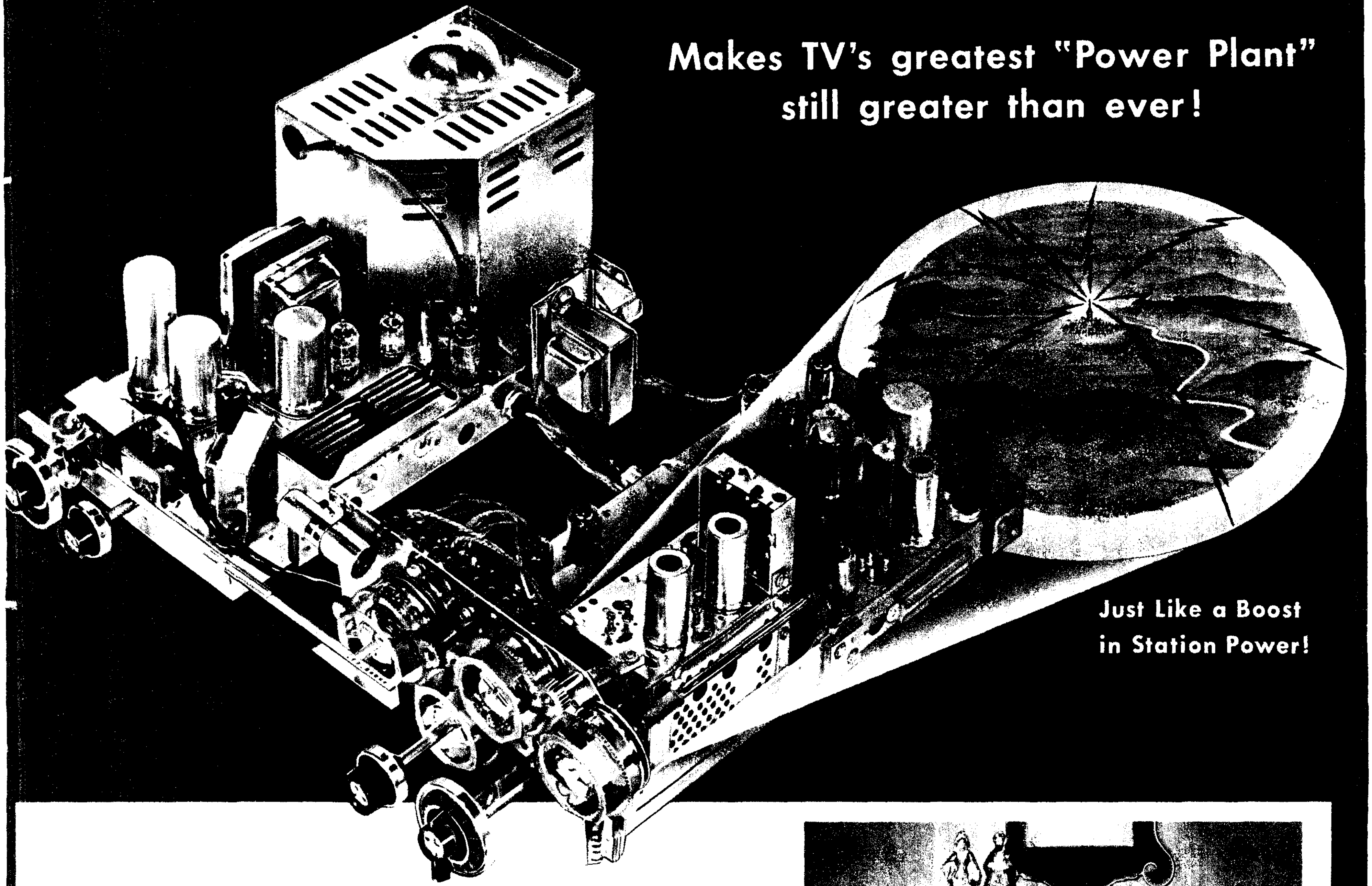

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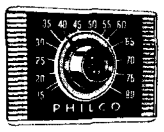

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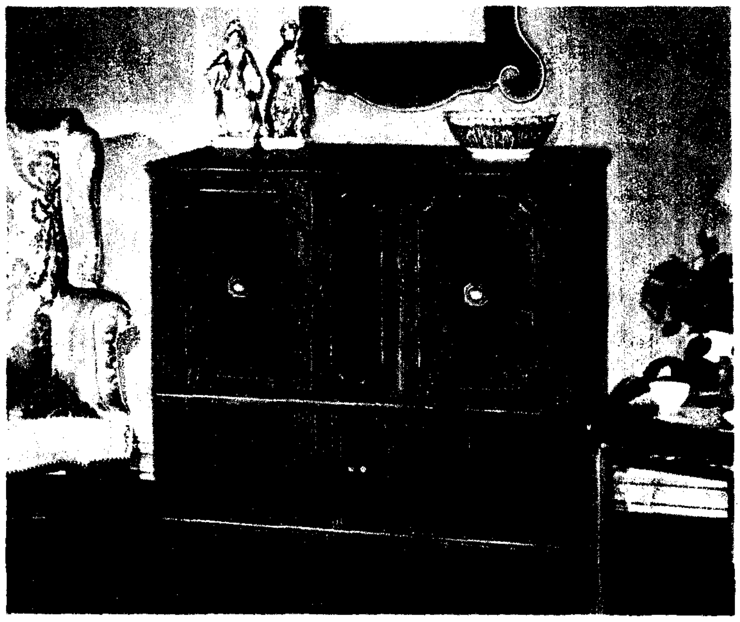

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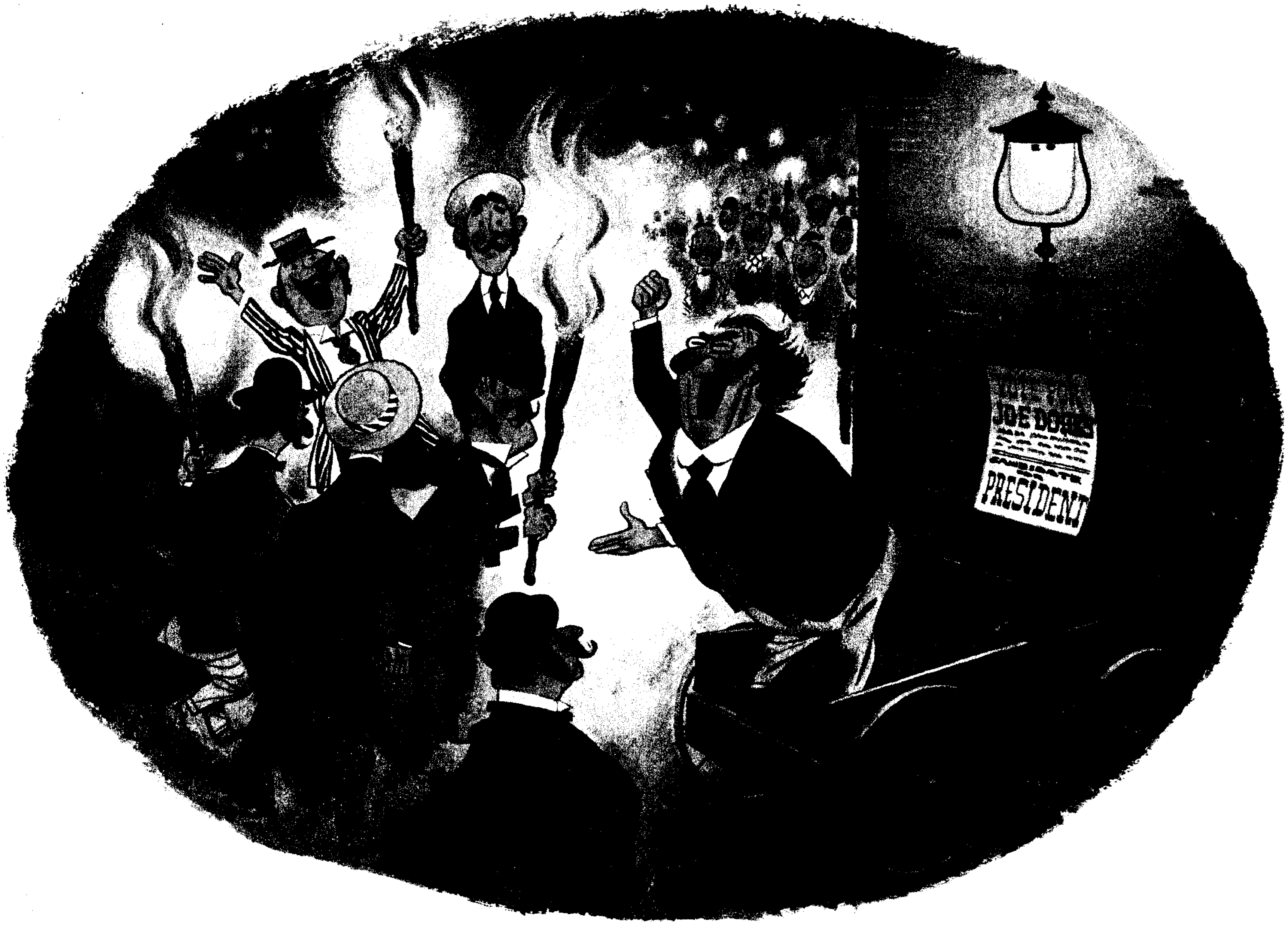

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HOW MUCH DOES YOUR

Candidates must spend millions to win votes in a modern campaign. But old laws limit them to ridiculously low expenditures. Result: they evade the laws. How can we put effective ceilings on political spending?

WHEN you step up to the election booth on November 4th, nobody is going to offer you a dollar for your vote or even a dime, but the vote will have cost somebody money all the same—and no one will know how much.

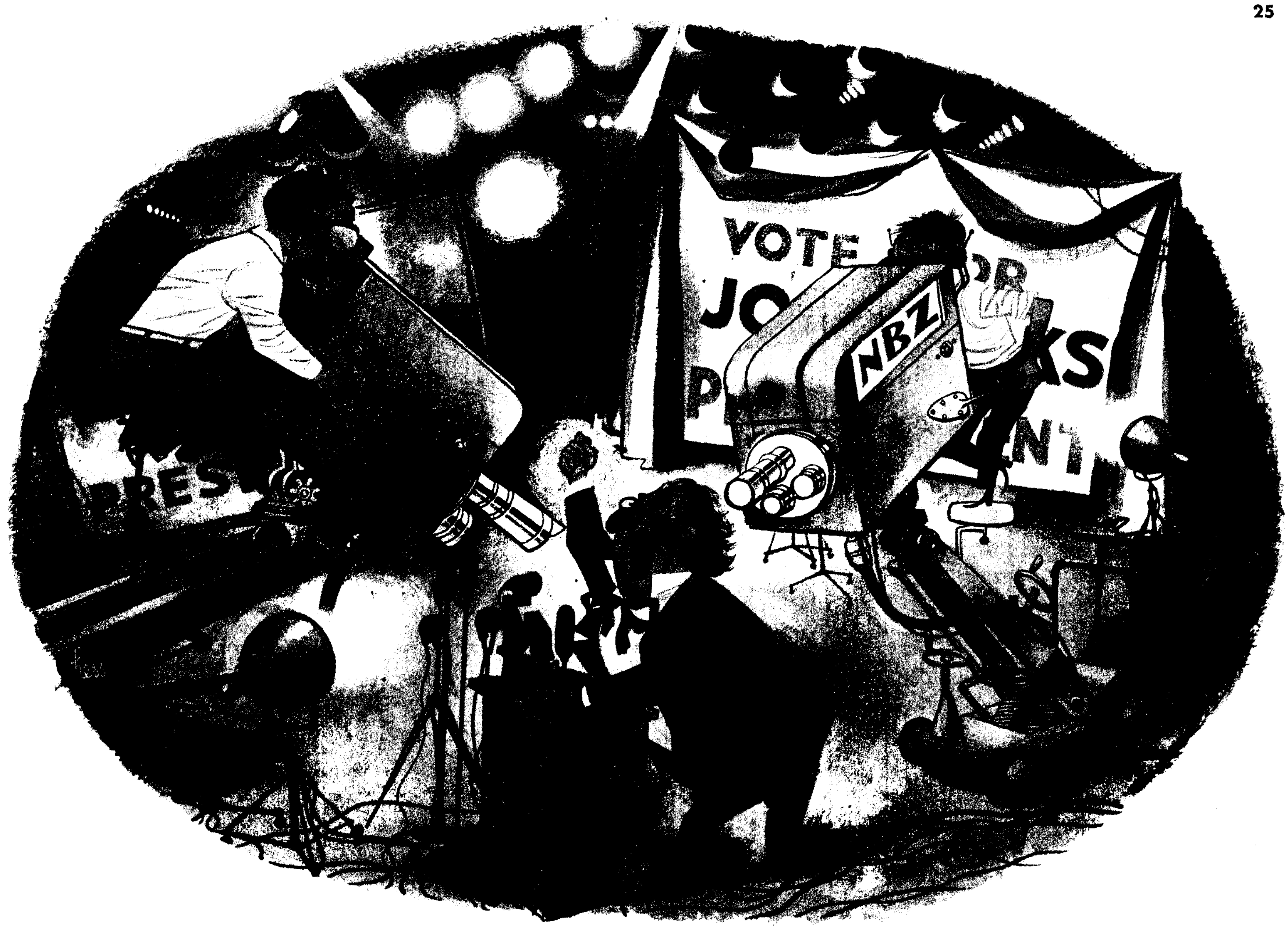
The outlay may have been utterly innocent in nature and no more than what is reasonably required for a candidate to put his case before you, or it may have been excessive and its sources unwholesome.

Almost from the birth of the Republic, reformers have been warning us about the role of the dollar in the election process, and vague charges of corruption are as routine a part of the Election Day aftermath as scraping off the billboards, congratulating the victor, or selling the campaign office furniture. But is the problem really corruption—or is it the evasion of weak laws that seem cut out for evasion? Is the nub of the matter that too much is spent or that under our present election statutes nobody can tell *what* is spent or where it comes from? Congressional experts who have devoted years to the subject are agreed that the trouble lies with the laws.

"A hodgepodge of inconsistency and confusion," a Congressional committee called them a year ago.

Obviously it costs money to put on a political campaign, to persuade you—in print and on billboards, by radio and by television, through direct mail and in personal appearances—that Candidate A and his party are your meat while Candidate B and his party are your poison. Far from there being anything objectionable in these expenditures as such, they are wholly essential to any system of free elections. You should certainly know, through all possible channels of communication, what the candidates have to say for themselves and what is being said for and against them. But if A is spending five times as much as B to win your support, you should also know that—and you should know who is putting up the money.

Supposedly this is just the information guaranteed to you by the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, the Hatch Act and dozens of state election laws. Candidates and committees are required to file lists of contributors and their donations, along with a record of expenditures, with the Clerk of the House or the Secretary of the Senate. Under federal law, a campaign for the House may cost no more than $5,000 and one for the Senate no more than $25,000, with lower ceilings applicable where imposed by state law. No individual may contribute more than $5,000 to a federal political campaign, and



. . . *Now*

VOTE COST?

By ROBERT BENDINER

no political committee may take in or pay out more than $3,000,000. If you want to know, then, what has been spent to elect a man to federal office, all you should have to do is consult the reports on file in Washington.

In cold fact, these regulations have no more relation to reality than OPS prices in a black market. Few could run for office on the legal amounts and few try. Representative Michael J. Mansfield of Montana, fresh from chairing an inquiry into the subject, remarked on the floor of the House last April that if the election laws "were ever obeyed rather than evaded . . . the American electorate would never be able to cast an intelligent vote or have any knowledge whatever of any of the candidates."

After his re-election to the Senate in 1950, Robert A. Taft filed a statement showing campaign donations amounting to only $1,816. But he later agreed with a Senate committee that various Taft-for-Senator groups had probably collected and spent more than a half-million dollars on his behalf—"which for 5,000,000 voters," he added, "is 10 cents a voter to try to get at them—not so much." Nor did this estimate include what might have been spent for him out of the $1,200,000 raised for the Republican ticket as a whole by the regular party organizations of the State of Ohio.

Joseph T. Ferguson, his Democratic opponent, collected from one Cleveland financier alone $5,000 more than Ferguson was entitled to spend altogether under the law—without taking into account, that is, any of the funds that organized labor threw to his support. In the same year two Pennsylvanians admitted that their campaigns for the Senatorial nomination had cost more than $800,000 apiece.

Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, who pointed out in a recent issue of the Atlantic Monthly that it cost $30,000 just to make him a Chicago alderman (salary $5,000 a year), figures that "the minimum cost for a Senatorial candidate in a fairly large state is from $150,000 to $200,000," with a Presidential campaign coming to at least $6,000,000. But this is a moderate estimate. A Senate committee found that the Presidential elections of 1936, when costs were considerably lower than now, came to roughly $23,000,000 on the basis of reported expenditures, or 50½ cents per voter. And at least that much again must have been spent and not reported.

Yet in spite of the discrepancy between such figures and the seemingly plain language of the statutes, there is no appreciable violation of the law. There doesn't have to be. Senator Guy M. Gillette, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, explains the situation simply: "More and more loopholes have been found by which the purposes of the law are avoided." Candidates have simply learned to penetrate these loopholes and to exploit the breakthrough. A glance at these gaps in the law should be enough to show how easy the procedure is.

To begin with, the federal law—that is, the Corrupt Practices Act and the Hatch Act which supplements it—blandly ignore all primary elections on the theory that these are the province of the several states. This gigantic exception alone makes the law almost entirely pointless for all states of the Deep South, where the Democratic primary is all that traditionally matters, and in other states, like Maine, Vermont, Nebraska, Oregon and the Da-

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS

kotas, where Republican nomination is usually tantamount to election.

Even in two-party states the primary is at least half the battle. A House inquiry last year turned up the information that in the 1950 elections more money was spent in these preliminary contests than in the general election in something like 41 per cent of the country's Congressional districts. In the 1950 primary, Pennsylvania's two Republican contenders for a Senate seat spent more than $1,600,000 between them, as compared with the $25,000 maximum that the law allows a Senatorial candidate in the general election. Informed estimates of the cost of Senator Kefauver's pre-convention campaign for the Presidential nomination range upward from a half-million dollars, and Taft's is believed to have come to much more.

Limitations on Reporting

But the Senator from Tennessee would have nothing to worry about on this score—apart from raising the $30,000 deficit he admits to—even if primaries were included in the law, because another glaring gap exempts candidates for President, Vice-President and their electors from having to report any expenditures at all. They are affected by the law only to the extent that the national committees of their respective parties must report gifts and expenditures in the general election. A committee is limited to $3,000,000.

If this were all the money that might be spent in behalf of a Presidential nominee—that is, if all contributions were channeled through the national committee—it would still be possible both to check lavish expenditures and to keep a spotlight trained on party "fat cats," whose contributions are frequently no more than down payments for special rewards from the hand of the winner. Unfortunately, however, there is no limit to the number of such committees that may be set up. You can have one for television and radio, possibly one for newspaper advertising, an "educational" committee or two and so forth. All of these are obliged to report, if they do business in two or more states, but each of them is entitled to the $3,000,000 limit. What is far worse, state, county and local committees are entirely free from federal limitations, though they may raise as much as they choose for the national ticket.

On the Congressional front opportunities for evasion are every bit as lively. A Senatorial candidate, for example, is limited to $25,000, and he must report all donations received by himself or by anyone for him "with his knowledge and consent." Nothing is simpler in such a situation than for Candidate X to maintain himself in innocent ignorance of contributions. A dozen committees may be set up, ranging from a "United Housewives' Committee to Elect X" to the "East Overshoe Independent Citizens for X"—all chipping in to pay his printing bills, getting him on the radio, advertising his virtues in the papers and taking care only to keep him officially unaware of the names of those who contribute to his build-up. For his part, he scrupulously watches only the expenses he pays out of his own pocket and duly reports them to Congress.

As though these loopholes were not wide enough to drive a campaign train through, sweeping exemptions are provided in accounting for expenditures. A candidate need not report what he spends on printing or the distribution of printed matter, including postage; nor for travel, including hotel and meals; nor for telephone and telegraph; nor for stationery or posters. He does have to report what he pays for newspaper advertising, billboards, radio and television —unless, of course, these costs are handled by nonreporting committees operating without the candidate's "knowledge and consent."

On the donating side the loopholes are equally accommodating. Technically you may give no more than $5,000 to any candidate's campaign. But you are free to give all you want to state, county and local committees, which may in turn pass your money along to a national committee without ever mentioning your name.

The law forbids contributions by corporations and trade unions. Executives, however, may give in their own names and in those of their relatives—and through local committees they can give without stint. Unions get around the prohibition by the simple device of working through such groups as the Political Action Committee (CIO) and Labor's League for Political Education (AFL).

What is left after all these dodges and evasions may be found in reports gathering dust on the shelves of the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House. And the information is compiled in a fashion that seems designed to discourage all but the implacable. It is "scattered and uncollated," says John Moore, counsel to the Senate subcommittee, and "extremely difficult to make use of."

But perhaps this is not serious, because actually no one is charged with making use of it. The information is there, such as it is, but no one has the duty of policing the law. Each House of Congress maintains a standing committee which may, if it chooses, look into formal complaints, but these are rare. A would-be complainant is generally deterred by the prospect of a counter-complaint.

There is no dearth of ideas as to what might be done to make the laws on election finances at once more realistic and more effective. Scarcely a Congress goes through its term without a few hearings on abuses and the introduction of bills to improve matters. In the expiring Eighty-second Congress extensive hearings were held by the Senate's five-man Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, and three measures were introduced and allowed to die.

Two Changes That Are Favored

On at least two major points there is general agreement among those who want a change. All three bills introduced this year would take a long step forward by bringing primaries under the same law as the general elections, a recent decision of the Supreme Court having clearly established that Congress has the necessary power to do so. Gillette's bill, would have included Presidential candidates. The combination of these two steps becomes particularly important as more and more states adopt the direct Presidential primary, with the result that candidates are forced to campaign as intensively for nomination as for election.

It is just as uniformly agreed that the ceilings now imposed on donations and expenditures will have to be appreciably raised, if not eliminated as useless. Fixed 27 years ago, as Representative Mansfield points out, "they were unrealistic even for that day and they are utterly ridiculous today when the dollar is only half the 1925 value" and the population much greater. Election techniques, too, have changed profoundly since 1925 and are vastly more expensive. Radio,

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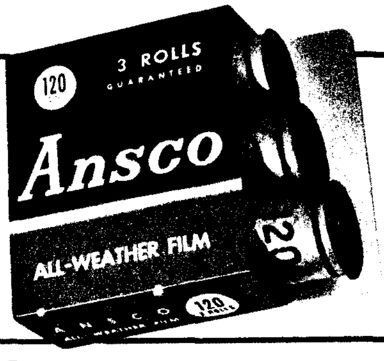

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sound trucks, color printing and now television have added immeasurably to the effectiveness of campaigning and perhaps even disproportionally more to the cost.

But TV is expensive. Very early in the campaign Frank McKinney, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, indicated that his party planned to spend $2,000,000 on radio and television alone.

Those who want the ceilings raised or eliminated are far from wanting to make life easier for men who treat politics as a personal investment. On the contrary, the proposed smoking-out process is drastic and would leave many a politician shorn of whatever appeal he might have had. In the first place, responsibility for all expenditures would be centered on the candidate himself. The term "political committee" would include not merely those groups operating in two or more states, as it does now, but all committees, however local or "educational," that raise or spend funds for the election of a candidate to federal office. This would lay waste at one stroke the devious channels through which millions of unreported dollars are now poured into campaigns.

No committee, moreover, could legally contribute or campaign in any way without the written authorization of the candidate, who would thus assume full responsibility for donations and expenditures, including those that are now fatuously excepted.

All this, as has been pointed out by Oklahoma's Senator A. S. (Mike) Monroney, an active member of the Senate subcommittee investigating election costs, would subject our political operations to a glaring light that could only be good for the country. It would require, however, an enforcement agency to see that full and accurate reports were made.

The idea is growing that Congressional committees are not at all what the situation demands for this purpose. As Senator William Benton of Connecticut puts it, "Those who seek and hold elective office should not be both players and umpire."

Representative Mansfield's bill calls for creation of an Office of Election Records, under the direction of a custodian appointed by the President. It would be to this office that all reports would be made, and the custodian would be charged with systematically examining returns, investigating them when that seemed called for and referring all possible violations to the Justice Department.

Senator Monroney would set up a bipartisan commission of distinguished citizens who, serving without pay, would handle complaints *during the campaign.* They would be empowered to investigate and hand down judgments on the spot, however damaging these might be to an offending candidate's chances at the polls. Senator Benton also favors a commission of this sort. Armed with subpoena powers and nation-wide prestige, it would "call the foul blows as they were being made."

Counting the Cost-per-Vote

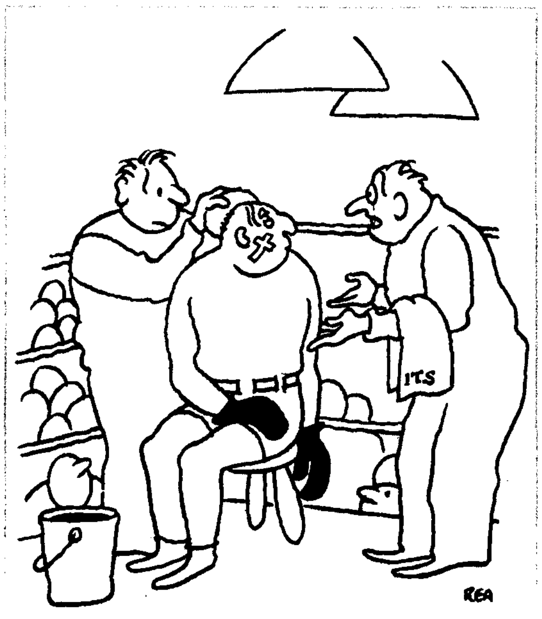
With such advances as these, it is hardly to be doubted that our election processes would be considerably cleaner and more open than they are. But running for office would still be an extremely expensive business. A national election now runs close to $1.50 or even $2 per vote.

For this hazard there is probably no remedy, and even the proposal to mitigate it by taking campaign financing out of private hands is drastic and dangerous. The plan goes back to President Theodore Roosevelt, who as long ago as 1907 was alarmed by the role of wealth in the election system. "The need for collecting large campaign funds would vanish," he advised in his annual message, "if Congress provided an appropriation for the proper and legitimate expenses of each of the great national parties." The idea has since bobbed up from time to time and is currently being advanced by Senator Douglas.

Whatever its merits, this approach has yet to win substantial support from the public. There is, first, the fear of letting the party in power control the funds for an election in which it is itself involved. Then, too, it is hard to say which campaign expenses are "legitimate" and which are not. Would a Presidential nominee's campaign train be legitimate, but not a Congressman's private helicopter? Is it legitimate to hire adolescents to whoop through town chanting "We Want Dingbat for President"? Or to shell out $10 apiece to 150 mercenaries to raise the roof of a convention hall when their temporary employer is finally identified as the "Man Who"?

Finally, any such arrangement would make it extremely difficult to deal fairly with new or minor parties. As a rule, these plans carry a provision that no party be allowed the appropriation unless it has won a prescribed number of votes in the preceding election. But there can be no doubt that this would place an emerging party at a grave disadvantage. On the other hand, if any group that chose to enter the lists could collect government funds, we would surely be in the position of financing innumerable crackpot parties which would otherwise happily die aborning.

But if such pitfalls as these raise doubts as to the wisdom of government campaign grants, there is little dispute in any sober quarter that what we do need, and need above all, is the hot, white light of publicity on election finances. We will get no such light as long as our election laws invite concealment, reward evasion and encourage sleight of hand in fifty-seven varieties. ▲▲▲



"And I don't suppose *you* have any ideas?"

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HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE

By ROBERT de ROOS

Alan Ladd's a puzzle. He's not tall and dark, as a film star should be, and he's often cast in unheroic roles. He should be a flop. Instead, he's a perennial box-office smash. Here's why

ALAN WALBRIDGE LADD is Hollywood's favorite puzzle. By all that is considered sacred in filmdom, he simply should not be a movie star. And yet, year after year, in good times and bad, he is among the most consistent money-makers in the industry.

Hollywood clings to the tradition that its heroes must be tall, dark and handsome. Alan Ladd is a green-eyed blond. He stands five feet nine inches in height, roughly half a foot short of the lofty dimensions Hollywood demands of its elite. He is, of course, a handsome fellow, but there are a thousand handsome men in Hollywood and good looks alone are not enough for stardom. He has a superbly proportioned physique (his script writers manage to get his shirt off in almost every picture), but all stars are expected to have celestial bodies.

Besides violating most of the usual physical standards, Ladd generally portrays the wrong kind of hero. He's the wordless, brutal, frozen-faced fellow who shoots cops on mild provocation and smacks women around. Normally, such conduct could be expected to repel. Played by Ladd, these rough roles somehow become appealing to men and women alike.

Evidence of the esteem in which Ladd is held from Helsinki to Tokyo, from Kalamazoo to London, pours into his office at the rate of 500 letters a day, by studio estimate—the biggest mail received by any star. His fans admire not only Ladd but also his wife, the former Sue Carol Lee, and their children—Carol, nineteen (Sue's daughter by a previous marriage); Alan, Jr., fourteen (Alan's son by a previous marriage); Alana, nine; and David, five.

A native of the Gold Coast of Africa wrote: "Be good enough to prick your finger and mingle your blood with mine, which I have enclosed. This will make us blood brothers which I would greatly appreciate." An eighty-year-old woman recently confided it would be proper for Ladd to call her Irene since they had been corresponding for four years.

It is typical of Ladd, the thoroughgoing professional, that his secretaries answer every letter, and every request for autographed pictures is filled free of charge—which costs him $60,000 a year out of his own pocket.

Ladd has won no Oscars (although Warner Brothers is making hopeful noises about The Iron Mistress, to be released this fall), but he wins "the awards that sell tickets." From 1945 to 1950, he was voted Modern Screen's most popular actor. He is the only Hollywood male whose face regularly adorns the covers of fan magazines (all others are considered bad for circulation), and his life and times have been the subject of dozens of stories. The foreign reporters in Hollywood voted him the "most popular actor in the world" in 1951, and twice he has been named by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as the most co-operative star.

His pull on the movie-goer's purse strings is so powerful that even Darryl Zanuck, production head of a rival studio (20th Century-Fox), says: "There aren't any box-office stars any more except for John Wayne and Alan Ladd. That Alan Ladd is absolutely indestructible."

No Ladd Film Has Ever Lost Money

At insuring the success of a picture, the indestructible Mr. Ladd is better than Lloyd's of London. During the 11 years he worked at Paramount, the studio automatically figured on making a minimum profit of $1,600,000 on any Ladd film. None of his movies has taken in less than $2,700,000 and none has lost money.

He made 26 pictures for Paramount, some of them still to be shown publicly. Although few of those which have been released are generally considered outstanding, they reputedly earned $60,000,000 for the studio, a startling figure even to an industry accustomed to colossal sums.

It was not until last fall, when he was about to leave Paramount, that the studio starred him in a really big picture, Shane, a Western written by Pulitzer Prize winner A. B. Guthrie, Jr., and directed by George Stevens, who won an Academy Award for A Place in the Sun. Shane, a saga of the conflict between the pioneer homesteaders and the cattlemen, was filmed against the rugged majesty of the Grand Tetons. Ladd plays the title role, a gun fighter who takes the part of the sodbusters, and, in the chilling climactic scene, decides the issue with his gun.

"It is against the formula," says George Stevens, "but Ladd seems to have decency on the screen even in violent roles like this one. He always seems to have a large measure of reserve and dignity."

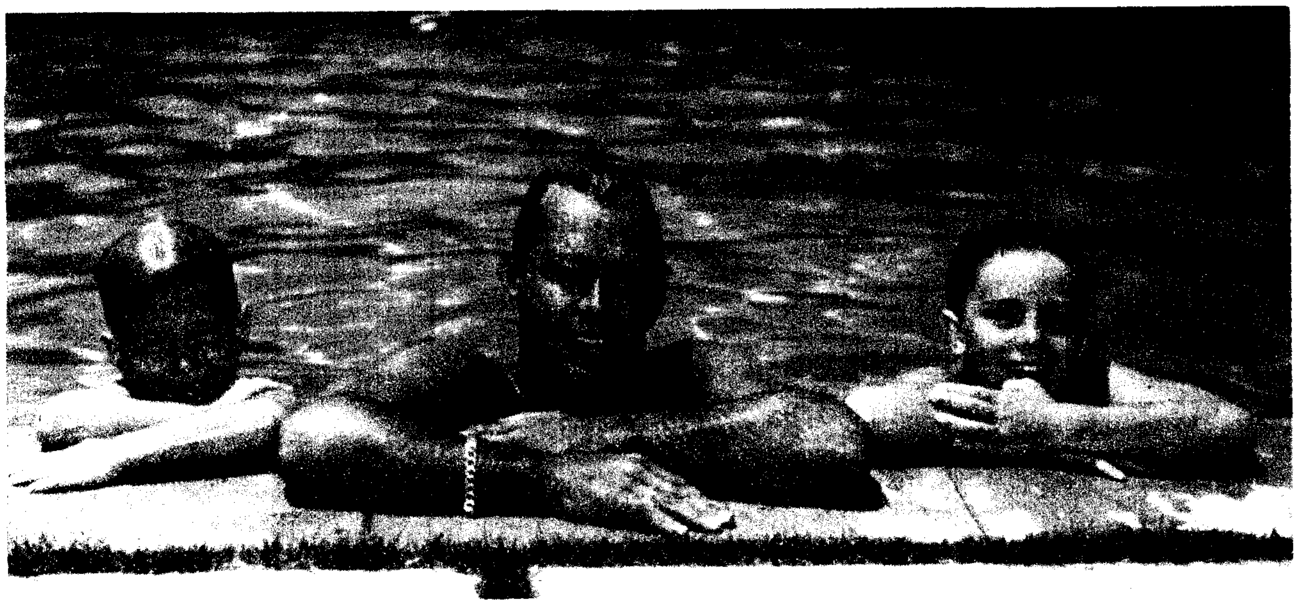
Gordon Douglas, director of Warner's The Iron Mistress—in which Alan plays James Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie knife—says, "This Ladd has a terrific niceness that comes through no matter what a real low-down guy he plays."

When you see Ladd at work, it is difficult to sense his impact on the screen. He plays in low key. Hollywood likes to call him "an actor with only one expression," but Stevens says, "You show me an actor with one *good* expression and I'll be happy. I can recollect only one good expression from Gary Cooper, but I've seen great pictures made around it."

The Ladd pictures seem to bear Stevens out. Often, actors give great performances on the set, only to see their scenes flatten out on the screen. Trained on him, the camera brings out a powerful personality which is not at once apparent in the flesh-and-blood Ladd. The wardrobe department, which can build him up to six-foot stature, long ago found it was not necessary: he plays big without artificial aids. Ladd does not pretend to know why this magic works for him. His only acting formula is: "You've got to think it and believe it—then it comes through."

As part of the process of submerging himself in his roles, Ladd dispenses with doubles for dangerous or arduous scenes as often as possible. He has been ducked in icy streams, sent barefoot over sharp rocks, lashed to the mast, thrown from horses and battered in a dozen Western saloon brawls. In Shane, he vanquishes four mean baddies, all over six feet three. The actual blows in such affrays are faked, but he still takes a beating, tumbling over tables and chairs.

"He'll do anything if you'll let him," says an

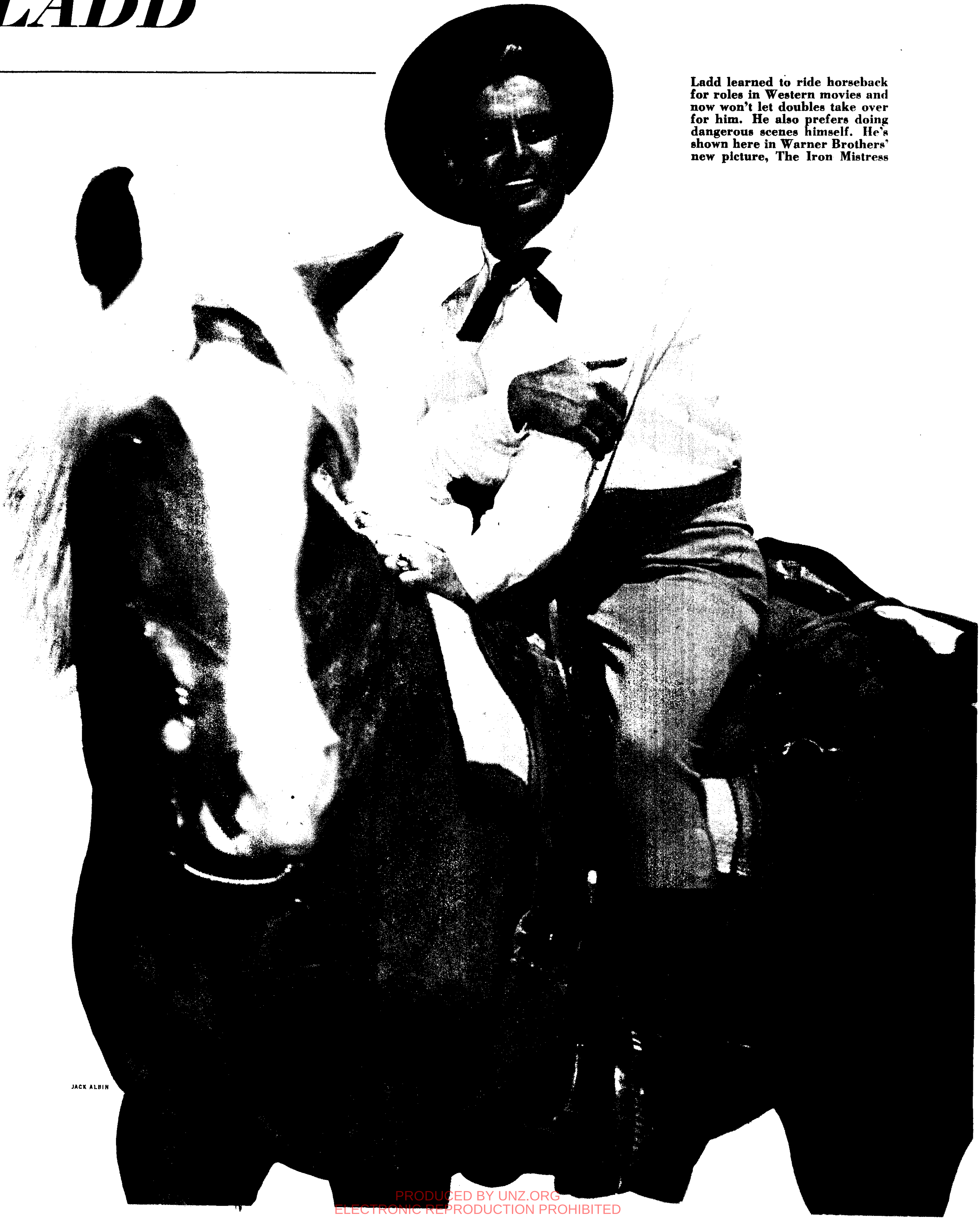

JOHN FLOREA

The actor with his son David, 5, and daughter Alana, 9, in family swimming pool. Ladds live in exclusive Holmby Hills, also have 25-acre ranch an hour's drive from film capital

JOHN FLOREA

Mrs. Ladd, ex-actress Sue Carol, was Alan's agent, had tough job selling him to studios

LADD



Ladd learned to ride horseback for roles in Western movies and now won't let doubles take over for him. He also prefers doing dangerous scenes himself. He's shown here in Warner Brothers' new picture, The Iron Mistress

JACK ALBIN

“That Alan Ladd is absolutely indestructible,” says Darryl Zanuck, who calls him

assistant director. “In Botany Bay, he’s supposed to be keel-hauled. That’s where they tie a guy up like a sausage, dump him in the ocean and drag him along under the ship. Ladd let them dunk him. They’d leave him down a hell of a time and then, between takes, he’d hang up in the air until they decided to do it again.”

The camera’s impression of Ladd—the good shining through the bad—is an accurate picture of the man. He is a menace only professionally. Even Hedda Hopper, whose ear for gossip is sharper than radar, says she has never heard a bad word about Ladd.

“It’s pretty hard to remain a normal guy at $300,000 a year,” says Steve Brooks, a studio veteran and an old friend of Ladd’s, “but Alan still thinks in terms of a hundred dollars a week. He acts so natural that he can spend his money without having to worry about being one of the boys. He doesn’t have to put it on.”

His Best-Dressed-Man Phase

Ladd’s first reaction to the big money was to go on a clothes-buying spree. As a boy, his idea of opulence was to own a tan gabardine suit. He bought gabardine in ten shades of tan, $15 neckties and all manner of personal adornment. He was selected one of America’s best-dressed men in 1947. But it was a passing phase. Today he dresses casually; he still has enough clothes to stock a haberdashery, but he regards them as part of his working gear.

During the years he was Paramount’s private gold mine, Ladd’s salary rose from $300 to $6,000 a week. His career coincided exactly with the period of high taxes, however, and he has been able to hang onto relatively little of the big money.

Not that he is a hardship case. His 11-room French provincial home in exclusive Holmby Hills is adjoined by a swimming pool—a delight to Ladd, who is a fine swimmer and diver. He also has a 25-acre ranch, Alusana Acres, an hour’s drive from Hollywood. He planned it as a horse-breeding farm but found that “horses are awfully expensive when you buy them and awfully cheap when you sell them.” The ranch is now stocked with 4,000 chickens.

The Ladds entertain informally both at home and at their ranch. “The Family,” a group of old friends including Alan’s high-school English teacher and others not in pictures, gathers for Christmas, Mother’s Day and other festive occasions. The Bing Crosbys, who are neighbors, are close friends. The Ladds entertain Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Betty Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Demarest, Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling, Gary Cooper and other movie people—for shoptalk, canasta and small dinners.

“The thing I like about the Ladds,” says Jan Sterling, “is that Sue lets you sit with your husband. Most of the places you go in this town, they separate you.”

After finishing a recent picture, Ladd invited the cast and crews—and their wives—to his home for a party. It was probably the first time in Hollywood history that wives of crewmen had been so treated. They’re still talking about it.

The Ladds have a payroll of 15 to help them: a cook; a nurse; a maid; a houseman; a gardener; a private secretary; a man who supervises the ranch and doubles as manager of Alan Ladd Enterprises, a family corporation which makes toys and sport jackets; two girls who handle the bulk of the fan mail; two couples at the ranch; a publicity man; and an accountant who runs up the tax figures.

Alan, who is relaxed and smiling off the job, is genuinely surprised and grateful to find himself where he is today—and more than a little fearful. “I’m the most insecure guy in Hollywood,” he says. “If you’ve had it good all your life, you figure it can’t ever get bad, but when you’ve had it bad you wonder how long a thing like this will last.”

In the Grip of Poverty

Ladd was born September 3, 1913, in Hot Springs, Arkansas. His father died when he was three, and Ladd has no memory of him. What he does remember deeply are the long years of grinding poverty. In 1921, the family moved to California in Grapes-of-Wrath style. His stepfather and mother both worked—Alan had his first job at eight—but they never escaped the grip of poverty.

He attended what is now North Hollywood High School, where he was president of the student body and captain of the track, swimming and football teams. On the strength of his portrayal of Koko in a high-school performance of The Mikado, he was signed to an apprentice actor’s course at Universal Studios in 1933. Then he worked briefly for a newspaper, ran a hot-dog stand and finally got a job as a grip at Warner Brothers. “A grip,” says Ladd, “is a guy who does anything nobody else wants to do.” He got the dangerous job of stringing lights from the stage rafters 70 feet above the floor.

From this perch, he concluded that the actors on the floor got a better deal. He climbed down and enrolled for two years with the Ben Bard Players, determined to become an actor. Then he tackled the studios.

He landed a few bit parts and then drifted into radio. Sue Carol, a former movie star who was running an actors’ agency, heard Ladd in a radio sketch and asked him to drop around. “I was very pleasantly surprised to see the young man who owned the voice,” Sue recalls. “I said, ‘You’d be good in pictures,’ but he’d had it. ‘I’m only good for radio,’ he said.”

For a while it seemed he was right. One producer told Sue, “He’s a nice-looking boy, but I don’t catch that blond hair and those dark eyebrows. This boy looks like some kind of a freak.” Alan was turned down by another man whose wife thought Ladd had no sex appeal. Mervyn LeRoy said, “It’s that name. Nobody will remember a name like Alan Ladd.” Over and over Sue heard the refrain: “He’s too short. And we aren’t interested in blond actors.”

He tested for the part of the Italian-American fighter in Golden Boy. “We couldn’t afford a professional job of hair dyeing,” Sue says, “so I doused Alan’s hair with my mascara. It was a terribly hot day and the stuff ran. When Alan finally tested, he looked like a stand-in for a coal stoker.”

But in 1941, the big break came: Paramount cast Alan as Raven in This Gun for Hire. Although he was rated a $600-a-week actor (when he worked) Alan took the job at $300 because he wanted a chance to become a featured player. “He never dreamed he’d be a star,” Sue says.

By the time This Gun for Hire was released, Paramount was sure it had made a major find. In the role of Raven, Ladd played a cold-blooded cop killer. The camera was on him all the time and Ladd triumphed in the role; when three dozen cops closed in on Raven for the kill, the crowd at the preview booed!

Paramount quickly put Ladd into a second picture, and again his personal success was phenomenal. But they did not know what a bonanza they

In Universal-International film, Desert Legion, Ladd, as captain in the Foreign Legion, co-stars with Arlene Dahl, a caliph’s daughter

In Paramount’s Thunder in the East, Ladd speaks to Indian official (Philip Bourneuf) on behalf of Europeans trapped by warring tribes

one of the two big draws left in films

had struck until they let him carry a picture all by himself. The picture was Lucky Jordan, and when it hit the screen there was no lingering doubt about Alan Ladd's mesmerizing power. Lucky Jordan was made for $375,000—rummage-sale money in Hollywood—and it returned over $4,000,000! Alan Ladd, former grip, former bit player, former radio voice, was a star.

After This Gun for Hire, Ladd and Sue Carol were married. The Ladds are a formidable team. Although Sue is no longer his agent, Ladd leans heavily on her, and they discuss every professional move he makes.

Ladd never removes his wedding ring. In his pictures, he wears a silver and black cover over it.

How the Ladds Double-Talk

Talking to Ladd and Sue is something like watching a tennis match: the conversation jumps back and forth unpredictably between them. Ladd often stops in the middle of a sentence, and Sue continues without a break. His conversation is studded with, "You can ask Susie if I'm not right," and "Am I right, Sue?"

Ladd does not impress himself unduly. While working on The Iron Mistress, he sauntered over to a friend. "I'm a hell of a hero in this picture," he said wryly. "I kill nine guys and duel and talk and talk and talk and make love all over the place. Don't miss me—I'm real big."

Considerable force was lent to his statement by a three-foot saber which protruded from his chest, fore and aft.

When Alan muffs a scene, he beats his right fist into his left palm and has been known to crash it through a prop door. Hal Lierly, his make-up man, says he has never seen Alan angry, "except at himself." The truth is, Ladd has a temper which he keeps in bounds during working hours.

He can be a hard man to get along with, however, particularly if he thinks someone is trying to take advantage of him. In 1951, when he was making Thunder in the East, Paramount began talking new contract although his current contract had two years to run. Ladd was dissatisfied with the terms the studio offered. Paramount refused to meet his demands. Ladd decided to leave.

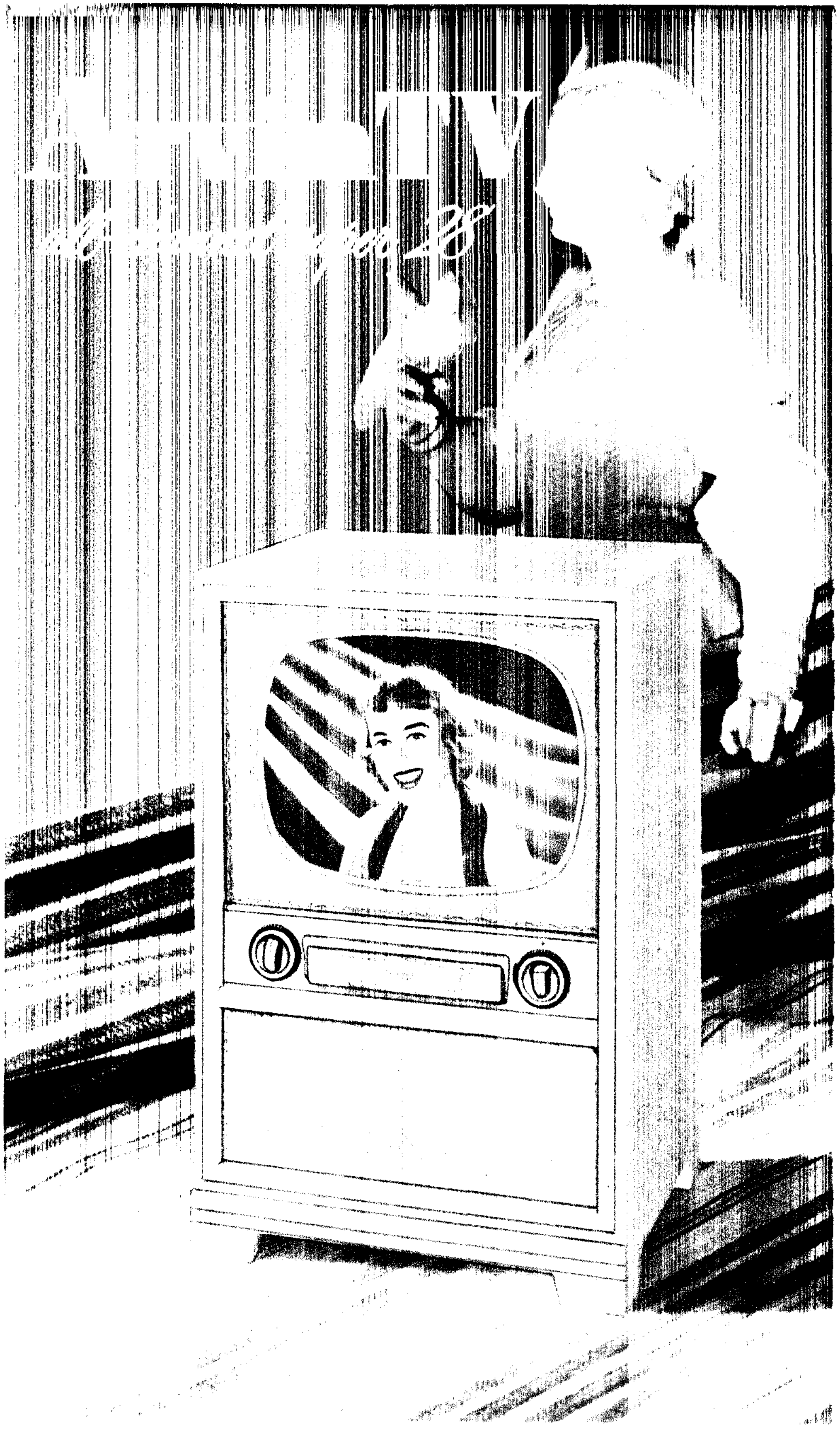
It was a friendly parting. Ladd agreed to complete his contract by making two pictures, one in 1953, one in 1954, for $100,000 each. Then he moved to Warner Brothers for The Iron Mistress. He will make five more pictures—one a year—for Warner's at $150,000 against 10 per cent of the gross.

After The Iron Mistress, Ladd started Desert Legion with Arlene Dahl for Universal-International under an arrangement giving him 50 per cent of the profits for the life of the picture. (The movie will cost about $3,000,000, including exploitation costs, so Ladd will begin to collect when the 3,000,001st dollar reaches the box office.)

At thirty-nine, Ladd is in a good spot. The demand for his pictures is strong not only in the United States, but abroad, where he is tremendously popular. In fact, the next Ladd picture, The Red Beret, will be made in Britain under the joint sponsorship of Columbia and Warwick Pictures. It will, of course, be an adventure film.

Ladd does not intend to change his ways. The blood-and-thunder theme has done well for him thus far, and he has no desire to play Hamlet. "I just want to make pictures that are entertaining," he says. "I'll leave the scenery-chewing to someone else." ▲▲▲

In title role of Paramount picture, Shane, homesteader Ladd battles a cattleman (Ben Johnson) who is opposing settlement of range land



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Jacksonville, Fla.	12
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Lives by His Own Lights

By BEN MERSON

What does a man do at that terrifying moment when he can no longer see? Harry Moss faced the problem, fought it and licked it so amazingly that casual acquaintances don't know he's blind

ONE afternoon last January workmen were completing the interior of a handsome new showroom on New York's fashionable East Fifty-seventh Street when the superintendent of the building walked in. The superintendent watched in admiration as a chunky brown-haired man in shirt sleeves directed the operations. He used neither plans nor blueprints, but was getting the job done with the precision of a slide rule. Every shelf, showcase and counter fitted to the fraction of an inch.

Suddenly the superintendent frowned. "I wouldn't put that showcase there," he said. "The owner of this place might trip over it. I hear that he's totally blind."

The shirt-sleeved man nodded amiably. "You've heard right—I'm the owner," he told the astounded superintendent.

The speaker was Harry Moss. And he has been astounding people ever since he became blind in 1940. He is engaged in a profession where even the experts mistrust their eyes. He deals in rare old silver—buying and selling the magnificent sterling and plate that were the hallmarks of gracious living during the Georgian and Victorian eras of England. And in the 12 years of his blindness he has pyramided his business from $20 a week to $500,000 a year.

Moss, who evaluates these precious heirlooms solely by the touch of his fingers, today ranks as one of the world's foremost authorities. According to Nathan Nathanson, assistant United States appraiser of the Port of New York, "Moss can see more with his hands than most of us can see with a microscope." Edward Prill, dean of New York silver importers and one of Moss's foremost competitors, declares: "Not only is he an expert, but he has the most exquisite taste of any man I ever knew."

His taste is equally renowned in Europe, where Moss goes twice a year in search of the handicraft of Old World silversmiths—beautiful tea services, enormous venison platters, odd little spoon warmers.

But business is just a part of Moss's energetic life. Genial, dapper and still a bachelor at forty-eight, he is that rare paradox—an extrovert artist. "I have only one compulsion," he says. "To make one dollar more than I spend—and have fun while spending it."

Moss succeeds without straining. He gets around considerably more than the average New Yorker, and almost as easily. He needs no Seeing-Eye dog or cane. Sometimes he walks the streets unaided; he can tell his distance from the curb by the roar of the traffic. By sound alone he can distinguish a taxi from a pleasure car. And by their distinct clicks he knows a red traffic light from a green.

Nightfall finds Moss leading the life of the *bon vivant*. He dines at the most expensive restaurants—Chambord, Colony and Twenty One. He is a gourmet and connoisseur of champagne.

Baseball Is His Favorite "Escape"

"I'm also as gregarious as an Elks convention," says Moss. When he wants to get away from it all, he goes to a baseball game. He is an impassioned Yankee fan, and a close friend of manager Casey Stengel, road secretary Bill McCorry and sports announcer Mel Allen. Moss usually spends several weeks each season traveling with the team. After one such jaunt two years ago he received one of the longest personal letters ever written by Joe DiMaggio. It read: "Dear Harry, See you soon. Sincerely, Joe." Moss likes the radio, movies and theater, and has scores of friends in the entertainment world. An avid party goer, he dances with the skill of a professional with such diverse stylists as Mae West and Martha Raye.

"In spite of his handicap, Moss gets more pleasure out of one day's living than many people get out of a lifetime," says Dr. Morton I. Berson, a plastic surgeon, who has known him for many years. "Moss is the best-adjusted man I ever met. And that goes for all my psychiatrist friends."

These psychiatrists probably would agree with Moss that his happy childhood in a close-knit family gave him the basic strength to conquer his blindness. "As a boy in London I had no room to develop complexes," he says. "There were seven of us kids; and seventeen first cousins living nearby."

Yet for all his adaptability Moss did not find his niche until 11 years after he emigrated to New York with his parents, three brothers and three sisters. The opportunity came in 1931 when he joined the firm of Harry Tobert, a wholesale importer of old British silverware. Before that he had worked in a mercantile bank and been a silk importer.

Moss, who had always been interested in art, found his new profession fascinating. He recalls: "I saw the superb old silver as a living link from the past to the present. Each piece had a story of its own. But it wasn't just abstract beauty. The silver was as useful as the day it was wrought."

At that time few others thought so. Silver heirlooms were bought only by museums and private collectors who enshrined them under glass.

Moss lights cigarette while walking along busy sidewalk. He admits he negotiates traffic better with companion, but he can do it alone

No one ever thought a dealer in rare silver could do his job without eyesight—until Moss did it. Now he has a $500,000-a-year business

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Moss widened the interest by introducing old silverware to a department store. At R. H. Macy & Company, Inc., New York, he told the head buyer, James Hunter: "Let's take this silver out of the museum category, put it on the counters where people can touch it, and sell it at a price people can afford."

"I think you've got something," Hunter agreed. So did the public. They looked. They touched. They bought. "And they found they had invested in something whose value increased with age," says Moss. "That was important in those depression days."

Thereafter he traveled all over the country, putting on silver exhibitions, lecturing on silver and introducing it to dozens of other stores, among them Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, Shreve & Company, San Francisco; Davison-Paxon, Atlanta; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; Mermod-Jaccard-King Jewelry Co., St. Louis; G. Fox & Company, Hartford; B. Altman & Company, New York; Haltom's, Fort Worth; L. Bamberger & Company, Newark; and LaSalle & Koch Company, Toledo.

As Moss traveled, blindness, almost imperceptibly, was overtaking him. In 1937 he began to have trouble reading a newspaper. He got glasses; then stronger glasses as his vision grew gradually worse. He consulted eye specialists in various cities. They all gave him the same assurance—it was just a question of finding the right corrective lenses.

"Nothing helped," says Moss, "and when my eyesight kept failing I came to rely more and more on my sense of touch. It was as much vanity as necessity. I found it embarrassing to hold things up to my nose when I worked. By constant practice I got so I could identify almost anything with my fingers. I'd always had a good memory. Now I had to make it photographic."

Moss continued on the road until the end of 1939, concealing his failing sight from his family. "He didn't want to worry us," says his younger brother Max. "But Mother suspected something was seriously wrong because of the change in his handwriting—from a neat Spencerian to big bold capitals that spilled over the pages of his letters."

By now Moss knew the facts. Medical tests had disclosed he was suffering from atrophy of the optic nerve. The direct cause was a blood clot from a blow on the head he had suffered while playing cricket as a boy. If the clot was not removed, doctors told Moss, he was certain to go blind. If they operated, there was a chance he might be helped—but an even greater chance that the surgical shock might hasten blindness.

"The odds were against me," says Moss. "But I was sure I could win."

When Surgeon Removed the Bandages

He was sure he could to the very last moment—when the surgeon removed the bandages from his eyes at New York's Presbyterian Hospital on a sunny day in February, 1940.

"Why don't you take them all off?" Moss demanded.

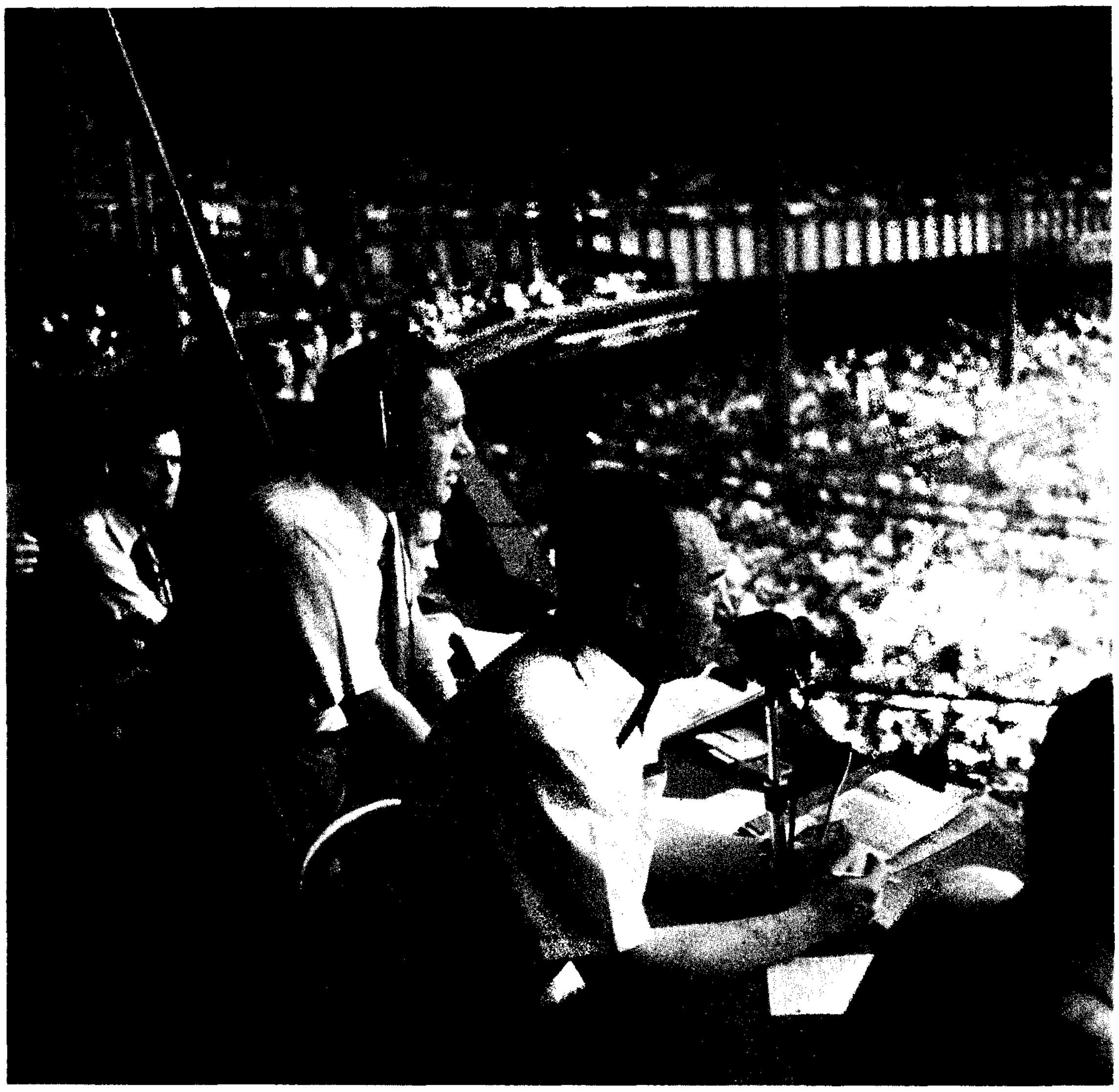
"I have," said the surgeon quietly.

For the next three months Moss lived through an emotional maelstrom. "I couldn't believe I was blind," he says. "I *refused* to believe it. Hour after hour I stared at newspaper headlines, straining to see, positive I could see, until the nothingness made a black light dance through my brain."

He locked himself in his room, and would talk to no one except his family. His whole existence became an attempt to negate his blindness. "I spent all my waking moments," he says, "staring at my books, pictures, furniture—even matchsticks which I dropped on the floor—trying to see them. Sometimes I was certain I did see them—I could describe them so minutely."

Suddenly Moss was jolted out of his dream world. Turning on the radio one morning late in 1940, he heard a graphic description of Nazi threats to bomb his native London. In his shock at the news he remembered his two youngest cousins, Rosalind, eight, and Greta, fourteen. They lived in the center of London.

With his red-haired sister, Rose, Moss that afternoon made his first excursion back to reality—15 miles by bus and subway from his home in Brooklyn to the offices of the U.S. Committee for the Care of European Children, in lower Manhat-



A fanatic Yankee rooter, Moss can dope out most plays by the sound. Here, he "watches" from broadcasting booth with announcer Mel Allen

Moss, shown lunching with singer Phil Regan (left) and actress Ann Crowley, has scores of friends among entertainment and sports people

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A doctor's analysis: "He's the best-adjusted man I ever met"

tan. There he arranged to have his cousins sent to America in his care.

"Jammed as the subway was," says Moss, "I felt good as I rode home. All at once it hit me: This was the first time since I'd lost my sight that I'd thought of anyone but myself. I'd been bogged down in self-pity, and hadn't even tried to lift my head."

He Had to Learn by Himself

When he got home, Moss told his family: "I don't want anyone to help me. I must learn to do everything myself. If I don't I'll become mentally as well as physically blind."

As his sister Rose recalls: "It was a painful process. Harry walked into walls, tripped over furniture, stumbled down the stairs—but only once. He remembered every object. He taught himself Braille. He learned to dial the telephone. And he made it a point to look directly at us when he spoke, so that he never seemed blind."

Moss decided to go back to work. Returning to his old job was out of the question. Nor could he afford to open a gallery of his own. His illness had cost him almost his entire savings—he had only $600 left. In September of that year he opened a hodgepodge shop—hosiery, lingerie, men's wear and a few odds and ends of silver—in a $30-a-month "hole in the wall" on Times Square.

Working 12 hours a day, Moss tended the shop alone. The first week's sales added up to only $20. Then, slowly, his customers grew from a trickle to a stream. In 1943 Moss decided to concentrate on old silver again. His years of failing eyesight had prepared him. With supreme confidence he entered the world's markets, buying valuable heirlooms merely by touch. From his hole-in-the-wall Moss moved to Fifth Avenue, then to larger quarters on Madison Avenue and finally to his present location, where his handsome galleries occupy more than 3,700 square feet. Besides silver, he deals in antique jewelry and imported French handbags.

Moss's typical day begins on a sycamore-shaded street in suburban Queens, where he owns a spacious two-story stucco home. He lives with his sister Rose, who was widowed four years ago; her eight-year-old daughter Rochelle; and another sister, Frieda. Rochelle is his animated alarm clock. "She always hauls me out of bed at 8:00 A.M. to tie her shoelaces," says Moss.

After breakfast (he's still loyal to kippers although he's now an American citizen) he heads for Manhattan by subway or taxi. "I'm the boss; so I sometimes come in late."

After he reaches his office his secretary reads him his mail. On a day this reporter spent with Moss he waited on a dozen customers. In between, Moss had lunch at his desk (orange pekoe brewed in a Georgian silver teapot; a roast beef sandwich on a bone-china plate). He designed a new display, catalogued a shipment from England and made numerous telephone calls in behalf of the National Council to Combat Blindness, an organization devoted primarily to supporting research in eye diseases. Moss says, "Half of us who are blind might have our sight today if research of this kind were not one of the most neglected branches of medicine."

When Moss wasn't tending to business, he was tending to his social life. Rudy Vallee called from Hollywood, Frank Sinatra from Los Angeles, Joe DiMaggio from San Francisco. Tony Martin phoned about a new tune, and Joe E. Lewis to try a new joke. Musical-comedy star Ann Crowley stopped by to chat before rehearsal. Actress Anne Jeffreys dashed over to talk about her fall plans. And a close friend, William J. Reilly, vice-president of the Evans Case Company, came in to tell about the success of a new cigarette lighter patterned after an antique spice shaker Moss had discovered in Glasgow.

With his business day over, Moss took a ten-minute nap on his ancient brown leather sofa. He awoke completely refreshed, gave himself a quick shave and set out with this reporter for what he described as "a very quiet evening."

As we strolled the eight blocks to Toots Shor's restaurant, a blonde young woman with a Texas drawl stopped us to ask directions to Broadway. She addressed her inquiry to Moss. He pointed out exactly how to go, looking directly at her as he spoke. She was unaware he was blind, and still unaware of it when she walked away.

At the restaurant Ben Barzune, a jeweler, headed toward our table. While he was still 20 feet away Moss called, "How are you, Ben?" and turning to me explained, "I recognized his footsteps."

When I mentioned this to Barzune, he shrugged. "That's nothing. Two years ago Harry and I were in Florida. I lost my reading glasses and looked for them everywhere. Finally I asked Harry. 'They're under your chair,' he told me. 'I heard you drop them.' "

Usually Moss likes to linger over his after-dinner coffee. But he passed it up this evening so that we could get to the Yankee Stadium in time for the night game with the Senators. Moss had his portable radio along. And as we took our seats behind the Yankee dugout, he tuned in Mel Allen, who was broadcasting the game.

Yet Moss didn't seem to listen at all. His reactions to the game were faster than Allen's recital; faster than those of anyone in the throng. He called every play before it was made, and was the first to shout "Hit" or "Foul." He never made a mistake during the whole nine innings. And the radio, if he heard it at all, served merely as confirmation.

It was an amazing performance. But Moss didn't think so. "It depends how you look at it," he remarked whimsically. "You see a game with your eyes. I see it with my ears. The crack of the bat tells me which way the ball is going, whether it's a solid hit or a scratch, whether it's fair or foul. The different hits have different sounds. And if you were blindfolded, you could tell them, too, with a little practice. As for calling the plays, I've been following baseball for thirty years. I've studied the strategy, and I can generally guess the next move."

After the Yankees won, 7 to 2, Moss celebrated with a champagne cocktail and a caviar sandwich at the Stork Club. Then he decided it was time to go home, so that he could get his customary five hours' sleep.

Our cab driver, Timothy Blake, groaned when Moss told him his destination. "We'll never find it," he protested. "That part of Queens is a no man's land at night. They haven't even got any road signs."

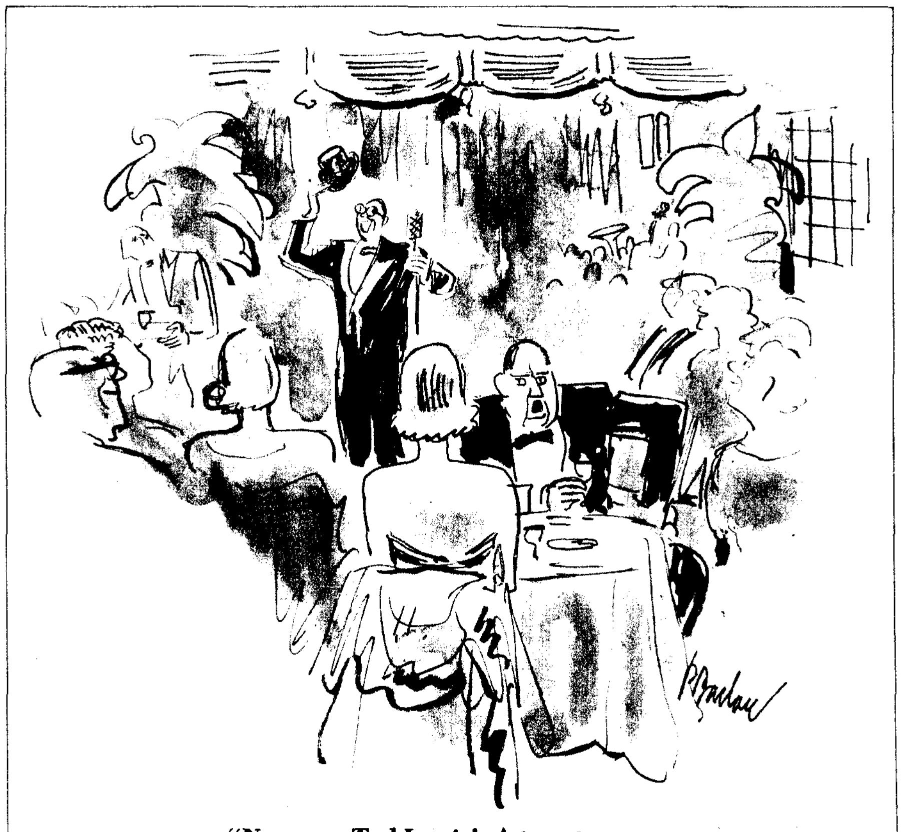
He was right. Not only were there no road signs, but finally no road at all. It ended in a muddy ditch cluttered with construction machinery. "Now what?" demanded the driver.

"Follow my directions," said Moss.

Better Than Any Road Map

They were as explicit as a detailed map. Reeling off every turn, bump and landmark, he guided the driver through a five-mile maze of detours and darkened side streets. At last we pulled up in front of his house. Moss recited all the turns we had made. Then he recited them in reverse order. "Now you know the way," he said cheerfully. "You'll have no trouble getting home."

We had little of anything else. With Moss the trip took an hour. Without him it took us three. We repeatedly lost our way. And twice we wound up in a ditch. As I paid off the driver he remarked admiringly, "That guy we had with us should be driving a cab. What a memory—and what eyesight!" ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "Not even Ted Lewis! A twenty per cent amusement tax for someone *imitating* Ted Lewis!" PERRY BARLOW

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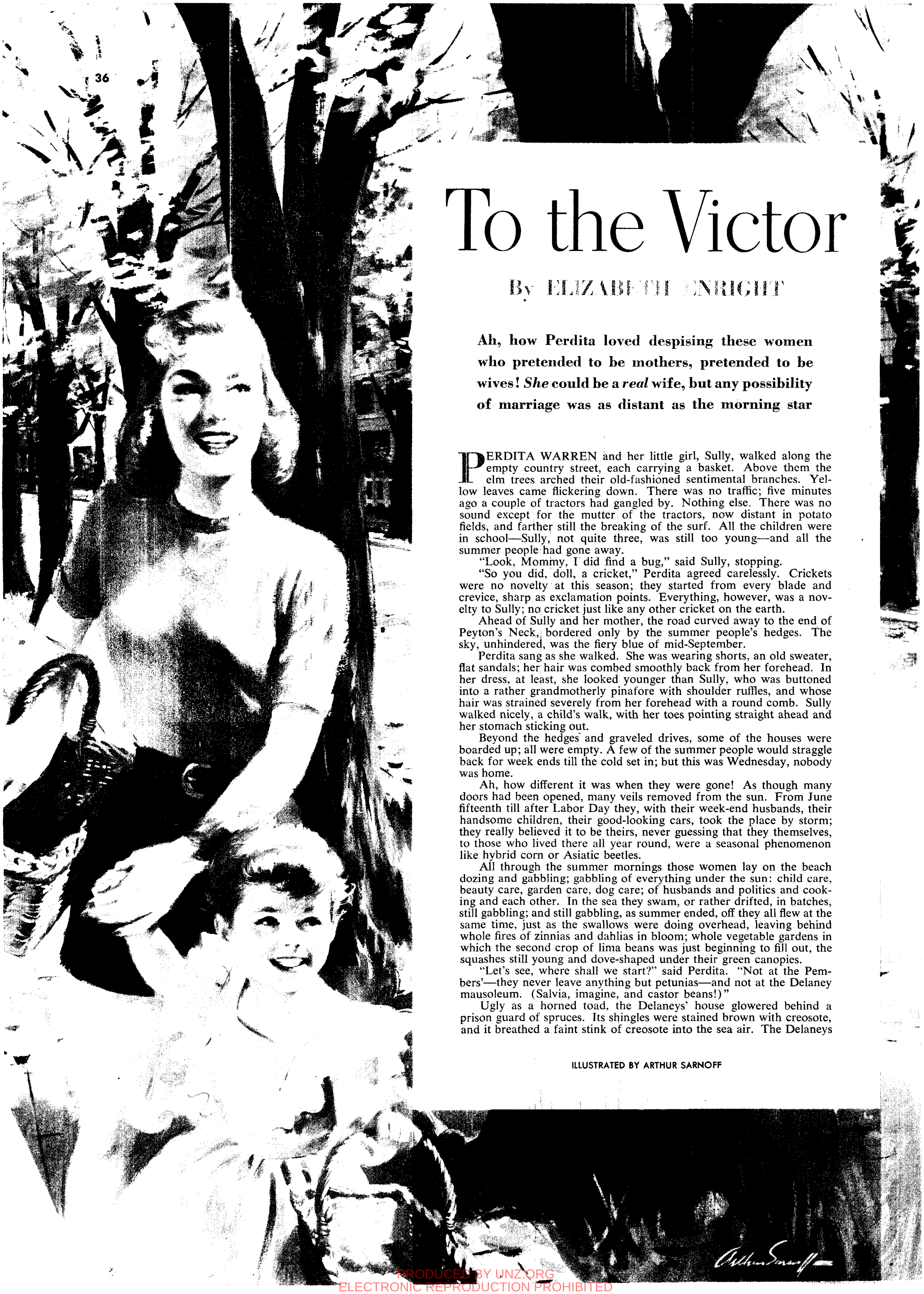


To the Victor

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

Ah, how Perdita loved despising these women who pretended to be mothers, pretended to be wives! *She* could be a *real* wife, but any possibility of marriage was as distant as the morning star

PERDITA WARREN and her little girl, Sully, walked along the empty country street, each carrying a basket. Above them the elm trees arched their old-fashioned sentimental branches. Yellow leaves came flickering down. There was no traffic; five minutes ago a couple of tractors had gangled by. Nothing else. There was no sound except for the mutter of the tractors, now distant in potato fields, and farther still the breaking of the surf. All the children were in school—Sully, not quite three, was still too young—and all the summer people had gone away.

"Look, Mommy, I did find a bug," said Sully, stopping.

"So you did, doll, a cricket," Perdita agreed carelessly. Crickets were no novelty at this season; they started from every blade and crevice, sharp as exclamation points. Everything, however, was a novelty to Sully; no cricket just like any other cricket on the earth.

Ahead of Sully and her mother, the road curved away to the end of Peyton's Neck, bordered only by the summer people's hedges. The sky, unhindered, was the fiery blue of mid-September.

Perdita sang as she walked. She was wearing shorts, an old sweater, flat sandals; her hair was combed smoothly back from her forehead. In her dress, at least, she looked younger than Sully, who was buttoned into a rather grandmotherly pinafore with shoulder ruffles, and whose hair was strained severely from her forehead with a round comb. Sully walked nicely, a child's walk, with her toes pointing straight ahead and her stomach sticking out.

Beyond the hedges and graveled drives, some of the houses were boarded up; all were empty. A few of the summer people would straggle back for week ends till the cold set in; but this was Wednesday, nobody was home.

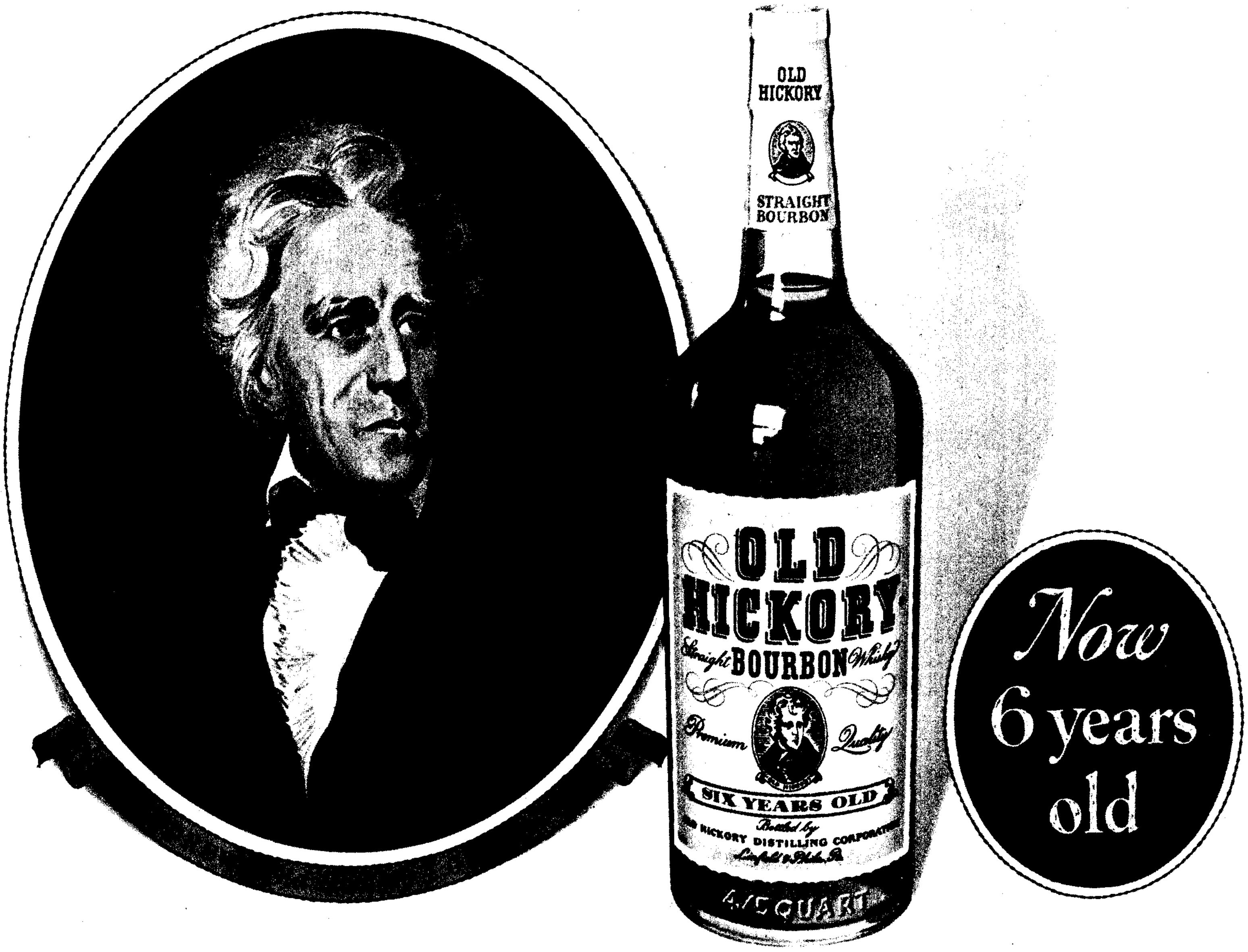
Ah, how different it was when they were gone! As though many doors had been opened, many veils removed from the sun. From June fifteenth till after Labor Day they, with their week-end husbands, their handsome children, their good-looking cars, took the place by storm; they really believed it to be theirs, never guessing that they themselves, to those who lived there all year round, were a seasonal phenomenon like hybrid corn or Asiatic beetles.

All through the summer mornings those women lay on the beach dozing and gabbling; gabbling of everything under the sun: child care, beauty care, garden care, dog care; of husbands and politics and cooking and each other. In the sea they swam, or rather drifted, in batches, still gabbling; and still gabbling, as summer ended, off they all flew at the same time, just as the swallows were doing overhead, leaving behind whole fires of zinnias and dahlias in bloom; whole vegetable gardens in which the second crop of lima beans was just beginning to fill out, the squashes still young and dove-shaped under their green canopies.

"Let's see, where shall we start?" said Perdita. "Not at the Pembers'—they never leave anything but petunias—and not at the Delaney mausoleum. (Salvia, imagine, and castor beans!)"

Ugly as a horned toad, the Delaneys' house glowered behind a prison guard of spruces. Its shingles were stained brown with creosote, and it breathed a faint stink of creosote into the sea air. The Delaneys

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF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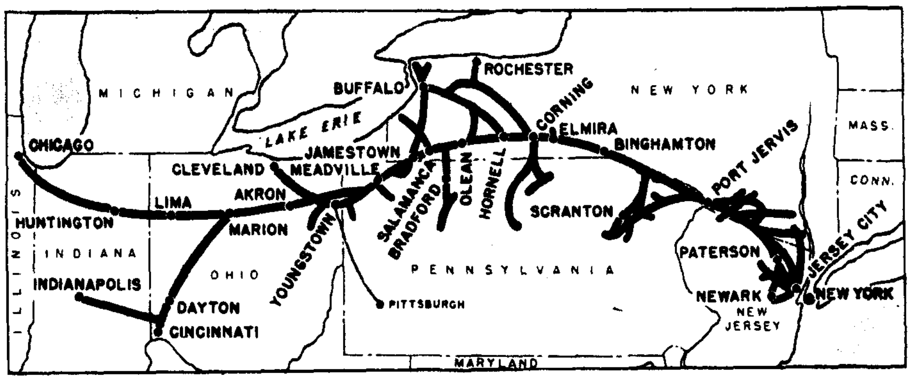


were old; their tastes had been formed so long ago that they had set, also, at the wrong period.

"God knows what the furniture is like," Perdita said to Sully. "Golden oak, no doubt, and painted metal bedsteads; all clean as a pin and awful."

Across the driveway entrance an iron chain was hung like a necklace, its locket a sign to threaten trespassers.

" 'Keep out!' I bet they have that on their coat of arms," said Perdita bitterly. She thought of Mr. Delaney: bald pate, liver spots, high paunch, large white shoes. Mrs. Delaney: halibut eye and displaced bosom, mouth shaped like a stitch, tiny white shoes.

"He probably speaks of her as 'Mrs. Delaney' even to his friends," she said. "Not that I'd know, of course; he doesn't speak to me. I'm just a Native."

A Native, quaint and regional, that's the way they thought of her, no doubt. Poor Mrs. William Warren, that young widow who sews (quite nicely, by the way) to make ends meet and who, though she is a Native and can't afford the dues, is allowed, anyhow, to bring her child to the Beach Club in the afternoons. Not the mornings, naturally. Poor Mrs. William Warren had for this reason come to know a lot about their children; a lot about the nurses who took care of them, too. She knew by now that besides the genuinely loving, kindly type, there was the neurotic maternal type; the old burden-carrying type; the wretch who hates children and is paid to punish them by mothers who also, secretly and politely, hate them.

"Pretending to be mothers, pretending to be wives!" exclaimed Perdita. Ah, how she loved despising them!

Sully smiled at her. "Betend?" she said. "Betend I be a mommy?"

"No, honey, you're going to be a real one, just like me. And a real wife, too, who works to please a man."

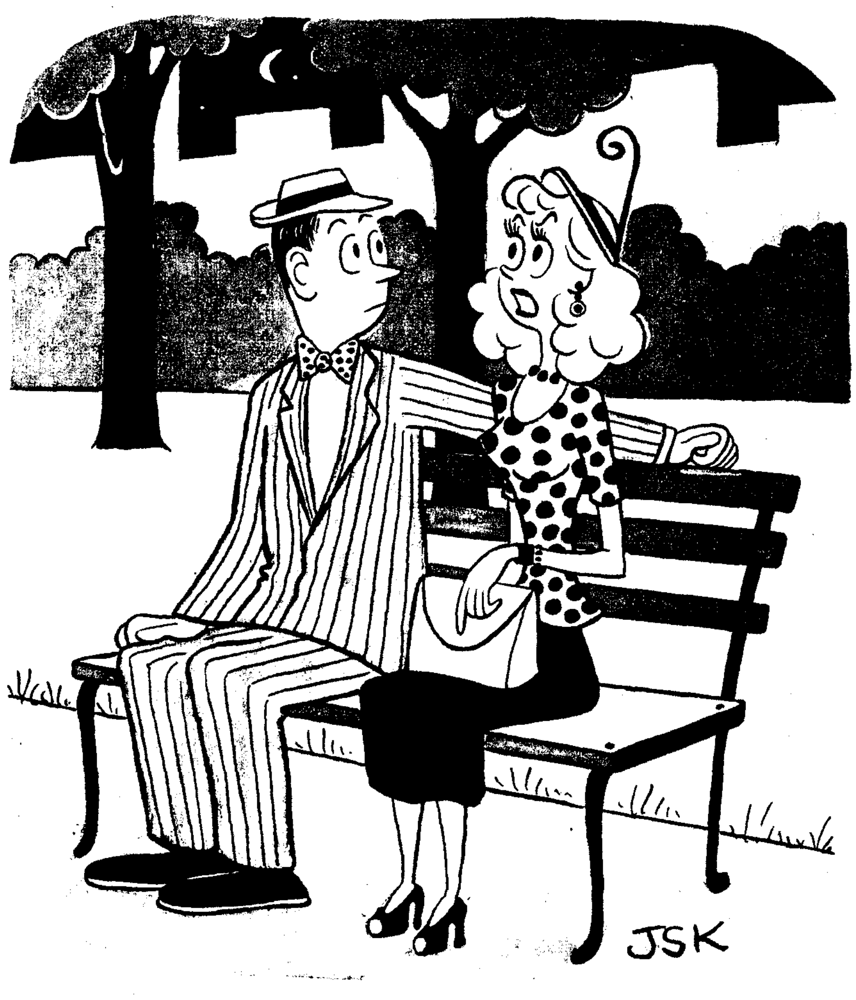
Oh, but the lovely day, the sparkling air! Anger simply melted in it, even Perdita's durable and cherished anger; suddenly she tossed her basket in the air and caught it. Sully immediately tossed hers too, and dropped it. When she bent over, her whole little heart-shaped bottom in white cotton pants was presented to view.

"And think of the presents they don't know they give us," Perdita said. "Flowers and fruit and beets and carrots and peeks into their windows, even."

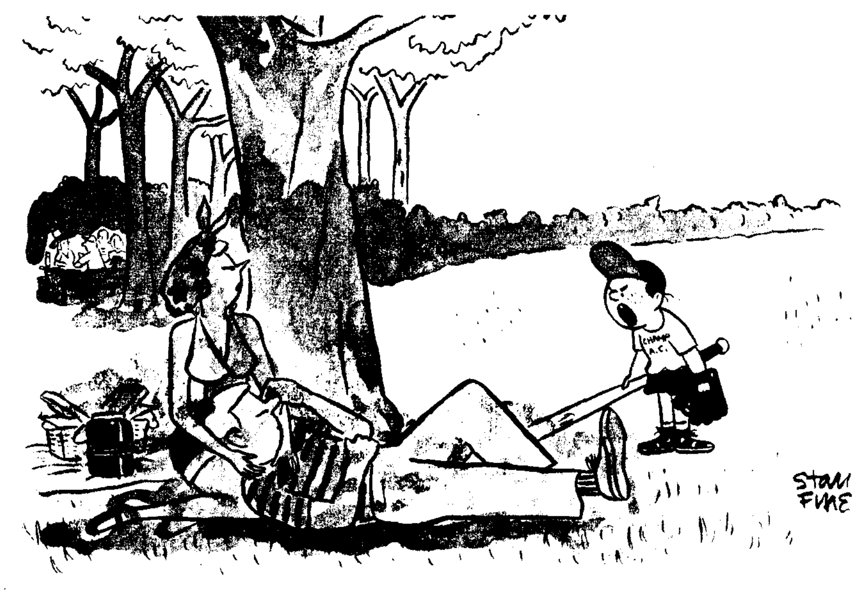
THEY came to a bank of untrimmed privet, high and raggedy, then to a driveway full of weeds.

"Let's see what Miss Chalmers has left for us," said Perdita, turning in. This old woman was a friend of hers. It was said of her that she was rich enough to be eccentric, but the truth was that she would have been completely herself, therefore eccentric, in any walk of life. Her house was painted a strong, ugly blue which she spoke of fondly as a "Mediterranean color." When her hollyhocks stopped blooming she made new flowers out of crepe paper and stuck them onto the stalks with Scotch tape. All cats were her friends, no dogs. She drove a twenty-seven-year-old Packard and wore an ash-blonde wig above her plum-colored face. (Everybody knew she drank.)

A galaxy of Scarlett O'Hara morning-glories glared at Perdita and Sully from the woodshed wall. The grass, unmowed for weeks, was full of cats' food dishes and the backbones of fish. The garden, as rich in weeds as in flowers, still bloomed lustily; huge dahlias fell forward on their stems from weight alone, and the marigolds were five feet high, studded all over with blossoms as hard as door-knobs. Everything was orange or purple or vermilion; you would never find sweet peas or mignonette in Miss Chalmers's gardens; you would never find a tender current in her character. Each summer she adored her crop of cats and pampered them, but every autumn on the day before she returned to the city she drove them all to Dr. Breck's to be put to death.



COLLIER'S "I really don't think it's proper for me to continue going out with an unmarried man" JANE SPEAR KING



"You actually mean you'd rather lie on Sis's lap than bat around a few? What kind of a man are *you?*"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

"I wonder why I like her so much," Perdita said to Sully, who had found a beer can and three cat dishes and was playing house on the kitchen doorstep. "People who do exactly what they want in spite of everybody never should be likable."

Still, Miss Chalmers on her ruthless course was honest; she openly demanded and if firmly refused would not resent. In this she was different from Nina Kimberly. Nina was the one who had stopped her Cadillac convertible in front of Perdita's small house one day and come up the pathway smiling, looking favored and lovely. Perdita, on the porch, had risen gladly, thinking: Maybe work? Maybe a friend? Until she found out that what Nina wanted was the original Adam mantel with its antique urns and garlands that she had heard Perdita had in her living room.

"I'd be so glad to pay you anything you ask."

Perdita had since thought of many a suitable reply to the request, but none at the time. No, at the time she had just gone on smiling and saying she couldn't no honestly she couldn't, the house had belonged to her great-grandmother, the mantel, too, and really she just couldn't.

Perdita had never been worth a smile to Nina Kimberly after that, and whenever Nina had sewing to be done she drove to Leighton and gave it to Gertrude Rowls, who had no more style sense than a pelican. If the two young women met by chance in the village streets or shops, Nina's blue crystal eyes looked through Perdita dreamily, as if she had vanished from her consideration; perhaps she really had. On the other hand, Nina did not disappear for Perdita; visually she was intensified: resentment intensified her. Through the heat shimmer of this resentment, Nina glittered for her with a persistence which was the opposite of infatuation, though just as false and magical.

In reality she was a very pretty, spoiled young woman with a perfect figure, golden hair, an armful of clashing bracelets. She had three little pruned poodles, not just one, though just one child: a stout, unhappy girl of six named Tabitha, who was cared for by someone they called Nanny. Though she came from Arkansas and was named Helen Edna McIlvaine, still they called her Nanny. On week ends one glimpsed Nina's husband at her side, tall and somber like a late-afternoon shadow. He looked no happier than Tabitha, Perdita thought; but perhaps no one close to Nina looked really happy except the poodles.

"What a harpy!" exclaimed Perdita, snapping off nasturtiums with her fingernails.

"Harpy?" Sully echoed sweetly, looking up from her peculiar tea set.

Perdita laughed aloud. Soon she would have to temper her language to Sully's growing comprehension. Already she said too much to her, used her too much.

"Oh, I need a man to talk to!" she said, groaning even as she laughed.

THERE were male ears at her disposal; those of Ernest Roper, a dentist; of Earle Fondee, a bachelor in the declining forties who kept fresh flowers before his mother's picture. There was no one else; she could not afford to travel, and was already thirty-three. The possibility of another happy marriage seemed as bright, as distant, as the morning star.

"Come, Sully, let's get going."

The Farraday house was the next stop, sparkling on its bosom of green lawn. The Farradays, industrious as wasps, were always working at their place: painting the pickets, clipping the hedges, moving the sprinkler lovingly, like a helpless invalid, from place to place. Their married children, their week-end guests, all were put to work.

"It's nice they're so conscientious," said Perdita, approvingly. "Just look at these tomatoes! Eat one, Sully. Beets, too. I'll make some borsch tonight."

Happily in the strong sunlight they gleaned their harvest. Sully picked the huge fringed petunias right off at their necks and bit into seven different apples. She found a plastic clothespin and a penny, and one leftover yellow rose that smelled of pekoe tea.

Beyond the Farraday house was the imposing Allbright house, but the gardener there was such a watchdog that they passed it by. Then came the Converse cottage, exactly like a house on a greeting card: pink window boxes, trellis over the door, heart-shaped apertures in the shutters. One did not need to spy to know that the floors inside would be neatly stamped with small hooked rugs, the walls adorned with prints from Godey's Lady's Book. Amid this daintiness the big, bluff Converses and their boys lived like a family of trained bears.

Their flowers were what you might expect: all the dahlias were pink or white, the morning-glories heaven-blue. "But no one can sentimentalize an onion, thank goodness," said Perdita, as she kicked up a few in the vegetable garden. The cabbages, too, were realistic: bold-smelling, standing firmly, the last of the sulphur butterflies dancing above them. Perdita picked one cabbage for the borsch. Sully prowled

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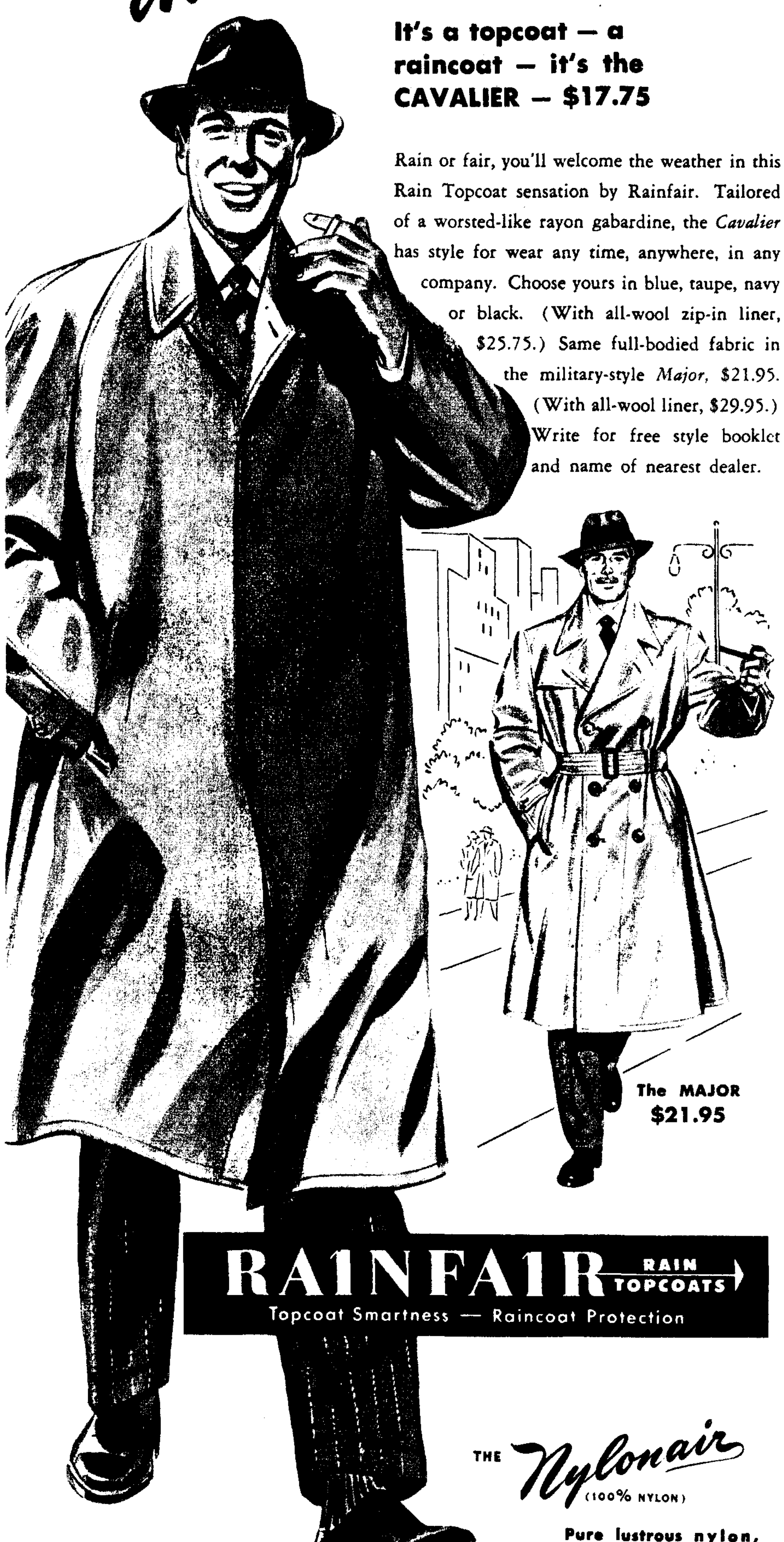

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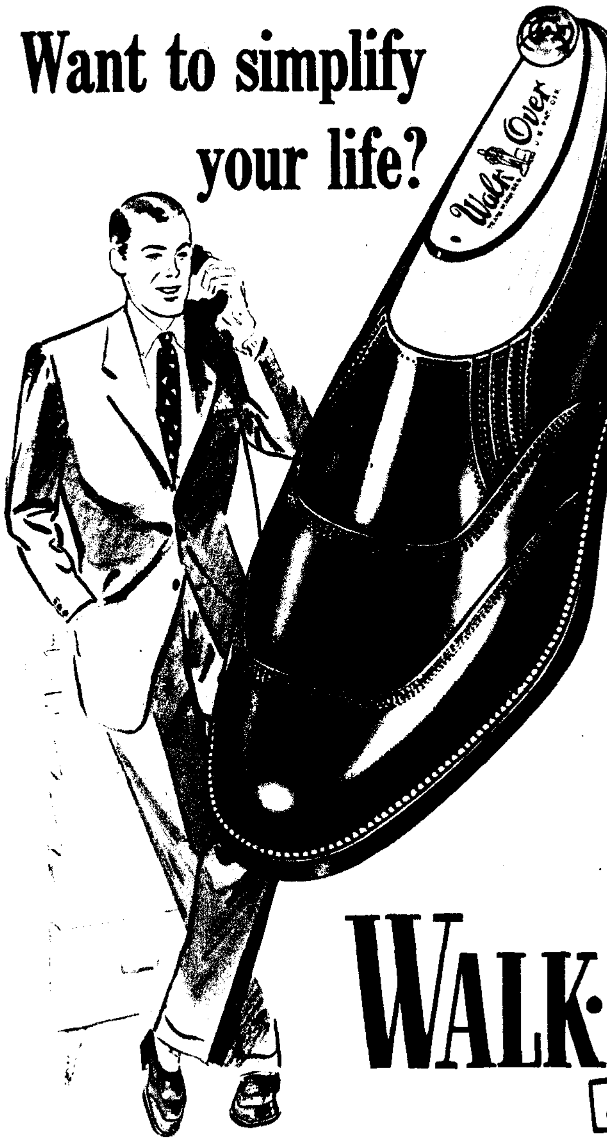

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among the house shrubbery, getting sticks in her hair and cobwebs in her lashes, but she was not unrewarded: under the rainspout there was an emerald pincushion of moss, beside the kitchen steps many bottle caps and a yo-yo.

"Sully, where *are* you? Come on out, doll; it's getting late, and my basket's heavy, is yours? We'll just stop at the Kimberleys' and then go home."

Ah, admit that this house has been the goal since the beginning! Admit to anger and excitement as it comes into view, gleaming among its tufts of silver willow!

They entered the gates to a fanfare of noon whistles from Leighton, Wallport, and New Cambridge. The sun itself was shouting midday from the sky.

THE scabiosa flowers in Nina Kimberley's garden were dark as garnet brooches, the nicotiana a veil of tossing crimson stars. Nothing was usual, or a dull color. All was exceptional; designed to be exceptional, since it had been planned by a beauty as the background for a beauty.

"Look, Mommy, there's a swing! Come and push me!"

Perdita hesitated, wavered. "Well, okay, for just a minute." She felt queerly exhilarated, a little dizzy from too much sunshine. As she pushed Sully in Tabitha's swing, she began to sing in a loud voice.

"*Speed* bonny boat like a *bird* on the wing, *on*ward the sailors cry . . ." Her child swung up out of the shadow into cerulean light, back into shadow and up again. The bangs on her brow stood up and collapsed, stood up and collapsed; the shoulder ruffles of her pinafore fluttered like wings; her toes, bare and grass-stained, were pointed straight before her. She laughed as she flew, and her mother laughed with her, still shouting the song.

"Carry the *lad* that's born to be—Oh dear!" Sully was caught jarringly in mid-flight; her head wobbled.

"Ow, Mommy," she protested, but her mother, above her head, was speaking to someone else, a tall man who had come out of the house.

"Oh, Mr. Kimberley," she was saying in the unreal, laughing voice that grown-ups often use to each other—the voice that makes a child feel lonesome. "It *is* Mr. Kimberley, isn't it? Will you ever forgive us? *Can* you forgive us? You've caught us red-handed. We thought you'd all gone back to the city, so we came plundering and looting." One hand held Sully close, as though to silence her; the other gestured to the baskets on the grass, spilling out their treasure. "Sully and I turn into pirates every fall."

"Very attractive pirates," the man said gallantly. "A pair of September buccaneers." He seemed pleased with this phrase and repeated the last two words of it, laughing appreciatively. Perdita laughed too. Sully stared like an owl.

"Officially we have gone," he said. "But I came back alone because I had a job of thinking to do, a decision to make, and I had an idea that this would be a good time and place to get them done in. It hasn't worked out like that, though. I'm getting nowhere."

"Oh, nobody should ever try to come to a decision while living near the sea," Perdita agreed. "It never seems to let you alone. It keeps on interrupting and insisting." She considered this remark nonsense but hoped it was the sort of thing that might impress him.

"That's absolutely right, that's very astute!" he cried admiringly. She had not guessed his face would be so genial. Hitherto he had been a man in profile only; a handsome, melancholy profile flying past with Nina in the Cadillac on summer afternoons or staring seaward from the beach. Now, turned to her, his face was friendly—rather soft from granted wishes, rather vain, but friendly—and not insensitive.

"I'm not quite certain—I mean I don't think we've met before, have we?"

"I'm Perdita Warren. The Village Seamstress."

That startled him. "Of course you're kidding."

"No, word of honor, it's the truth."

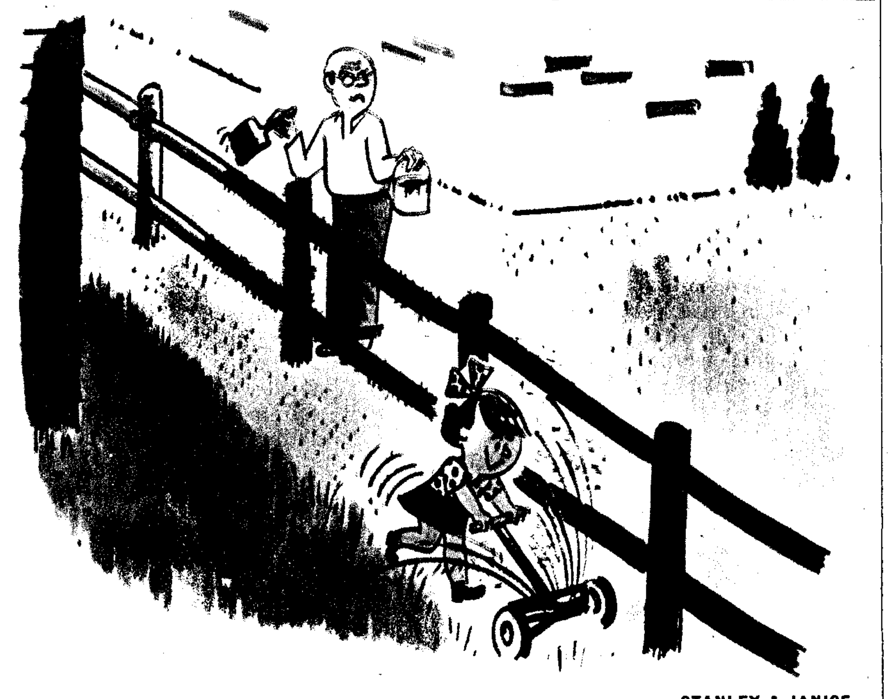
"But you don't seem at all the *type*."

"I know, isn't it queer? I've even had a college education." But that was not the tone to take. Pride must be wisely husbanded, not spent on trifles. She smiled quickly. "I like my work very much, and the summer people are so darling to us both."

"Both? Only two?"

"Yes, I'm a widow." Before he could offer the uncomfortable sympathy of a stranger, she hurried on: "We really manage very well. Sully—this is my daughter Mary Sullivan Warren, by the way—is a wonderful companion, and we have our own house that we love, the

SISTER



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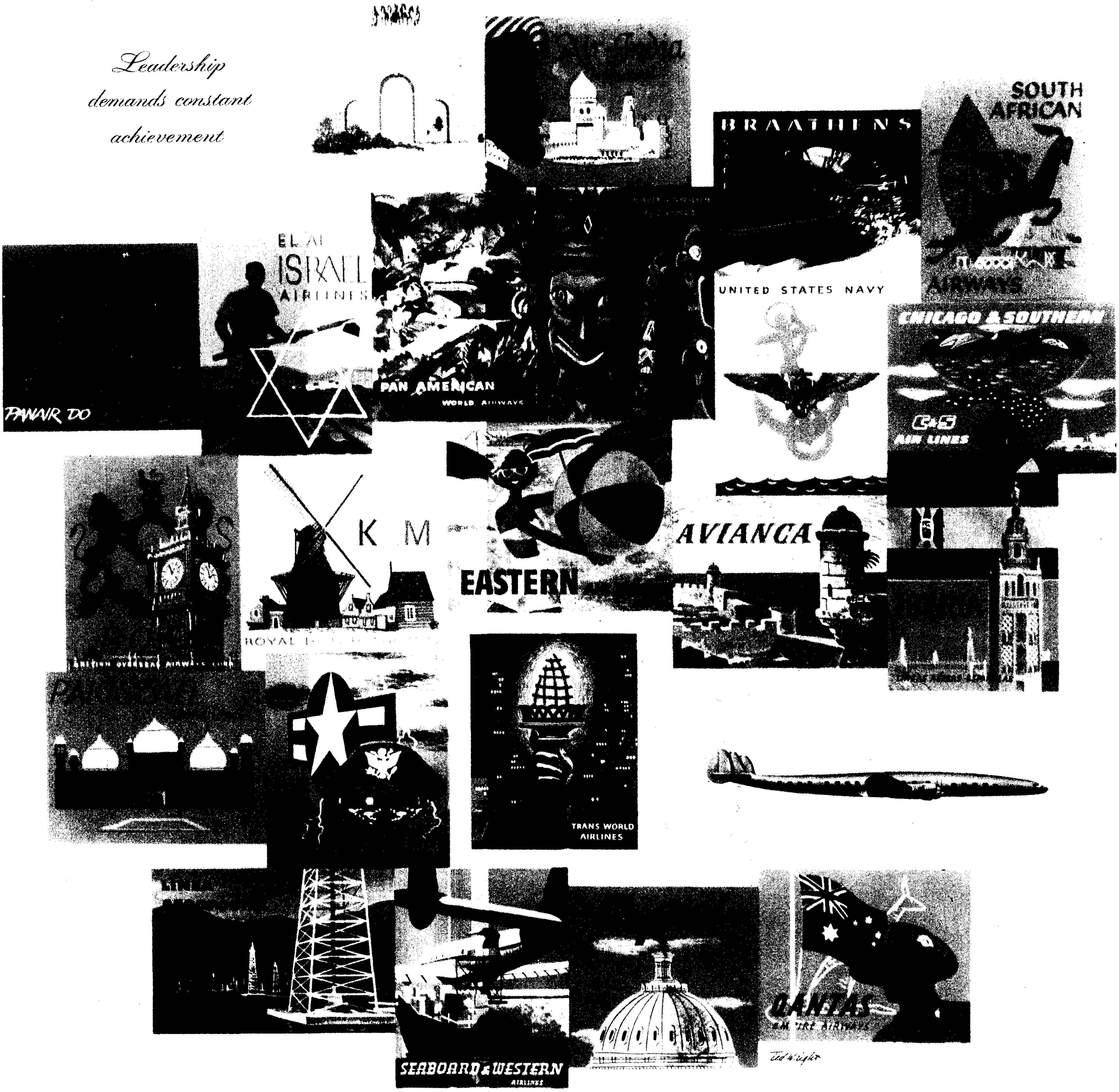
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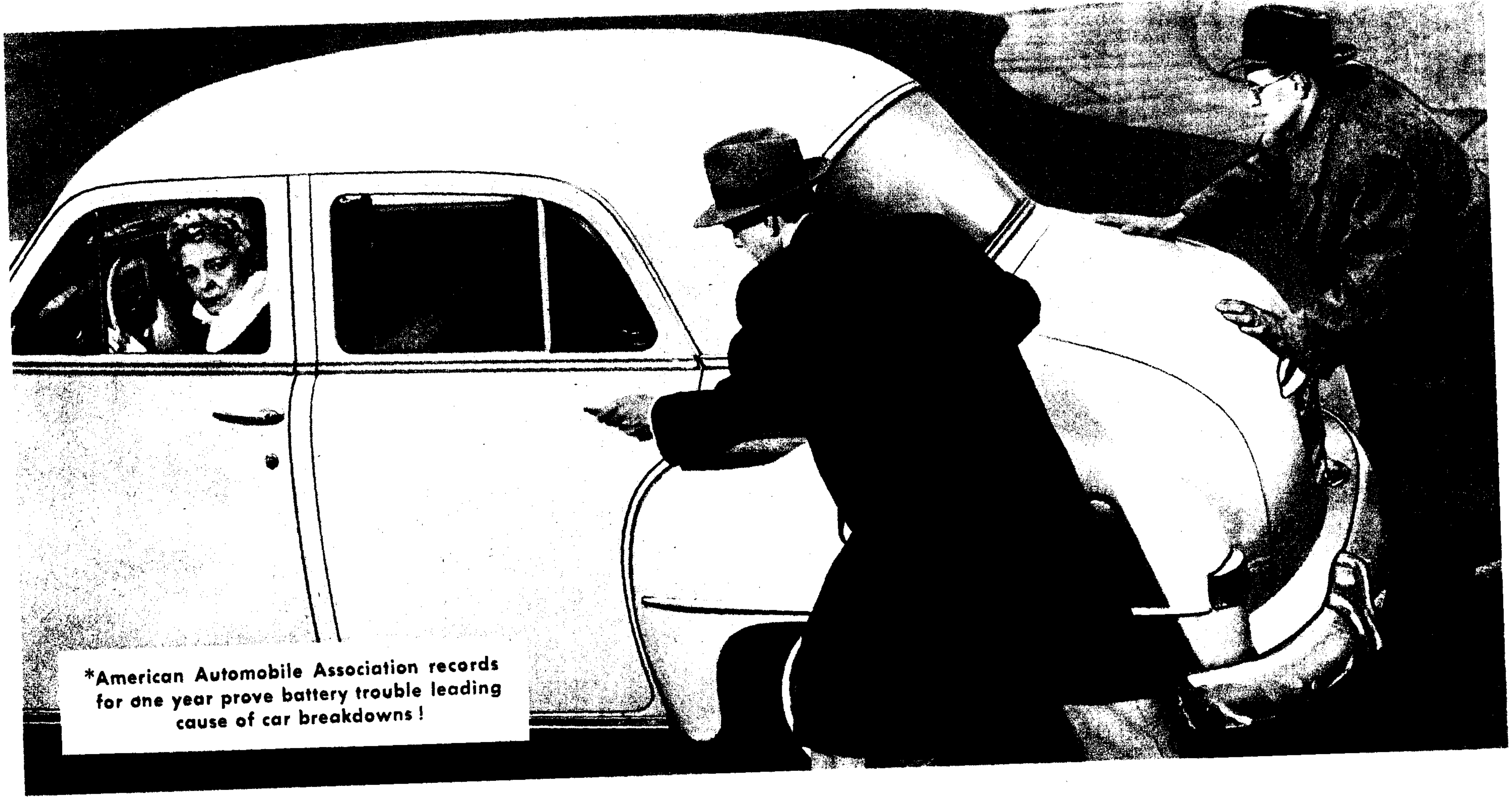
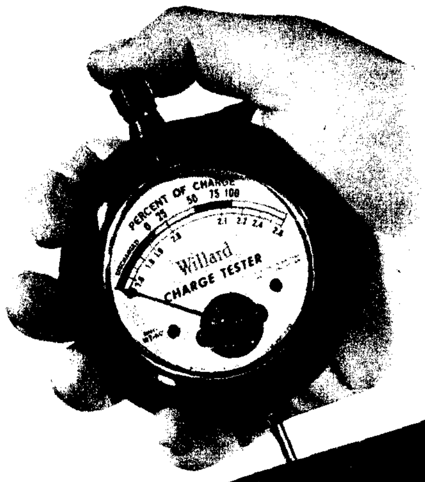


*American Automobile Association records for one year prove battery trouble leading cause of car breakdowns!



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small gray one on the corner of Sea Road, you know?"

"The salt-box? It's a little gem!"

"Yes, and unspoiled, too, luckily. It's been in the family forever and hardly anything's been changed. If my great-grandmother returned to life, I think she'd be able to find her way about the house in the dark. Of course, the plumbing might surprise her."

"I'd love to see it. Couldn't I drive you back and come in for a moment? Or I know! You stay here for lunch with me and *then* I'll drive you back."

PERDITA smiled at him over the respectable barrier of her child's head. Her dishevelment became her, and she knew it. The tension and envy that in summer shrank her face a little had vanished from her features, and she knew this, too.

"I'm awfully sorry." Slowly Perdita smoothed down Sully's bangs with one finger. "This place is like all other little places, I suppose. Petty, you know; gossipy, with a set of stiff, old-fashioned rules. In this town, women just don't lunch in the houses of married gentlemen whose wives are absent. So I'm afraid we really mustn't stay. I'm sorry."

Again he was astounded. "But, good heavens, we're chaperoned! I mean, look, I mean your little girl . . ."

"Even so . . . I know it's silly."

There was a heavy silence before he spoke again. "Well, you know the mores of the place. If you live in it, I suppose you must conform."

He was really disappointed; she could feel it. He must detest his exile; to whom was he boasting he could bear it?

"But on the other hand, I don't see why it wouldn't be all right for you to have a meal with *us*," she said. "With Sully and me. For some reason, the rules permit this now and then. Come tonight, why not? Come to supper, and then you can see the house."

"But it would be a nuisance for you to have to cook."

"Nuisance? Why, I always cook." She laughed at him. "I can't afford anyone to do it for me!"

"Oh, it's not that; I didn't mean that." He was embarrassed and awkward, as though not to be able to afford a cook was to be handicapped in some way, and it was tactless, dreadful of him, to have alluded to it. She let him flounder for a second, then rescued him again.

"But I honestly love to cook, and tonight I'm going to make a thieves' borsch from all this plunder. It's really good, and I want someone to admire it. Do please come!"

"Of course I will. Of course I meant to from the first." He laughed and fell silent, still smiling, and staring at her. Too long a stare; a look from which it became difficult to disengage himself.

Perdita basked in its light and thought of the evening ahead. She had on her living-room wall a Winslow Homer water color that had been her aunt's. She had the lacy Adam mantel that Nina had desired. She had her grandmother's old square piano which, though it yielded nothing but irritable pangs of sound, was made of rosewood, elegantly shaped. The dark comes early on September nights; Sully would go to bed right after supper. Perdita would light the lamps, perhaps the fire, and then if he liked music, she would put the Schubert Trio records on the old Victrola. She had many a surprise in store for him; his destiny among them.

"Mommy, let's *go*," demanded Sully, bored to the breaking point and hungry.

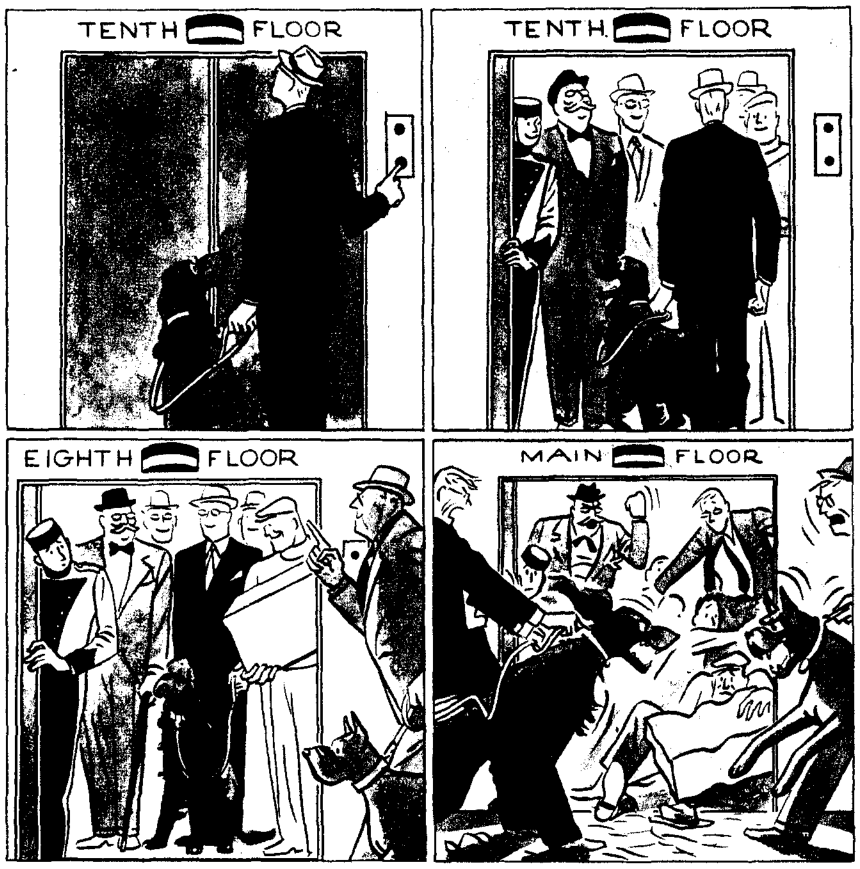
"All right, doll. So then it's settled, isn't it, Mr. Kimberley? Can you come early? About six? Because of Sully, you know."

His glance at Sully was perhaps a little bleak. Small children did not figure in his idea of festivity, evidently. Still, Perdita was not displeased. The morning star among her hopes was suddenly and dazzlingly close at hand.

He walked with them to the gate, where Sully would not say good-by, and stood watching as they walked away. Monarch butterflies speckled the brilliant air; the wind was freshening; it tousled Perdita's smooth hair. In her basket, the flowers burned with their pure colors, and on her backbone, warm as sunshine, she could feel his steady gaze.

▲▲▲

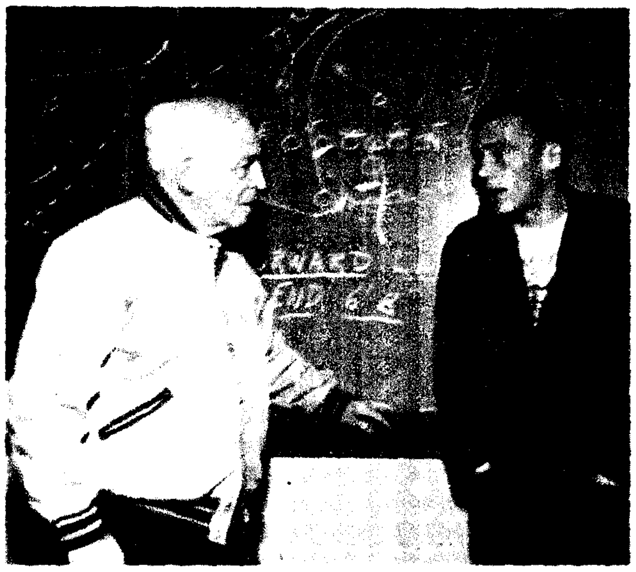
CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

A football pioneer and one of the game's most beloved personalities, 90-year-old Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg watches his Susquehanna team practice

PIGSKIN PATRIARCH



Stagg diagrams play for back Kay Campbell. A coach 63 years, he teaches intricate, up-to-date football

EVERY autumn on the campus at tiny Susquehanna University in Selinsgrove, Pa., a football legend comes to life. Head high and eyes keen, Amos Alonzo Stagg, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday, is on the practice field daily helping to whip the gridiron team into shape.

The spry old man, who is now marking his 63d consecutive year of college coaching (41 at the University of Chicago alone), first arrived at Susquehanna in 1947 to be, technically, just an adviser to Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg, Jr. Actually, he and his fifty-three-year-old son have been co-coaches in almost every sense of the word. "I promised God a long time ago that I would spend my life trying to help young men," says Stagg, Sr. "I want to continue coaching football as long as I can be of service."

During the two-a-day practices before classes formally start this year on September 22d, and the daily four-o'clock workouts thereafter, the elder Stagg is of great service. While his son concentrates on defense, he teaches the football squad the finer points of a tricky, double-flanker offense. Despite his great age, Stagg doesn't confine himself merely to talking or pointing things out on a blackboard. It's not uncommon for the stocky, white-haired pigskin patriarch, who was an All-America end at Yale way back in 1889, to demonstrate a block, or run with the ball to illustrate a play. Such tactics do more than show off his amazing agility. Last year the Staggs coached Susquehanna to the first all-winning season in its history.

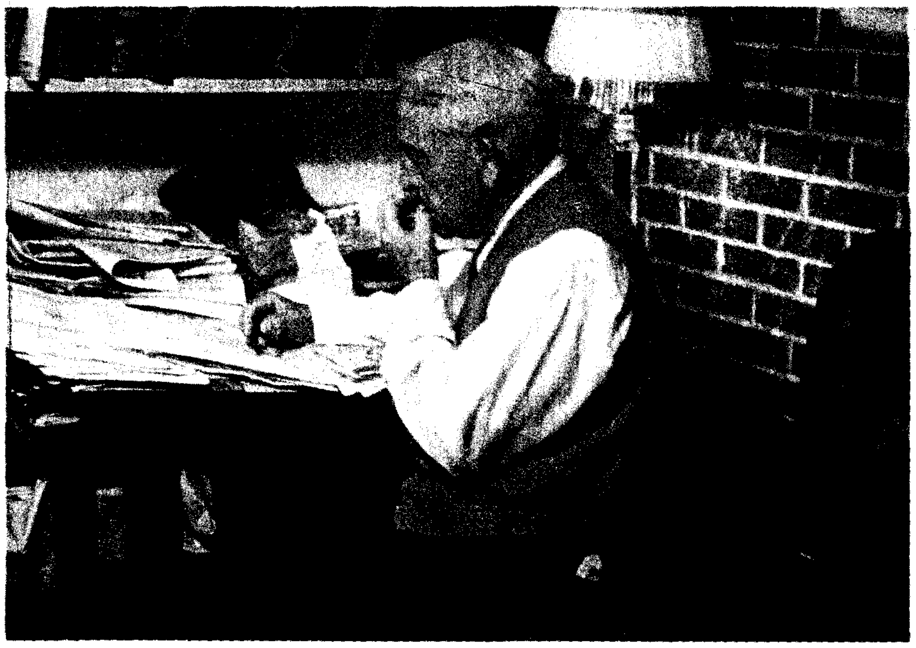
Stagg, Sr., returned to Susquehanna this year after a summer of birthday parties (they started last June, although the official date wasn't until August 16th). But he doesn't plan to let the start of his last decade before the century mark disrupt a long-time routine. He still rises at 5:45 A.M., takes daily walks, munches his favorite chocolates and spends long hours mapping out plays designed to bewilder Susquehanna's seven foes.

After the season there will be a seat at the Rose Bowl game, a place at the football meetings and, finally, long months at his Stockton, Calif., home. Come next September, and Coach Stagg, at 91 hopes to be ready to serve God and man again. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

Staggs, Jr. and Sr., watch 1951 game with Ursinus. The 19–14 victory gave Susquehanna first all-winning season

Admiring students always join the coach on his strolls along the campus



Stagg chews candy as he maps strategy. He lives with son during season

The only man named to football's Hall of Fame both as player and coach, Stagg still likes to demonstrate fine points of game on the practice field

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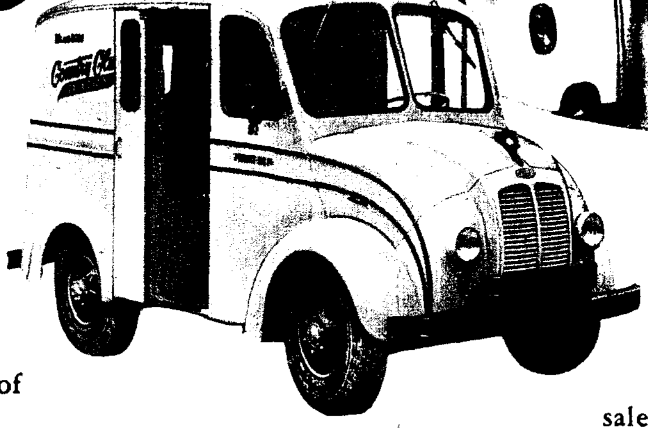

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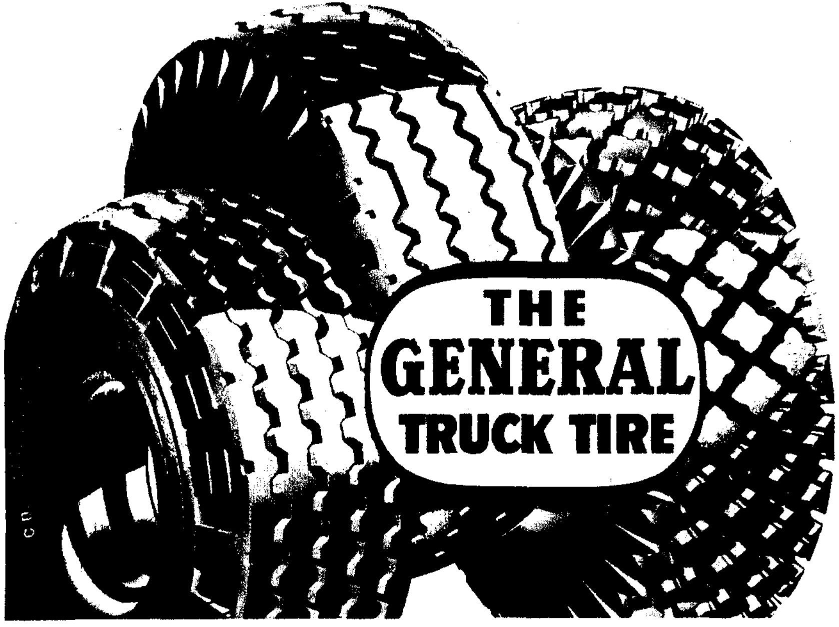

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Santa Fe, Santa Fe Motor Co.

NEW YORK
Albany, Terry-Haggerty Gen. Tires, Inc.
Binghamton, General Tire Service
Bronx, Bronx General Tire Co.
Brooklyn, Kings County Gen. Tires, Inc.
Buffalo, Dowdall-Palmer General Tires, Inc.
Canandaigua, Clifford E. Murphy
Cortland, Tallmadge Tire Service
Dunkirk, George Ray, Inc.
Flushing, Northshore Tire Corp.
Franklin Square, Nassau Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Fulton, H. R. Sivers Tire Service
Gloversville, Kline's, Inc.
Herkimer, W. D. Stearns Tire Company
Hornell, Hornell General Tire Service
Jamaica, Jamaica General Tire Co.
Jamestown, Emblem Oil Co.
Kingston, Hudson Valley Tire Co.
Long Beach, J & J Miles Rubber Co.
Long Island City, Astoria Tire Co., Inc.
Monticello, State Tire Recappers
Mt. Vernon, Austin-Bliss G'n. Tire Co., Inc.
Newark, McDougall Service Garage
Newburgh, Harvey Bros., Inc.
New York, The New York Gen. Tire Co.
Olean, Sullivan & Murray Co.
Peekskill, Lazar's Tire Service
Poughkeepsie, Hinkle Gen. Tire Co., Inc.
Rochester, Scanlon Lewis Gen. Tires, Inc.
Schenectady, Kline General Auto Supply
Syracuse, Syracuse General Tire Corp.
Tompkinsville, S. I., Kieran Tire Co., Inc.
Troy, Williams Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.
Utica, Boyd General Tire, Inc.
Watertown, Holton & Teghtmeyer, Inc.
White Plains, Robertson & Pohl, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheboro, Carolina Retreading Co
Burlington, General Tire Supply, Inc.
Charlotte, Charlotte General Tire Co.
Durham, Ingold Tire Co.
Fayetteville, Jones-Lanham Tire Co., Inc.
Goldsboro, Prince Tire Co.
Hickory, Sudderth Tire & Battery Service
Kinston, Kinston Tire Company
Laurinburg, Forde Bros. Tires Service, Inc.
New Ben, Wrenn & Andrews
Raleigh, Hunt General Tire Co.
Roanoke Rapids, Blackwell Tire Company
Salisbury, Haden's Tire Service, Inc.
Sanford, Sanford Tire Service
Wilmington, Neuwirth Bros.
Winston Salem, Parrish Tire Company

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck, Renz & Zierke Gen. Tire Service

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OHIO
Akron, Bill Paschal's General Tire Service
Akron, Nu-Tread Tire Co.
Alliance, Brown-Holt General Tire Co.
Athens, Buck Auto Supply
Bryan, Mac's Tire Shop
Cadiz, Cadiz Tire Sales & Service
Canton, Sampson General Tire Co.
Chillicothe, Art Howson's Tire Service
Cincinnati, Sohngen & Bischoff
Cleveland, The General Tire Co.
Columbus, General Tire Sales
Dayton, Knapp General Tire Service, Inc.
East Liverpool, Litten Motor Sales
Elyria, Geo. Hermann, Inc.
Fremont, Hamilton Tire & Battery
Galion, Galion Tire Shop
Hamilton, Bob Shute General Tire, Inc.
Lancaster, Fred Shaeffer's Tire Shop
Lima, Lima General Tire Co.
Mansfield, Bailey Tire Service
Marietta, Mahone Tire Service
Middletown, Russ Dempster Gen. Tire Sales
Mt. Vernon, Pond's Tire Shop
Newark, Zeiher's Corners Hawkinson T'rd
New Philadelphia, Fishel Tire Service
Painesville, Hach's Auto Service, Inc.
Shelby, Jack Love
Steubenville, Shaffer's General Tires, Inc.
Toledo, Richard General Tire Co.
Warren, Varley's Warren General Tires
Wooster, Zurcher Sunoco Service
Youngstown, Safety Tire Co.

OKLAHOMA
Altus, Foster-Ellis Tire Service
Chickasha, B & M Tire Service Co.
Clinton, Smith Tire Shop
Oklahoma City, Benson Gen. Tires, Inc.
Ponca City, Mires Tire Co.
Shawnee, Brewer General Tire Company
Tulsa, General Tires, Inc.

OREGON
Eugene, Jim Brannen Tire Co., Inc.
Grants Pass, Jim & Harry's Tire Service
Klamath Falls, Monarch Tire Service
Medford, Hawkinson Tire Tread Service
Mehama, Philippi Tire Service
Oregon City, Hubach & Parkinson Tire Co.
Pendleton, Ford's Tire Service
Philomath, State Tire Company
Portland, Mel Goodin Tire Co.
Salem, State Tire Co.
The Dalles, Woolsey Gen. Tire Service

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown, Lehigh Valley Tire Co.
Altoona, Superior Tire & Battery Service
Beaver Falls, Pugh & Scott
Bradford, Motor Inn Filling Station
Brookville, Auto Service Station
Butler, Ray Andre
Chambersburg, Ross Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Easton, Easton Tire Service Co.
Erie, Chaffee Tire Co.
Greensburg, A. L. McClintock
Hanover, Goodfellow Chevrolet, Inc.
Harrisburg, V. D. Leisure Co.
Indiana, McGill Motors, Inc.
Jenkintown, W. C. Fleck & Bros., Inc.
Johnstown, The Del Boring Tire Service
Kittanning, Bill Fox Tire Service
Lancaster, Lancaster General Tire Co.
Leechburg, Leechburg Tire Co.
Millvale, Corfield Tire Service
Philadelphia, Carnell & Bradburn
Pittsburgh, Campbell General Tire Co
Pittsburgh, Maxon Tire Service
Pittston, Consumers Gas & Oil Co.
Pottsville, Leisure-Freed Tire Company
Scranton, A. H. Steppacher
Sharon, John B. Lewis
Sunbury, Leisure-Black Tire Co.
Uniontown, Crawford-Webb
Vandergrift, Gosser Tire Service
Warren, Emblem Oil Company
Washington, Howley Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
Williamsport, Wentzler's Inc.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence, General Tire Service, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson, McAdams Tire Service
Charleston, Thrower-VanNess Tire Ser., Inc.
Columbia, Columbia Tire Service, Inc.
Greenville, Hunter's Tire Service
Spartanburg, Whitlock Tire Service

SOUTH DAKOTA
Deadwood, Eddie's Tire & Glass
Rapid City, Eddie's Tire Service
Sioux Falls, Keeler's Super Service

TENNESSEE
Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Chattanooga, General Tire Service, Inc.
Columbia, Russell & Bartlett Tire Co.
Hartsville, T. A. Jones & Son, Recappers
Jackson, General Tire Service
Kingsport, Duffer-Taylor Tire Service, Inc.
Knoxville, General Tire Sales Co.
Lebanon, Hinson Tire Co.
Livingston, Doak General Tire Co.
Memphis, Steepleton General Tire Co.
Murfreesboro, Russell Tire Co.
Nashville, McDowell General Tire Co.
Union City, Better Recappers

TEXAS
Abilene, E. N. Compere
Alice, Adams General Tire Service
Amarillo, Baker-Askew Tire Co.
Austin, Reed Sales Co.
Beaumont, Beaumont General Tire Sales
Brownsville, Hunt General Tire Service
Colorado City, Dave Helm Tire Co.
Conroe, Louie Hoopes Tire Co.
Corpus Christi, Dickenson Gen. Tire Service
Dallas, General Tire Service
El Paso, Turner's Gen. Tire Service, Inc.
Ft. Worth, Hertel General Tire Co.
Houston, General Tire Sales of Houston
Longview, McCann Tire Service
Lubbock, Woody Tire Co.
Midland, Midland Tire Co.
Odessa, Garrison Gen'l Tire Service
Plainview, Kiker's Service Station
San Angelo, Red Covington Tire Service
San Antonio, Harper General Tire Co.
Texarkana, Cullom-Walker
Tyler, Prickett-McElroy Tire Co., Inc.
Victoria, Allen Tire & Recapping Service
Wichita Falls, Earl Hodges Tire Service

UTAH
Salt Lake City, Wheeler General Tire Co.

VIRGINIA
Alexandria, Colross Tire Corp.
Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Charlottesville, Barr Tire Co.
Chatham, Grubb & Terry, Inc.
Danville, Stinson Tire Co.
Harrisonburg, Glen Shomo
Lawrenceville, Brunswick Rubber Co., Inc.
Lexington, Spencer Tire Co.
Lynchburg, Lynchburg Ramp Garage, Corp.
Norfolk, Joynes Tire Co.
Norton, Lonesome Pine Recapping Co.
Radford, Wilson Pontiac Co.
Richmond, Gen. Tire Co. of Richmond, Inc.
Staunton, Dozier Tire Co.
Suffolk, Tadlock Tire Service
Virginia Beach, Bell-Edwards Tire Corp.
Warsaw, Clopton Tire & Recapping Co.

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen, General Tire Service
Bellingham, Swan General Tire Service
Centralia, Naismith & Davis
Seattle, General Tire Co.
Toppenish, City Tire Service
Vancouver, MacNab's Service
Yakima, Tire Sales & Equipment

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, R. J. Lucas
Charleston, Park Tire Co., Inc.
Clarksburg, Barman Tire & Sales Co.
Elkins, General Tire & Battery Co.
Parkersburg, Mahone Tire Service
Welch, Welch Tire & Tread Co., Inc.
Wheeling, Wheeling Lincoln-Mercury

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Ray's Tire Co.
Fond du Lac, Hayward Tire Co.
Green Bay, Green Bay Tire Service
Kenosha, Kenosha General Tire Co., Inc.
Milwaukee, General Tires, Inc.
Rice Lake, Mathisen Tire Co.
Richland Center, Leyda Motors
Superior, Mathisen Tire Co.

WYOMING
Casper, Empire Tire Co.
Cheyenne, Chief Oil Corp.
Worland, Empire Tire Co.

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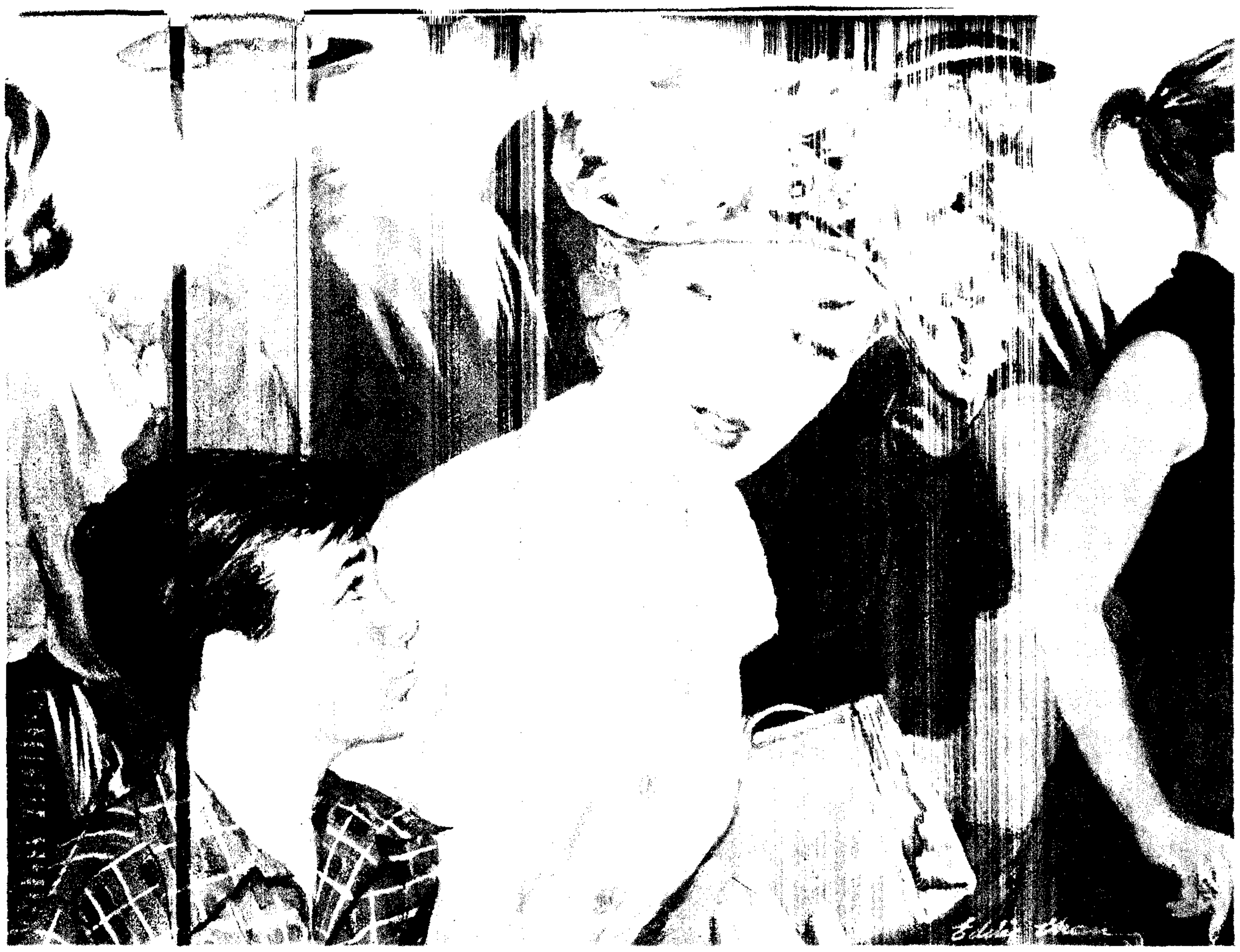

EDDIE CHAN

Clemmy stared at her. "Miss," he said. "Miss, could you tell me where you got that hat?"

SHOPPING NIGHT

By WARE TORREY BUDLONG

ON SATURDAY night everybody walked Park Street with money in his pocket. It was spending night, and the stores were open and festival-bright. The dummies in Grogan's window were dressed for a party, and the ripe tomatoes in front of the grocery store were hosed down and shining, and the jewelry store had its window gadget working so the diamond rings turned and sparkled on a little merry-go-round.

Clemmy walked along watching the windows. They weren't for kids, but he could look at them anyway. He was a slight boy with thick, dark hair that needed cutting. When people talked to him he had a habit of looking at their hands or their shoulders; but when sometimes he raised his eyes directly, he had a wide, blue, searching look. Today he was ten, so he wore his jeans with one leg rolled to the knee and the other one down.

As he went along, he kept one hand in his pocket, holding on to the money. It had taken three months of errands at a nickel per errand, but he had the two dollars and sixty-five cents, and that was what he needed.

He walked a little behind Mom and Pop, as if he weren't quite with them. Why did they have to come along, getting a free ride on his fun? Now he was ten they ought to treat him more grown up.

"He could get a nice shirt, with all that money," Mom was saying.

"He doesn't want a shirt," Pop said.

Why did they talk about him as if he weren't there, as if he were a baby? He'd told them all day long that when you got two numbers of your age it ought to make a difference.

"I'm getting the knife," he said firmly from the rear.

"He needs a shirt," Mom said, talking to Pop, of course, not even answering Clemmy straight.

"Let the boy alone," Pop said. "He earned the money himself, didn't he? It's his birthday, isn't it? So he can buy what he wants."

"Wasting money on a knife—" Mom said, sounding cross.

"Why not?" Pop said, sounding cross too. "All he got so far was a cake and some dime-store junk."

"And whose fault is that?" Mom said. "If you could hold down a job for more than a month, without getting into a fight, we'd have money to spend, like other people."

Clemmy tried not to listen to them. When Mom started going for Pop about losing jobs, he wanted to yell at her. But when she got that funny, tired drag in her voice, he wanted to yell at Pop. So what was the good of listening?

Pop looked back over his shoulder. "Walk up, Clemmy. You're always trailing like a pup."

"Don't pull at the boy," Mom said.

It was funny—no matter how sore they got at each other, if one of them started to light into *him*, the other took up for him. Lots of kids didn't have a family like that, with always someone to stick up for him. Just the same, they ought to see he was different, now he was ten.

The hardware store was two doors ahead. Clemmy walked the rest of the way with his face turned to the window. The knife wasn't sold yet. It was shinier than the other knives. It had a leather case to take care of it. It was sharp enough to cut through a branch, if you were walking through the woods. You could even use it as a weapon if you were attacked.

"Well, there it is," Pop said. "I bet you've worn a hole in the sidewalk, Clemmy, coming here to look at it."

"He could get a nice shirt," Mom said.

Pop didn't hear her this time. He was looking across the street.

The lady across the street was from out of town. You could tell that by her clothes, and she had a hat like a flower garden. She was the prettiest lady Clemmy had ever seen. When she walked, she moved all over, as if she heard music. She made the other side of the street look important.

"Brad," Mom said sharply to Pop, "you needn't drool."

Pop gave Mom a pat on the arm. "I was just looking."

"Anybody could be pretty, in that hat," Mom said, and now she was staring across the street.

The light from the hardware store fell across her face, and she looked the way Jimmy Gaines had looked that afternoon, when he was struck out and lost the ball game. It was a still look, worse than crying. Clemmy had never seen her look like that before.

Clemmy moved uneasily, and then it hit him full-on, such resentment and anger as he had never known. He was ten years old now, and nothing was going to make his mother look as if she'd struck out.

HE EASED back, and put a crowd of shoppers in between. He ducked across the street, and got to the lady in the flower-garden hat, and then he was walking silently beside her.

"Hello," the lady said, not very friendly.

Clemmy stared at her shoulder and swallowed. "Miss," he said. "Miss, could you tell me where you got that hat?"

"For Heaven's sake," said the lady.

"Please, miss, where did you get the hat?" Clemmy asked doggedly.

"In the city," the lady said, moving her hands impatiently.

"Oh," said Clemmy. He might have known it was no good trying. He reached down inside him for the anger and resentment, but they didn't help much now. "I suppose you wouldn't sell it for two dollars and sixty-five cents?" he asked.

The lady stopped. She stared down at him with outrage. "Go away," she said indignantly, her voice sharp. "Run along; don't bother me."

Clemmy tensed up till his back ached, making himself stay there. What did you do when you *had* to have something?

"Don't you—don't you have some more hats?" he asked her. "Couldn't you sell me this one for two sixty-five?" He looked her full in the face.

"Go *away*," she said. Her eyes met his directly. And then she asked, "Why?"

"Because the hat—makes you look so beautiful," Clemmy said to her desperately, "so I wanted it for my mother."

The lady shook her head, and all the flowers moved, as if a breeze had hit them. She took the hat off and looked at it. She handed the hat to Clemmy.

"If you go on this way," she said, "when you get older, you'll talk the girls out of more than hats."

"Yes, miss," said Clemmy, dazedly, and his hand was shaking as he took the hat. He held the money out to her.

"Never mind," she said. Then she took the money soberly. "Thank you," she said.

Clemmy walked back across the street, back toward the hardware store. He held the hat with both hands, and he blew on it a little, to see the flowers move. When you got to be ten, you didn't have to bother with any old knife any more.

"Here you are, Mom," he said when he got back to his mother. "I bought it for you."

His mother gasped. She took the hat and stared at it. Pop stared at it.

Didn't she like it, after all? Didn't Pop like it, either? Clemmy took a step forward. There was a tightness in his chest so he couldn't get his breath right. If they didn't like it—

"Put it on," he told his mother.

"In this old house dress?" Mom said.

"Put it on," Pop said with unexpected authority.

Mom put the hat on, and all the flowers moved softly above her face.

Clemmy turned to his father with sharp anxiety. "How about it, Pop?" he said.

Pop put his hand on Clemmy's shoulder. But he spoke to Mom. "You're the prettiest girl in town," Pop said softly to Mom.

Mom smiled, and it was queer about that hat—what it did. Because Mom had never looked beautiful, till now.

Clemmy sighed with relief. "Let's go," he said. "We've been standing here half the night."

Mom said, "You spent your knife money, Clemmy."

"That was kid stuff," Pop said. He grinned at Clemmy, one guy to another.

They walked on down the shopping street, the three of them side by side this time. All the store windows were twinkling and shining. Clemmy looked at them, and owned them all. ▲▲▲

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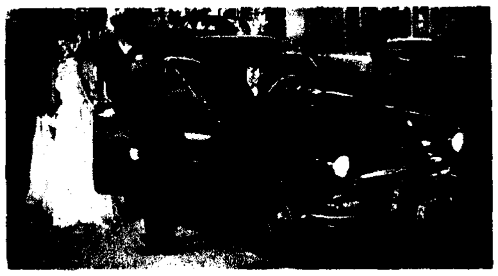

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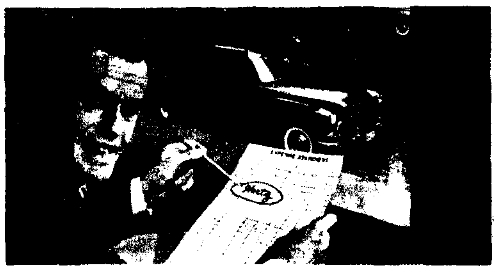

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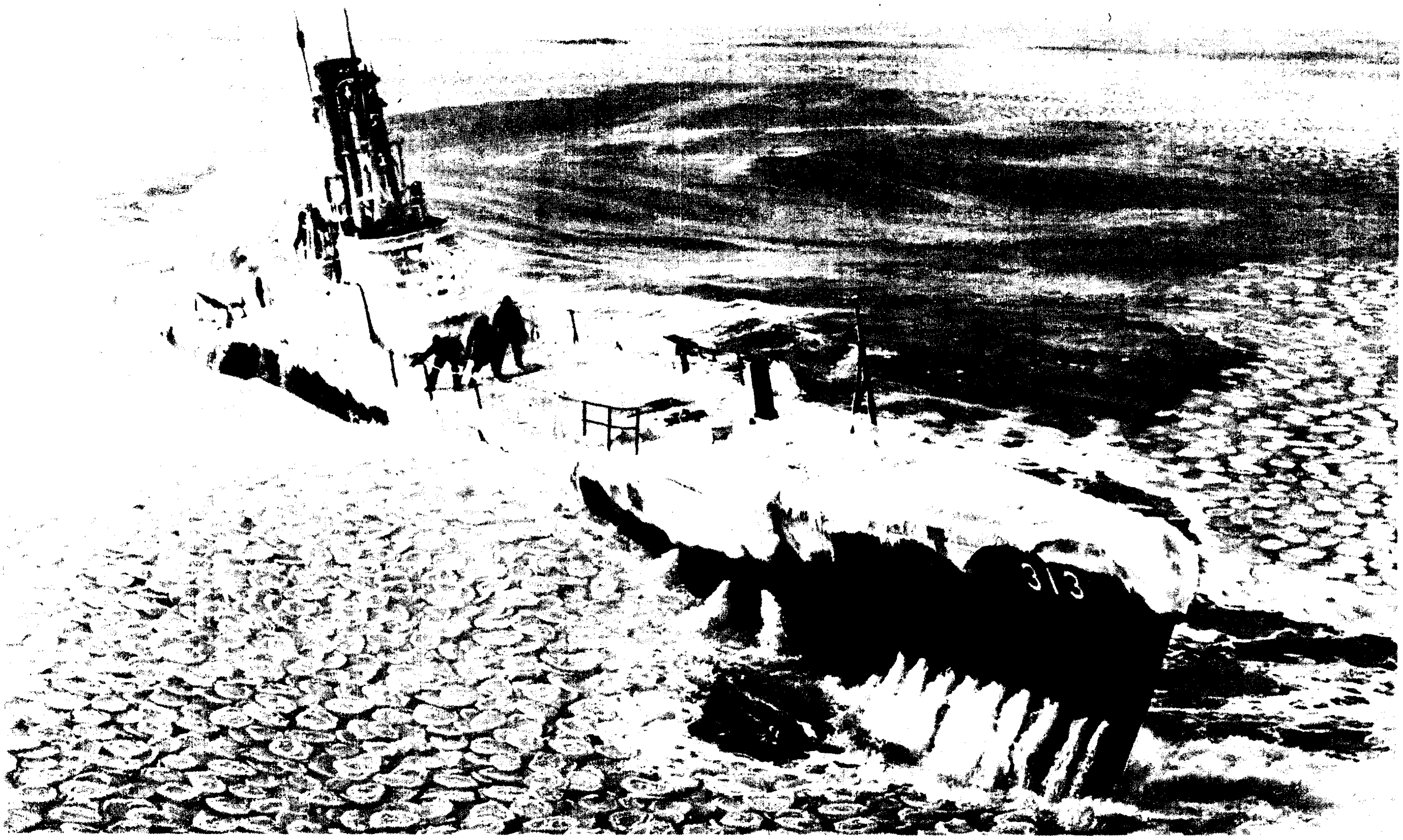

TROOP-CARRYING SUBMARINE USS PERCH is shown battling way through pancake ice-field during historic Bering Sea maneuvers. The *Perch* tested new, low-temperature fuels and lubricants developed by scientists of America's competing oil companies. Results showed that these fuels and lubricants stood up under the world's worst weather conditions.

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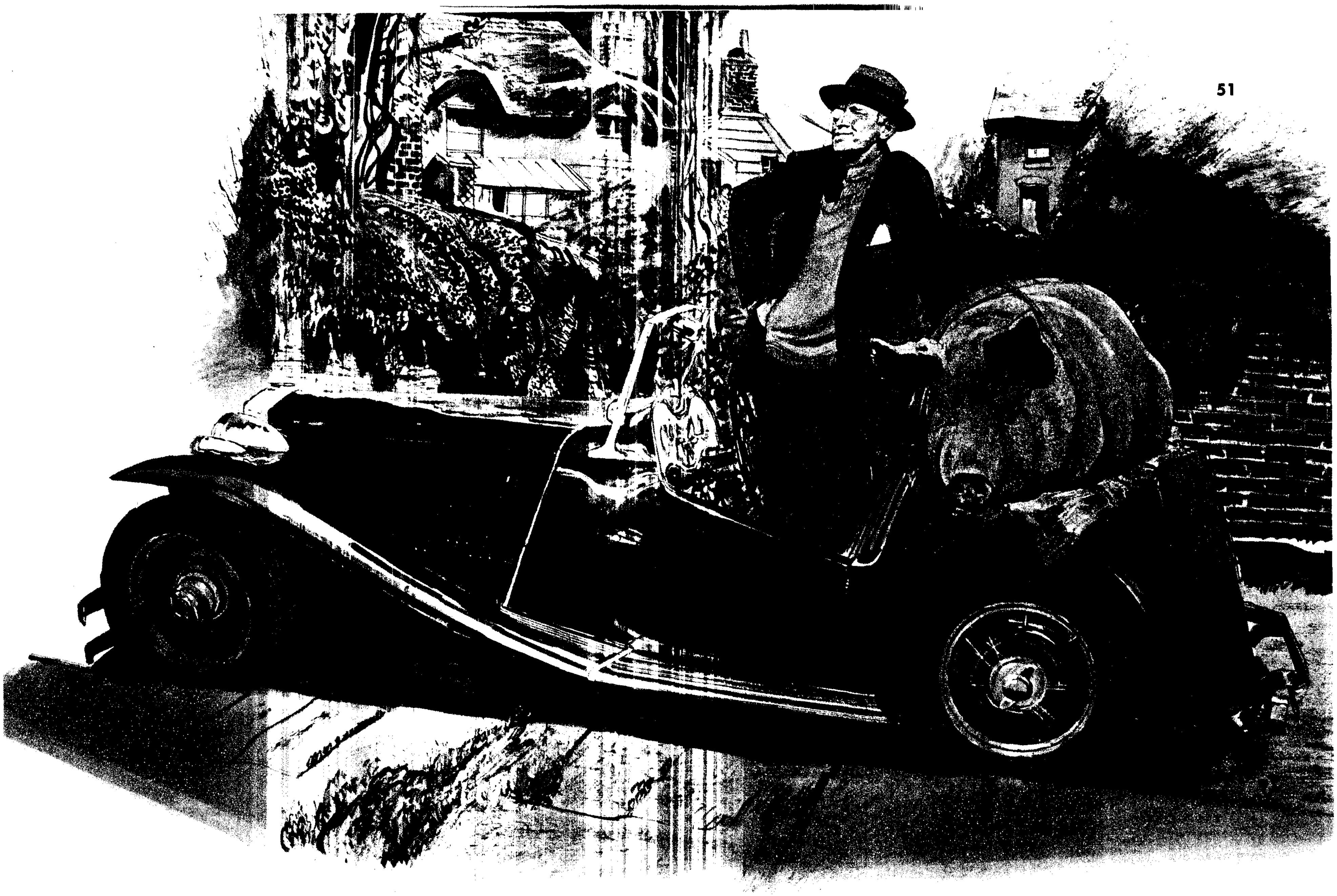
(*Left*)
REFUELING AIR FORCE TRANSPORT, just returned from North Pole flight. Official observers reported that even polar cold does not destroy the efficiency of the modern fuels and lubricants competing U. S. oilmen have developed for you and the Armed Forces.

(*Right*)
MAN-MADE ARCTIC CONDITIONS in scores of oil company laboratories pay off in benefits for your car. Many of the new high quality motor oils, developed since World War II, are so efficient they can actually triple the life of your car engine – as proved in modern atomic tests.



Jerry was gradually becoming tranquil when Gally drove up. He was accompanied by a large pig. Jerry thought it gave him a friendly nod

PIGS HAVE WINGS

The great day came, and first prize in the Fat Pigs class was won by— But that would be squealing

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

The Story: It gives a young writer, even of sensational fiction, something of a jolt to rent a furnished villa in quiet Market Blandings and then discover a pig in the kitchen. Jerry Vail found it distinctly unsettling. Having been fired from his job as secretary to Clarence, Lord Emsworth, of Blandings Castle, because of a misunderstanding, Jerry wanted a peaceful place in which to write, especially since he had lost his chance of borrowing from Lord Emsworth the two thousand pounds he so desperately needed to marry Penny Donaldson.

It was not in itself surprising that he should find a pig in his kitchen. For the coming contest for first prize in the Fat Pigs class of the Shropshire Agricultural Show between Empress of Blandings, owned by Clarence, and Queen of Matchingham, owned by Sir Gregory Parsloe, had aroused passions to fighting pitch.

Gally Threepwood, Clarence's brother, and Sebastian Beach, his butler, had been leaders in the daring kidnaping of the Queen. They had resorted to this desperate measure to forestall the evil designs they had felt Parsloe had when his butler, Binstead, had been discovered buying six large bottles of Slimmo, an antifat compound. The fact that George Cyril Wellbeloved, Parsloe's pigman, and Binstead had retaliated by stealing the Empress had only added fury to the fray.

Aloof from all this was Lady Constance, Gally and Clarence's sister, who was too haughty for such skulduggery; and Maudie Stubbs, Beach's niece, whose heart lay elsewhere. She had just become engaged to Parsloe after clearing up the tragic misunderstanding that had sundered them ten years before. Aloof also were Orlo Vosper and Gloria Salt, both of whom had been engaged to the wrong person, but were now reunited.

Jerry's agitation about the pig was immeasurably increased by an unexpected visit from George Cyril Wellbeloved. It had suddenly been brought home to Jerry that the pig in his kitchen was none other than Sir Gregory Parsloe's missing Queen of Matchingham. And if Wellbeloved discovered that fact, the fat would be in the fire.

CONCLUSION

IT WAS the light shining in the window that had brought George Cyril Wellbeloved to Sunnybrae, just as it had brought the recent officer of the law. Happening to observe it as he passed along the road, he felt like a camel which, wandering across a desert, comes suddenly upon a totally unexpected oasis.

The fact has not been mentioned, for, as we have explained, a historian cannot mention everything, but during the period of Admiral J. G. Biffen's tenancy of Sunnybrae, relations of considerable cordiality had existed between him and Sir Gregory Parsloe's pigman. They had met at the Emsworth Arms one night, and acquaintance had soon ripened into friendship. Admiral Biffen liked telling long stories about life on the China station in the old days, and no story could be too long for George Cyril Wellbeloved, provided beer was supplied, as on these occasions it always was. The result was that many a pleasant evening had been passed in this very living room.

His host's abrupt departure had come as a

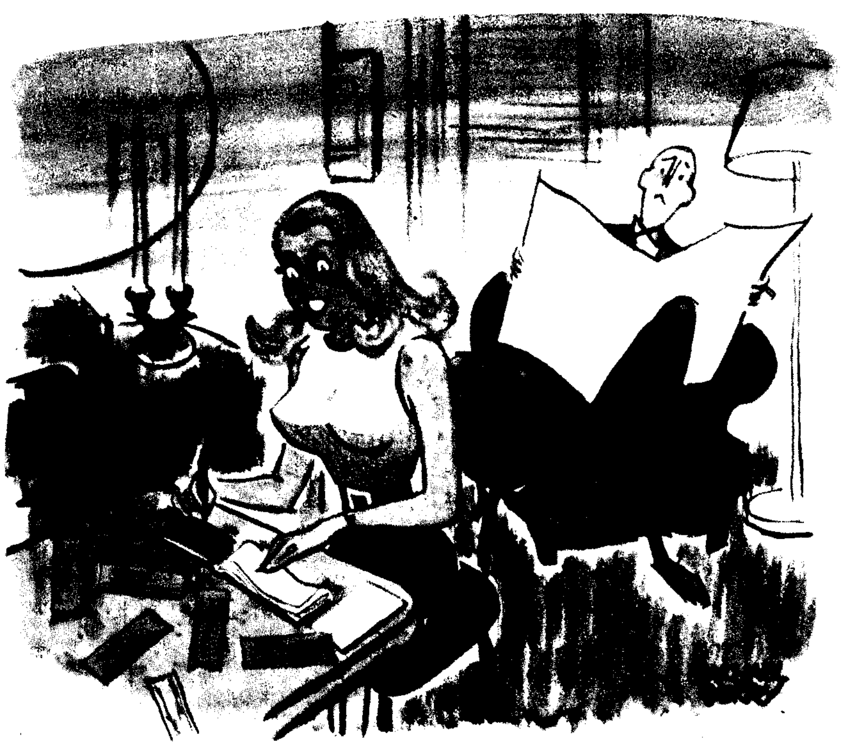
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

stunning blow to George Cyril Wellbeloved. He would not readily forget the black despair which had gripped him that memorable night when, arriving at Sunnybrae in confident expectation of the usual, he had found the house in darkness and all the windows shuttered.

All this he explained to Jerry, as the latter sat congealed in his chair. "Far be it from me to intrude on a gentleman's privacy," said George Cyril Wellbeloved in his polished way. "But seeing a light in the window I thinks to myself, Coo! It's the Admiral come back, so I ring the bell, and then I ring it again, and then, when no reply transpires, I remember that the Admiral is a little hard of hearing, and I see the door on the jar, so I took the lib of barging in. I'm sorry to discover that it's not the Admiral come back, after all, though very glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said George Cyril politely, "and I'll tell you why I'm sorry. On a warm night like this, Admiral Biffen would have given me a bottle of beer. And I don't mind telling you, sir," said George Cyril, frankly laying his cards on the table, "that a bottle of beer is what I'm fairly gasping for."

He paused for a reply, but no reply came. Not, that is to say, from Jerry. But Queen of Matchingham, hearing that loved voice, had just uttered a cordial grunt of welcome. It seemed to Jerry's strained senses to ring through the room like the Last Trump, and he was surprised that his companion appeared not to have heard it.

"Admiral Biffen," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, throwing the information out with perhaps a certain undertone of significance, "used to keep his bottles of beer in a bucket of cold water in the kitchen." And, so saying, he moved a step toward the door.



"It's a funny thing with checkbooks. Once I've started one I just can't put it down until I've finished it"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

FOR an instant, Jerry sat rigid, like a character in one of his stories hypnotized by a mad scientist. Then, leaping to his feet, he sprang across the room. In doing so, he overturned a small table on which were a bowl of wax fruit, a china vase bearing the legend: *A Present From Llandudno* and the notebook in which he had been jotting down his notes for the story of Lavender Joe. As his eye fell on the notebook, inspiration came to him.

The world may be roughly divided into two classes: men who, when you tell them a story difficult to credit, will not believe you, and men who will. It was to this latter and far more likable section of the community that, judging by his fatuous expression, George Cyril Wellbeloved belonged. He had the air, which Jerry found charming, of being a man who would accept without question whatever anybody cared to tell him.

"I suppose," said Jerry, proceeding rapidly, "you're wondering what I'm doing in this house?"

With an old-world gesture, George Cyril Wellbeloved disclaimed any such vulgar curiosity.

"Actually," Jerry said, "I live in London."

"Sooner you than me," said George Cyril Wellbeloved. "Nasty noisy place."

"And why do I live in London? I live in London because I have to. To be handy for the Yard. Scotland Yard. I'm a Scotland Yard man."

"Well, strike me pink," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, properly impressed. "Might I venture to inquire what you're doing here, sir?"

"I'm working on a case. I was sent to watch out for a dangerous criminal known as Lavender Joe, so-called because he always wears lavender gloves. From information received, we know that this man will be arriving from London sometime tonight, and we think that he will come to this house. But it is possible," Jerry went on, "that before coming to Sunnybrae he will go somewhere else, and it is essential that I know where. I ought to be at the station, watching his every move, but I have to remain here. You see my difficulty?"

George Cyril Wellbeloved thought for a moment. "You can't be in two places at once," he hazarded.

"Exactly. Great Scott, you're shrewd. So I need your help. I want you to take my place at the station. Go there, meet every London train that stops at Market Blandings, and follow Lavender Joe wherever he goes. You ought to be starting right away," Jerry went on briskly. "Thank you, Wellbeloved. You're doing a fine job, and the Yard will not forget it. Any questions you want to ask before you go?"

"Yes," said George Cyril, equally brisk, if not more so. "What is there in it for me?"

Jerry stared. "How do you mean, what is there in it for you? You'll be assisting Scotland Yard."

"Well, I think Scotland Yard ought to assist me," said George Cyril Wellbeloved.

A grunt from the kitchen seemed to suggest that Queen of Matchingham thoroughly approved of this businesslike attitude, and Jerry, leaping as he heard it, felt it best not to argue. "It might run to a quid," he conceded.

"Ten quid," corrected George Cyril Wellbeloved.

"Three quid."

"Well, I'll tell you," said George Cyril, "I don't want to be hard on the Yard. Call it five."

Jerry felt in his pocket.

"All I have on me is three pounds two and twopence."

George Cyril Wellbeloved sighed. "All right. Three pounds two and tuppence."

"Here you are."

"Hoy!" cried George Cyril Wellbeloved. "Where's the tuppence?"

A sordid scene, and one feels thankful that it is over. A minute later, Jerry was alone.

FIVE minutes later, the front doorbell rang again. It seemed to Jerry, whom recent events had left a little peevish, that he had been doing nothing since he was a small boy in a sailor suit but answer the front doorbell of this infernal villa.

The current pest, he felt morosely, was probably the vicar, come to try to touch him for a subscription to his church's organ fund, and he had resolved to let the reverend gentleman go on ringing till his thumb wore out, when he abruptly changed his mind. A voice had called his name, and he recognized it as the voice of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, the one person in the world sure to be a mine of information on what to do when you discover a stolen pig in your kitchen one jump ahead of the police.

He opened the door and practically flung himself on Gally's bosom. "Mr. Threepwood, there's a pig in my kitchen."

"Ah, you've noticed that?"

Jerry started. "You knew it was there?"

"It's what I've come about. Let us go inside and talk the whole thing over in a calm and detached spirit."

He led the way to the living room and settled himself comfortably in a chair. "I can't understand why Fruity Biffen didn't like this place," he said, gazing about him. "Wax fruit, presents from Llandudno . . . But Fruity always was a peculiar chap. Did I ever tell you the story of Fruity and—"

Jerry broke in on the reminiscence. A monstrous suspicion had begun to take root in his mind.

"Was it you who put that pig there?" he demanded.

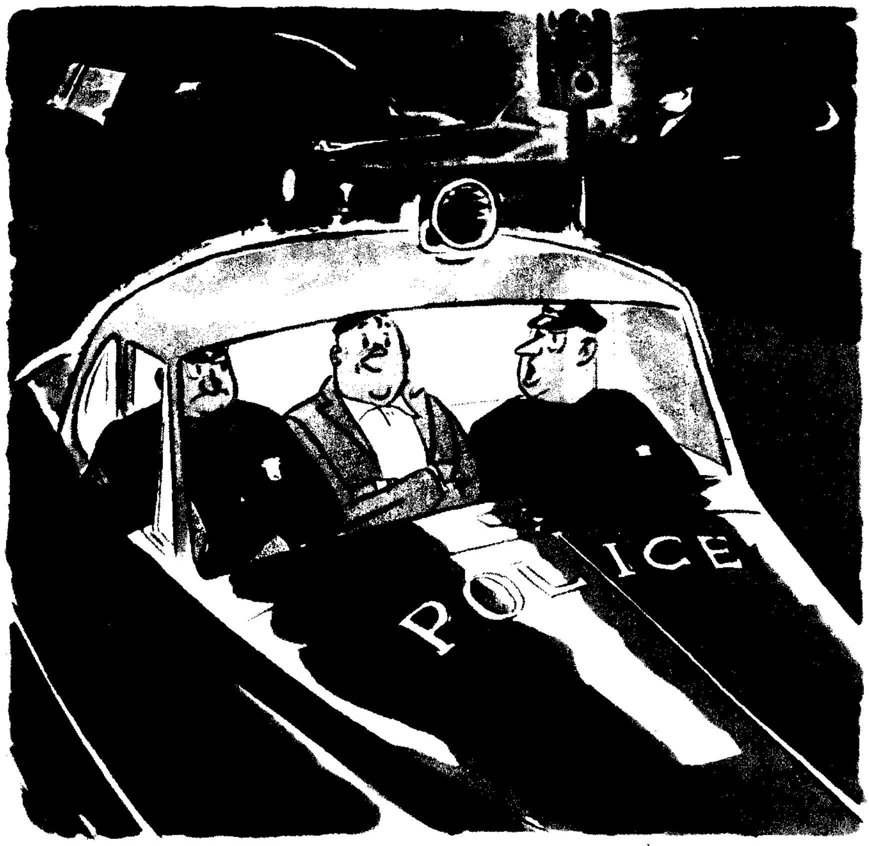
"Why, yes," said Gally. "Or, rather, Beach did, acting on my instructions. You see, a good deal of what you might call cut-and-thrust has been going on these last few days, and your pig—"

"I wish you wouldn't call it my pig."

"The pig under advisement," amended Gally, "is one of the pawns in the game. To get a clear, over-all picture of the state of affairs, you must realize that my brother Clarence's porker, Empress of Blandings, and Parsloe's nominee, Queen of Matchingham, are running neck and neck for the Fat Pigs medal at the forthcoming Shropshire Agricultural Show, and Parsloe is a ruthless and unscrupulous man who will resort to the lowest forms of crime to gain his ends. And so, knowing that it would be merely a question of time before he tried to pinch our pig, I thought it judicious to strike first by pinching his. So we snitched the Queen, while he on his side snitched the Empress. You always get a lot of this sort of wholesome give and take on these occasions. We put the Queen in an unused gamekeeper's cottage in the west wood, but with fiendish cunning the opposition traced it there, so we had to find another haven in a hurry."

Jerry did not attempt to conceal his displeasure. "You might have told me. I would have been spared a very nasty

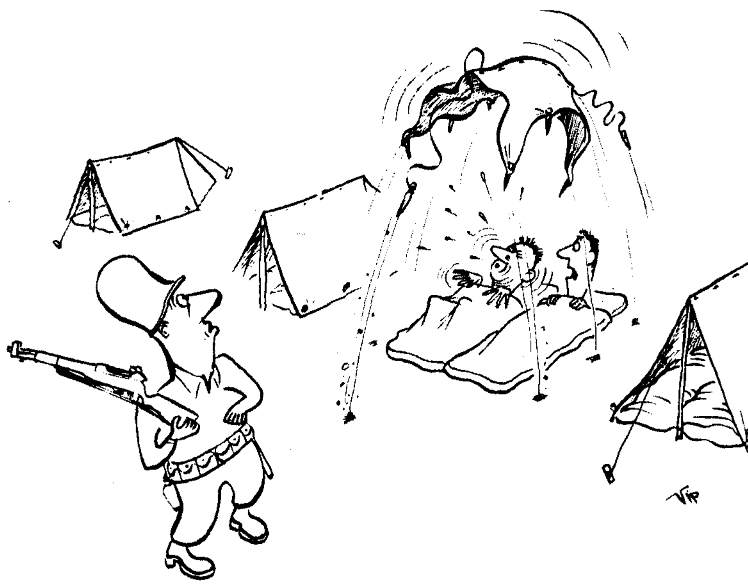
BUTCH



"It wasn't either red. It was just changing when we went through. Wasn't it, Sarge?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Gesundheit!" VIRGIL PARTCH

shock. When I opened that door and saw pigs in the kitchen as far as the eye could reach," said Jerry, with a shudder as he relived that high spot in his career, "I thought the top of my head had come off."

Gally murmured sympathetically. "I can readily understand it tickling you up a bit. Though it is a very moot point whether such shocks aren't good for one. They stimulate the adrenal glands—"

Again Jerry interrupted. "Touching on this pig, it may interest you to learn that the police have been here, hot on its trail."

"The police?"

"Well, a policeman. He saw the light in the window and came to make inquiries."

"You didn't show him over the house, I hope?"

"No, we talked on the steps. He was full of the stolen pig. And he expects to make an early arrest."

"One smiles."

"I don't."

"I do, and mockingly, at that. Have no anxiety about the local flatties, my boy. They couldn't find a bass drum in a phone booth. What became of him?"

"He left. Shortly afterward, a man called Wellbeloved arrived. He came in."

Gally gave a little jump. "Wellbeloved? In here? With only that door separating him from the pig?"

"He didn't see the pig."

"But he has ears. Didn't the animal grunt?"

"Several times. I was surprised he didn't hear it."

GALLY rose. His face was a little twisted, as a man's face so often is in the bitter hour of defeat.

"He heard it," he said shortly. "A good pigman can hear his own pig grunt ten miles away in the middle of a thunderstorm and recognize its distinctive note even if a thousand other pigs are giving tongue simultaneously. He knew that pig was there, all right. I wonder he didn't denounce you on the spot. What did happen?"

"I got rid of him. I thought up a story to tell him."

"What story?"

"Oh, just a story," said Jerry. He was feeling oddly ashamed of what until now had seemed to him a masterpiece of invention.

Gally sniffed. "Well, whatever it was, I'll bet he didn't swallow it. He's probably squealing to Parsloe at this very moment. Ah, well, this is the end. I'll have to take the creature back to its sty. The secret of a happy and successful life is to know when things have got too hot and cut your losses. It's galling. One hates to admit defeat. Still, there it is."

Jerry hesitated. "You won't want me, will you?"

"To help with the pig? No, I can manage. You'd better wait here and entertain Beach. He will be arriving shortly. On a bicycle. And it will be a lasting grief to me that I was not able to see him doing it. Well, bung-o."

With a set face, he opened the door and strode into the kitchen.

It was about ten minutes after he had gone that there came from the great outdoors the unmistakable sound of a butler falling off a bicycle.

IT WAS a bruised and shaken butler whom Jerry Vail escorted to the living room.

Having deposited him in a chair, Jerry found himself embarrassed. Throughout his sojourn beneath Lord Emsworth's roof, Beach had been an aloof, supercilious figure who had paralyzed Jerry with his majesty. It is a very intrepid young man who can see an English butler steadily and see him whole without feeling a wormlike humility, and Jerry's previous encounters with Beach had always made him feel that he might have been some unsavory object dragged in by one of the Blandings Castle cats, one of the less fastidious ones.

However, he was a host, and it was for him to get the conversation going. "Have a nice ride?" he asked.

A shudder made the butler's body ripple like a field of wheat when a summer breeze passes over it. "Not very enjoyable, sir," he replied in a toneless voice. "I have not cycled since I was a small lad, and I sustained several falls."

"Unpleasant, falling off a bicycle. Shakes up the old liver."

"Precisely, sir," said Beach, closing his eyes.

Rightly feeling that this was about all his guest would wish to hear on the cycling theme, Jerry relapsed into silence, trying to think of some other topic which would interest, elevate, and amuse. "Mr. Threepwood's taken that pig back," he said at length.

He had struck the right note. The butler's eyes opened, and one could see hope dawning in them. "Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, he deemed it best. Too many people were nosing round the place. He left about a quarter of an hour ago, so the animal's probably in its sty now."

Beach expelled a deep breath. "I am extremely glad to hear that, sir. I was nervous."

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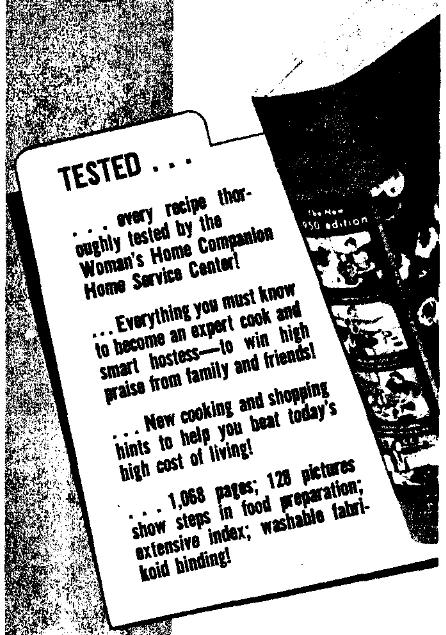

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be nervous encouraged Jerry. It was the first intimation he had had that human emotions lurked beneath that bulging waistcoat.

"Have you known Mr. Threepwood long?" he asked.

"Nearly twenty years, sir."

"A weird old buster, don't you think? I mean, charging about the place, stealing pigs. Eccentric, wouldn't you say?"

"I fear you must excuse me from venturing an opinion, sir. It is scarcely fitting for me to discuss the members of my employer's household," Beach said stiffly, and closed his eyes again.

The hot blush of shame mantled Jerry's cheek. He had never been snubbed by a butler before, and it was difficult to know what to say next.

Then he saw with profound relief that no further conversational efforts would be needed. A faint snore, followed by a series of louder ones, told him that his visitor was knitting up the raveled sleave of care.

Jerry rose noiselessly and tiptoed out of the room. What he wanted at the moment was a breath of fresh air. In the road outside Sunnybrae's little front garden, he was gradually becoming restored to something like tranquillity, when the stillness of the summer night was broken by the sound of an approaching car, and Gally drove up. He was accompanied by a large pig.

It was difficult to be sure in the uncertain light of the moon, but Jerry had the impression that the animal gave him a friendly nod, and the civil thing to have done, of course, would have been to return it. But in moments of agitation we tend to forget the little courtesies of life. He pointed a trembling finger. "Wha—wha—?"

Gally cocked an inquiring monocle at him. "I had a dog that used to make a noise just like that when he was going to be sick," said Gally. "A dog named Towser. Parsloe once nobbled him with surreptitious steak and onions—but that's a longish story and we haven't the time for it now. We have to get the Empress indoors before Parsloe discovers that she's here. He would have his goons out after her with sawn-off shotguns before she could wiggle her tail."

JERRY was still dazed by the fact that, having thought himself free of pigs of every description, they were back in his life again. "I don't understand," he said. "Why do you say the Empress?"

"Why shouldn't I say the Empress? Oh, I see what you mean. It's quite simple. This is the Empress I've got here. When I got to Matchingham and had sneaked round to the sty, she was the first thing I saw in it. Naturally I had been thinking in terms of lonely outhouses and underground cellars, never supposing for an instant that Parsloe would put her practically out in the open. It was the same principle, of course, as Edgar Allan Poe's Purloined Letter and, as I say, one feels a grudging respect. So I picked her up and brought her along. But we mustn't waste time standing and talking. Is Beach here?"

"Yes, he's asleep in the living room."

"Then we won't disturb him," Gally said considerately. "We'll take her in the back way."

A few minutes later, though to Jerry it seemed longer, Gally stood rubbing his hands with a contented smile. "And now," he said, "to notify Clarence of the happy ending. If you feel like coming to Blandings and having a word with Penny, I'll drive you there." . . .

Not much more than twenty minutes later, Gally's car drew up again at the Sunnybrae front door, this time with Lord Emsworth aboard.

Lord Emsworth, deeply stirred by Gally's news, had been twittering with excitement and ecstasy from the start of the journey. He was still twittering as they entered the living room, and stopped twittering only when, thinking to see Beach, he observed Sir Gregory Parsloe. The Squire of Matchingham was seated in a chair, and his gaze as he fixed it on Gally and Lord Emsworth was a particularly unpleasant one.

"Ha!" Sir Gregory said nastily. "The Muster of the Vultures! I had an idea you would be coming along. If you're looking for that bloodstained butler of yours, you're too late."

Lord Emsworth replaced his pince-nez, which, pursuing their invariable policy at moments when he was surprised and startled, had leaped from his nose like live creatures of the wild. "Parsloe! What are you doing here?"

"Yes," Gally said warmly. "Who invited you to stroll in and make yourself at home? Of all the crust! I rather think this constitutes a trespass, Parsloe, and I shall advise young Vail that an action may lie."

"Who's Vail?"

"The lessee of this house."

"Oh, that chap? Action, did you say? He won't be bringing any actions. He'll be in prison, like Beach."

"Beach?" Gally stared. "Beach isn't in prison. You must be thinking of a couple of other fellows."

"Constable Evans is probably locking him in his cell at this very moment," said Sir Gregory with offensive gusto. "The constable fortunately happened to be at my house when Wellbeloved came with his news."

"What news?"

Sir Gregory swelled, like a man who knows that he has a good story to tell.

"I was sitting in my study," he began, "chatting with my fiancée, when Wellbeloved sent word to me that he had an amazing story to relate. He said he had been in this house, talking to this fellow Vail, who, I take it, is one of the minor cogs in your organization, and while they were talking, he suddenly heard Queen of Matchingham grunt."

"But it isn't—"

"Wait, Clarence," said Gally. "I want to hear this. I can't make head or tail of it so far. Go on."

Sir Gregory proceeded. "Well, he thought for a moment, quite naturally, that he must have imagined it, but then the sound came again, and it was Queen of Matchingham. He recognized her grunt, and this time he was able to locate it. It had come from the kitchen. There was plainly a pig there."

"But that's—"

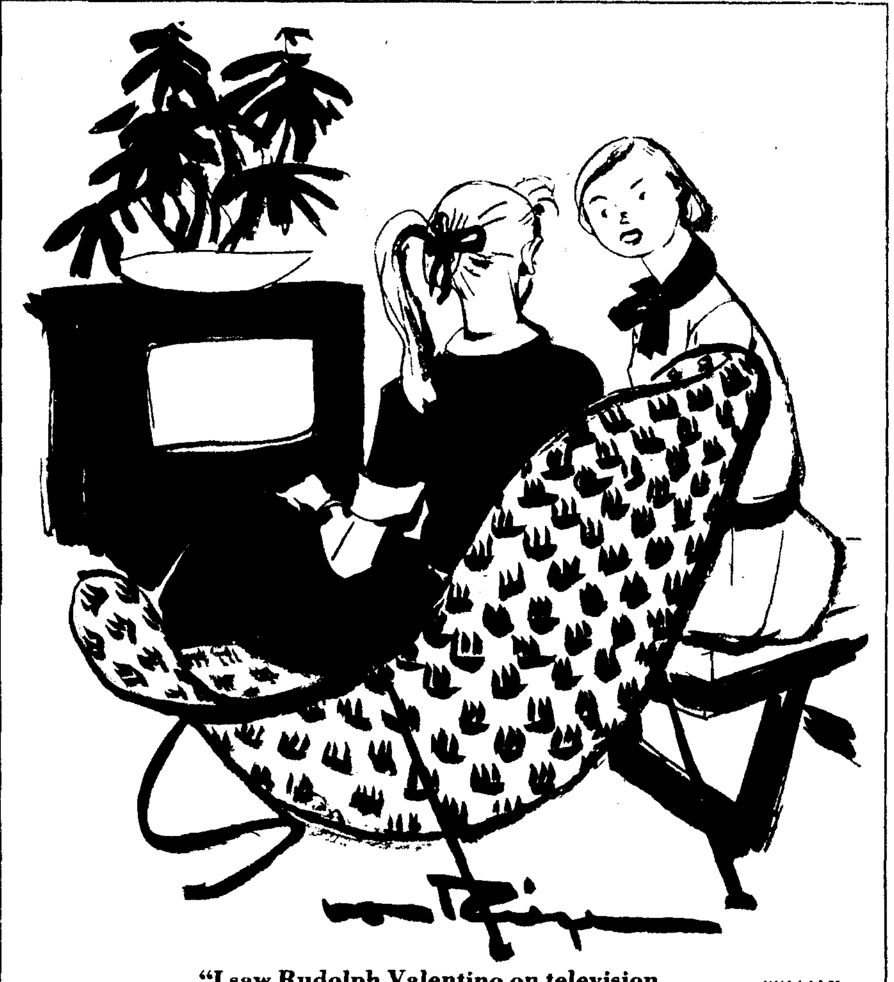
"Clarence, please! Yes?"

"So he said to himself 'Oho!' He had noticed, he said, from the start of their conversation, that this fellow Vail seemed very nervous, and now he appeared to lose his head completely. He attempted to get rid of Wellbeloved with some absurd story which Wellbeloved says would not have deceived a child. I suppose these inexperienced crooks always do lose their heads in a crisis. I don't know who this Vail is—"

"He's my secretary," said Lord Emsworth. "No, he isn't, now I come to think of it. Connie sacked him."

SIR GREGORY replied impatiently, "Whether he's still your secretary or not is beside the dashed point. The thing that matters is that he's a minion whom you have bought with your gold. To go on with what I was saying, this bally Vail told Wellbeloved this bally story, straining every nerve to get him out of the house, and Wellbeloved very shrewdly pretended to swallow it and then came and reported to me. I drove here immediately with the constable, heard my pig in the kitchen, found Beach on guard, and directed the officer to take Beach into custody and haul him off to a prison cell. At the next session of the bench of magistrates I shall sentence him to whatever the term of imprisonment is that a bounder gets for stealing pigs. I shall be much surprised if it isn't six months or a year.

"Nor is that all. You, Emsworth, and you, Threepwood, will be up to your neck in the soup as accessories before the fact. With the evidence at my disposal, I shall be able to net the whole gang. That," said Sir Gregory after a keen glance at Lord Emsworth and another keen glance at Gally, "is how matters stand, and I don't wonder you're



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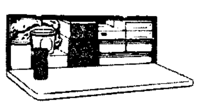

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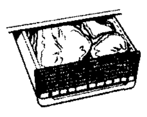

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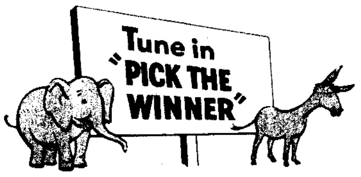

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He ceased, and Gally shook his head, perplexed. "I don't get it," he said. "I thought I was a fairly intelligent man, but this defeats me. It sounds absurd, but the way it looks to me is that you are accusing us of having stolen your pig."

Sir Gregory stared. "You haven't the nerve to deny it?"

"Of course I deny it."

"You are trying to tell me there isn't a pig in that kitchen? Listen, damn it! I can hear it grunting now."

"My dear fellow, of course you can. A deaf adder could. But that's the Empress."

"What!"

"You are surprised to find her here? Well, the explanation is quite simple. It seemed to Clarence that she was looking a bit peaked, and he thought a change of air and scenery might do her good. So he asked Vail to put her up for a day or two, and Vail of course said he would be delighted. That was what happened, wasn't it, Clarence?"

"Eh?"

"He says yes," said Gally.

SIR GREGORY stood for a moment staring incredulously; then he strode to the kitchen door and flung it open. Lord Emsworth, unable to restrain himself any longer, shot through. Grunts and endearing exclamations made themselves heard. Gally closed the door on the sacred reunion.

Sir Gregory was puffing in a distraught sort of way.

"That's not my pig!"

"Of course it isn't," Gally said soothingly. "That's what I keep telling you. It's the Empress. You see now how groundless those charges of yours were. I don't want to be censorious, Parsloe, but I must say that when you go about accusing the cream of the British aristocracy of stealing pigs purely on the strength of a chap like George Cyril Wellbeloved having heard one grunt, it seems to me that the whole fabric of society must collapse. The thing I can't understand is how you ever got the idea into your head that Queen of Matchingham had been stolen. Bizarre is the word that springs to the lips. You must have known that she has been in her sty right along."

"What!"

"Well, all I can tell you is that I was round at your place this afternoon, and she was there then. I thought I would look you up and have a friendly chat, because I feel so strongly how important pleasant neighborly relations are in the country. When I got to Matchingham, you were out, so I took a turn about the grounds, and I noticed her in her sty. If you still feel doubtful, let's go to Matchingham now, and you can see for yourself."

The drive to Matchingham Hall was a silent one, and so was the quick walk through the grounds to the Parsloe piggeries. Only when the sty had been reached and its occupant inspected did Sir Gregory speak.

"That pig wasn't here this morning!" he cried in a strangled voice.

"Who says so?"

"Wellbeloved."

Gally gave a light laugh. "Wellbeloved! Do you think any credence is to be attached to what a chap like that tells you? My dear fellow, George Cyril Wellbeloved is as mad as a March hare. All the Wellbeloveds have been. His father, Orlando Wellbeloved—"

Sir Gregory interrupted to say that he had no wish to hear about George Cyril's father, Orlando Wellbeloved, and Gally said that was quite all right, many people didn't.

Sir Gregory gave him a look fraught with deep feelings. He was convinced that there was a catch in this somewhere, if one could only put one's finger on it, but Sir Gregory was a slow thinker and it eluded him.

"Ha!" he said.

Gally tut-tutted. "Surely that is not all you are going to say, my dear fellow," he said mildly.

"Eh?"

"I should have thought a touch of remorse would have been in order. I mean to say, you have been throwing your weight about a bit, what?"

Sir Gregory struggled with his feelings for a moment. "Yes. Yes, I see what you mean," he said. "All right. I apologize."

Gally beamed. "There spoke the true Gregory Parsloe!" he said. "You will, of course, immediately telephone to the cops that Beach is to be released without delay. It would be a graceful act if you sent your chauffeur down in your car to bring him home. I'd do it myself, only I have to take Clarence and the Empress back to Blandings. Now that she has had this rest cure at Sunnybrae, he will want her back in her old quarters."

"You know that fight between our fathers that you and I carefully planned for Saturday morning . . .?"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

IT SEEMED to Gally, who was quick to notice things, that there was a strain in the atmosphere of Beach's pantry when he entered it some half hour later. The port appeared to be circulating, as always when the hospitable butler presided over the revels, but Gally sensed an absence of the mellow jollity which port should produce. Beach had a dazed, stunned look, as if something hard and heavy had recently fallen on his head. So had Jerry. Penny's look, which came shooting in his direction as he crossed the threshold, was of a different quality. It was like something out of a flame thrower.

"I'm not speaking to you, Gally Threepwood," she said. "I suppose you know," she went on, with feminine inconsistency, "that you've reduced my poor, darling Jerry and my poor, precious Beach to nervous wrecks?"

"They look all right to me," said Gally, having inspected her poor, darling Jerry and her poor, precious Beach.

"Outwardly," Jerry said coldly. "Inside, I'm just a fluttering fawn."

"So is Beach," said Penny. "Say boo."

"Boo!"

"There! See him jump."

"Come, come," said Gally. "This is not the spirit I like to see. Who would have thought that a mere half hour in the jug would have affected you so deeply, Beach? Why, in my hot youth I frequently spent whole nights in the oubliettes of Vine Street police station, and came out rejoicing in my strength. And you, Jerry. Fancy you being so allergic to pigs."

"I should prefer not to have the word pig mentioned in my presence," Jerry said stiffly.

"Quite, quite," said Gally. "Let us change the subject. I've just been talking to young Vosper. Orlo Vosper is not what I would call one of our brightest intellects, but he does occasionally get good ideas. His latest, which, he told me, he has already imparted to you, is to drive up to London tonight with that dark-eyed serpent, Gloria Salt, and get married at a registrar's. He was saying that you were wishing you could do the same. Why don't you? You could borrow the small car."

Jerry gave him a frigid look. "You are suggesting that Penny and I should go to London and get married? Let me supply you with a few statistics relating to my financial position. My income last year, after taxes, was—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But Penny was telling me of this magnificent opening you've got with this health-cure place. She stunned me with her story of its possibilities. 'Lord love a duck!' I said to myself, 'I must keep in with this fellow Vail. A young man with a glittering future.' "

Penny regarded him with distaste. "Go on. Twist the knife in the wound. You know perfectly well that Jerry has to raise two thousand pounds and hasn't a hope of getting it."

"Why not?"

"Who's going to give it to him?"

Gally's eyebrows rose. "Why, Clarence, of course."

Penny stared. "Lord Emsworth?"

"Who else?"

"You're crazy, Gally. There isn't a hope. I told you about him and Jerry straining their relations. Don't you remember?"

"Certainly I remember. That point came up in the course of conversation as we were driving back from Matchingham. I mentioned Jerry's name, and Clarence drew in his breath sharply. 'He called me a muddleheaded old ass,' he said. 'Well, you are a muddleheaded old ass,' I pointed out, quick as a flash, and he seemed to see the justice of this. He didn't actually say 'Egad, that's true,' but he drew in his breath sharply, and seeing that I had got him on the run, I pressed my advantage. Didn't he realize, I said, that it was entirely through Jerry's efforts that the Empress had been restored to him? He would be showing himself a pretty degenerate scion of a noble race, I said, if he allowed a few heated words spoken under the stress of emotion to outweigh a signal service like that. 'Was it young Vail who recovered the Empress?' he asked, drawing in his breath sharply. 'Of course it was,' I said. 'How on earth do you suppose she got into that kitchen at Sunnybrae, if Vail didn't put her there?—at great personal peril, I may add,' I added. 'God bless my soul!' he said, and drew in his breath sharply. It was one one of those big evenings for sharp-breath-drawers."

GALLY paused, and accepted another glass of port. He was experiencing that quiet satisfaction which comes to a raconteur who sees his story going well. A good audience, Beach and these two young people, he felt. Just the right hushed silence, and the eyes protruding just the correct distance from their sockets.

"I saw now," he resumed, "that I had touched the spot and got him where I wanted him. You probably have no conception of Clarence's frame of mind, now that he has that blighted pig of his back. Exalted ecstasy is about the nearest I can come to it. So I hesitated no longer. I got him to the library, dumped him in a chair, and told him all about your hard case. 'Here are these two excellent young eggs, Clarence,' I said, 'linked in the silken fetters of love, and unable to do anything about it because the funds are a bit low. Tragic, eh, Clarence?' 'Dashed tragic,' he said. 'Can nothing be done about it before my heart breaks?' 'The whole matter can be satisfactorily adjusted, Clarence,' I said, 'if somebody—it might be you—slips Jerry Vail two thousand pounds.' He stared at me, amazed. 'Two thousand pounds?' he said. 'Why, I feed such sums to the birds. You're sure he doesn't need more?' 'No, two thousand will fix it,' I said. And to cut a long story short, he wrote you a check immediately, grumbling a little because he wasn't allowed to make it larger, and here it is."

Jerry and Penny stared at the check. They could not speak. In moments of intense emotion, words do not come readily.

"He made but one stipulation: you were not to thank him," Gally said.

Penny gasped. "But we must thank him, Gally!"

"No. He is a shy, shrinking, nervous fellow. It would embarrass him terribly," Gally insisted.

"Well, we can thank you."

"Yes, you can do that. You can kiss me, if you like."

"I will. Oh, Gally!" said Penny, her voice breaking.

"There, there," said Gally. "There, there, there!"

It was some little time later that Gally, a good deal disheveled, turned to Beach. The door had closed, and they were alone. "Ah, love, love!" Gally said. "Is there anything like it? Were you ever in love, Beach?"

"Yes, sir, on one occasion, when I was a young underfootman. But it blew over."

"Nice, making the young folks happy. I feel all of a glow. But what of the old folks?"

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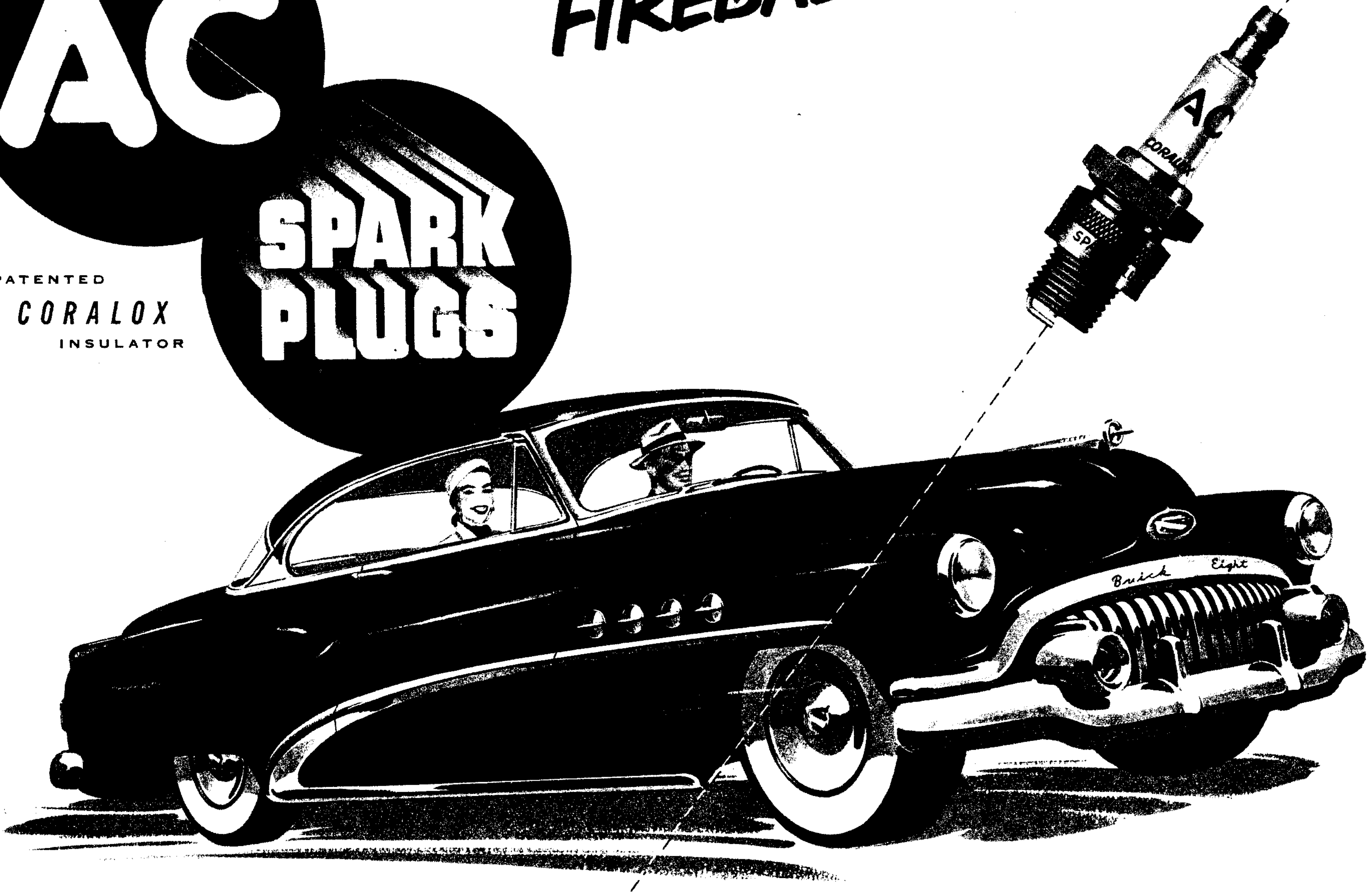

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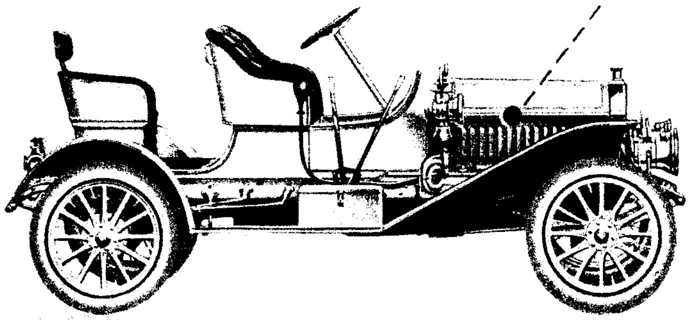

The latest thing in 1908, this model "S" Buick had a 4-cylinder, 29-horsepower engine - - wood spoke wheels with 32" x 4" tires - - three oil lamps, gas headlights, horn and repair outfit as standard equipment. The top and double rumble seat were extra.

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"Sir?"

"I was only thinking that you don't seem to have got much out of this. And you ought to have your cut. You don't feel like bringing an action against Parsloe?"

Beach was shocked. "I wouldn't take such a liberty, Mr. Galahad."

"No, I suppose it would be awkward for you, suing your future nephew by marriage. But you certainly are entitled to some compensation for all you have been through, and I think with a little tact I can get it for you. About how much would you suggest? A hundred? Two hundred? Five hundred is a nice round sum," said Gally. "I'll see what I can do about it."

IN HER bedroom on the first floor, the second on the left—not the right—as you went along the corridor, Lady Constance, was feeling, on the whole, pretty good.

There is this to be said for a nasty cold: that when you get it you can go to bed and cuddle up between the sheets and reflect that but for this passing indisposition you would have been downstairs, meeting your brother Galahad. After all, Lady Constance felt philosophically, kneading the hot water bottle with her toes, a couple of sniffs and a few sneezes are a small price to pay for the luxury of passing an evening away from a brother the mere sight of whom has always made you wonder if man can really be nature's last word.

It was consequently with something of the emotions of a character pursued by the Fates in a Greek tragedy that she saw the door open and observed this brother enter in person.

"Go away!" she said.

"In due season," said Gally. "But first a word from our sponsor." He seated himself on the bed, and ate one of the grapes which loving hands had placed on the table. "How's your cold, Connie?" he inquired.

"Very bad."

"Clarence's recent cold was cured, he tells me, by a sudden shock."

"I am not likely to get a sudden shock."

"Oh, aren't you?" said Gally. "That's what *you* think. Beach is bringing an action against Sir Gregory Parsloe, claiming thousands of pounds damages."

Lady Constance stared. "But how can Beach possibly be bringing an action against Sir Gregory? What for?"

"Wrongful arrest. Injury to reputation. Defamation of character."

"Wrongful *arrest?* What do you mean?"

Gally clicked his tongue. "Come, come. You know perfectly well what wrongful arrest is. Parsloe, for some reason known only to himself, got the idea that Beach had pinched his pig, and, instead of waiting like a sensible man and sifting the evidence, he had him summarily arrested and taken off to Market Blandings prison. Beach, quite naturally, now proposes to sue him."

The full horror of the situation smote Lady Constance like a blow. "The scandal!" she wailed.

Gally nodded. "I thought of that."

"What is to be done?"

Gally shrugged his shoulders. "The situation seems hopeless to me. It would all be simple, if Parsloe would only agree to settlement out of court, but he refuses to consider it. At least, he won't go higher than a hundred pounds, and Beach wants five hundred."

Lady Constance stared. "Five hundred? You said thousands of pounds."

"Just a figure of speech."

"You really mean that Beach would consent to drop this action of his for five hundred pounds?"

"It's a lot of money."

"A lot of money? To avoid a scandal that would make us all the laughing-stock of the county? Give me my checkbook. It's in the drawer there."

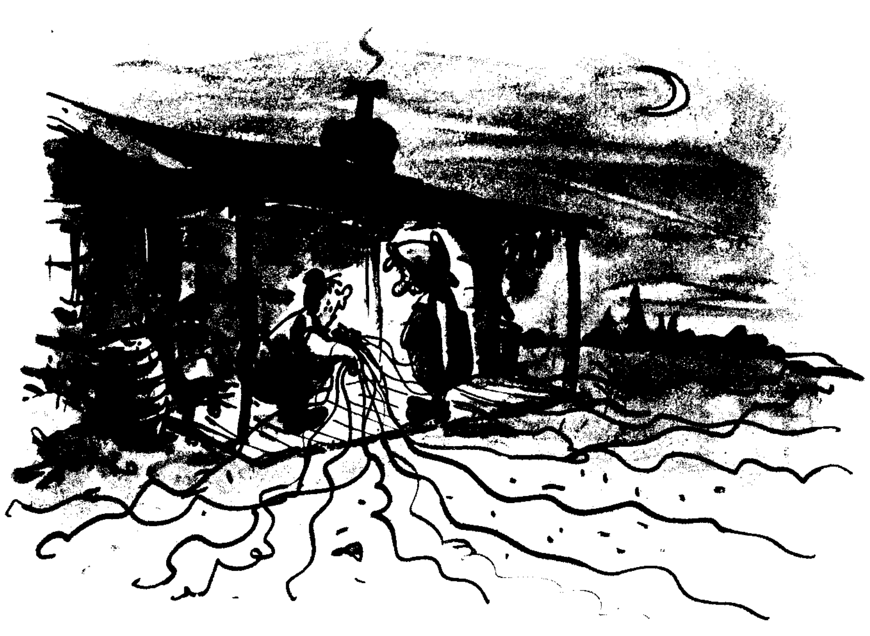
Amazement showed itself on every feature of Gally's face. "You aren't telling me that *you* are going to brass up, Connie?"

"Of course I am."

Gally drew in his breath sharply. "Well, I'm bound to say that that solution of the problem never occurred to me. And yet I ought to have known that you would prove equal to the situation. That's you!" Gally said admiringly. "Where weaker vessels like myself lose their heads and run round in circles, wringing their hands and crying 'What to do? What to do?', you act. Just like that! It's character. That's what it is—character." . . .

In the taproom of the Emsworth Arms a good time was being had by all. It was a scene of gay revelry, and of all the revelers present, none was gayer than George Cyril Wellbeloved, quaffing at his ease in the company of Mr. Bulstrode, the chemist in the High Street.

KENNESAW



"I always spread a few latchstrings around for Kennesaw on Lodge meetin' nights"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Carpers and cavilers, of whom there are far too many around these days, will interrupt at this point with a derisive "Hoy, cocky! Aren't you forgetting something?", thinking that they have caught the historian out in one of those blunders which historians sometimes make. But the historian has made no blunder. He has not forgotten Sir Gregory Parsloe's edict that no alcoholic liquors were to be served to George Cyril Wellbeloved. It is with a quiet smile that he confounds these carpers and cavilers by informing them that as a reward to that faithful pigman for restoring Queen of Matchingham to her sty the edict had been withdrawn.

"Go and lower yourself to the level of the beasts of the field, if you want to, my man," Sir Gregory had said heartily, and had given George Cyril a princely sum to do it with.

SO NOW, as we say, George Cyril sat quaffing at his ease in the company of Mr. Bulstrode. The chemist was telling him a story which would probably have convulsed him if he had been listening to it, when through the door there came the jaunty figure of Herbert Binstead.

In response to George Cyril's "Oi! Herb!", the butler joined him and his companion, but it speedily became apparent that between Binstead and Mr. Bulstrode there seemed to be bad blood. When the latter told his story again, Herbert Binstead sneered openly that he had heard that one in his cradle. And when Mr. Bulstrode gave it as his opinion that the current spell of fine weather would be good for the crops, Herbert Binstead said no, it wouldn't be good for the crops, adding that he did not suppose that the other would know a ruddy crop if he saw one. In short, so unco-operative was his attitude that after a short while the chemist said, "Well, time to be getting along, I suppose," and withdrew.

George Cyril Wellbeloved found himself at a loss. "What's the trouble?" he said. "Have you two had a row?"

Binstead shrugged his shoulders. "I would not describe it as a row. I would say we did not see eye to eye on a certain matter. A few days ago Sir Gregory Parsloe said to me, 'Binstead,' he said, 'a distant connection of mine asked me to get him some of this Slimmo stuff. So order a half dozen bottles from Bulstrode in the High Street, the large economy size.' And I done so."

"Slimmo? What's that?"

"Slimmo, George, is a preparation for reducing the weight. It makes you thin. Well, as I was saying, I got this Slimmo from Bulstrode, and then Sir Gregory says he doesn't want it after all, and I can have it, and if I can get Bulstrode to refund the money, I can keep it."

"Bit of luck."

"So I thought. Five bob apiece those bottles cost, so I naturally estimated that that would be thirty bob for me, and very nice, too. So I went to Bulstrode's, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when he flatly refused to cough up a penny."

"Coo!"

"Said a sale was a sale, and that was all there was about it."

"So you're stuck with the stuff?"

"Oh, no. I've passed it on."

"How do you mean, passed it on? Who to?"

"A lady of our acquaintance." Binstead chuckled quietly. "You know me, George. I'm the fellow they were thinking about when they said you can't keep a good man down. It was a bit of a knock at first, I'll admit, when I found myself landed with six bottles of anti-fat medicine, the large economy size, and no way of cashing in on them, but it wasn't long before I began to see that those bottles had been sent for a purpose. Here are you, Herbert Binstead, I said to myself, with a lot of money invested on Queen of Matchingham for the Fat Pigs event at the Agricultural Show, and there, in a sty at your elbow, as you might say, is Empress of Blandings, the Queen's only rival. What simpler, Herbert, I said to myself, than to empty those large economy size bottles of Slimmo into the Empress' trough of food—"

He broke off. A loud, agonized cry had proceeded from his companion's lips. George Cyril Wellbeloved was gaping at him pallidly. "You didn't!"

"Yes. I did. All six bottles. And why not? A man's got to look after his own interests, hasn't he? Here, where are you off to?"

George Cyril Wellbeloved was off to get his bicycle, to pedal like a racing cyclist to Matchingham Hall, trusting that he might not be too late—that there might still be time to snatch the tainted food from Queen of Matchingham's lips.

It was an idle hope. The Queen, like the Empress, was a pig who believed in getting hers quick. If food was placed in her trough, she gave it her immediate attention. George Cyril, leaning limply on the rail of the sty, gave a low moan and averted his eyes.

The moon shone down on an empty trough.

AND now the weary historian, having faithfully chronicled all the pertinent happenings, both tragic and gay, of his long tale, at last finds himself confronted with a most congenial task. In taking his departure from his readers, he has been given leave to quote verbatim from one of the very founts of wisdom and influence, a copy of which is to be found in every home.

From: The Bridgnorth, Shifnal and Albrighton Argus (with which is incorporated the Wheatgrowers' Intelligencer and Stock Breeders' Gazetteer)

It takes a lot, as you'd suppose,
To make us quit the stodgy prose,
With which we win our daily bread,
And take to poetry instead.
But great events come now and then
Which call for the poetic pen.
So you will pardon us, we know,
If, dealing with the Shropshire show,
We lisp in numbers to explain
That Emp. of Blandings won again.

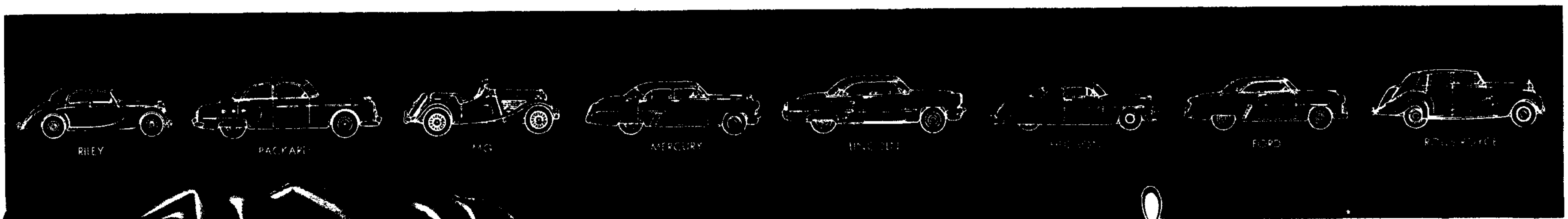
This year her chance at first appeared
A slender one, for it was feared
That she, alas, had had her day.
On every side you heard folks say:
"She's won it twice. She can't repeat.
'Twould be a superhuman feat."
'Twas freely whispered up and down
That fame would place the laurel crown
This time on the capacious bean
Of Matchingham's up-and-coming Queen.
For though the Emp. is fat, the latter,
They said, would prove distinctly fatter.

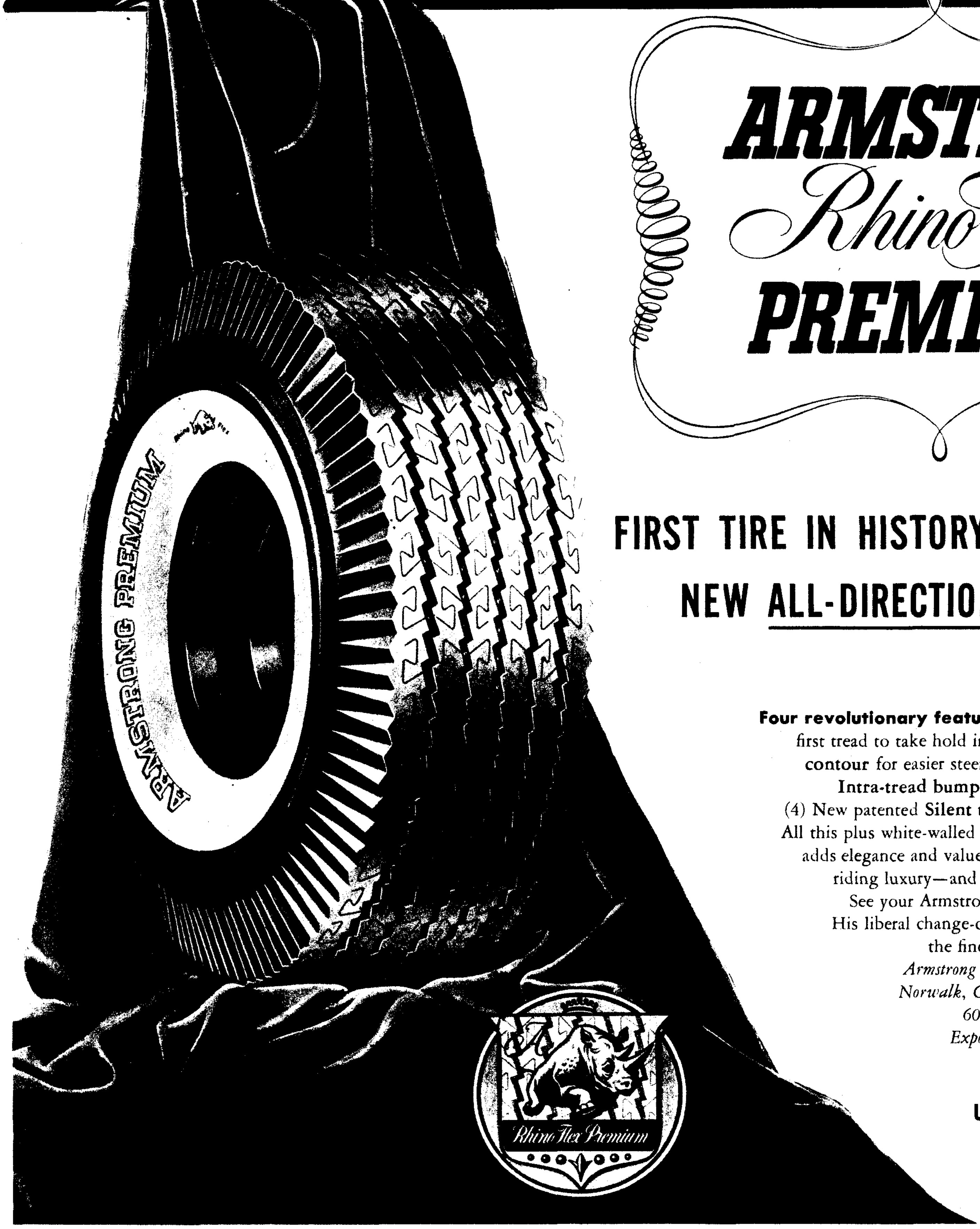
That was the story which one heard,
But nothing of the sort occurred,
And, as in both the previous years,
A hurricane of rousing cheers
Announced the Fat Pigs champ to be
Lord Emsworth's portly nominee.

With reference to her success,
She gave a statement to the Press.
"Although," she said, "one hates to brag,
I knew the thing was in the bag.
Though I admit the Queen is stout,
The issue never was in doubt.
Clean living did the trick," said she.
"To that I owe my victory."

Ah, what a lesson does it teach
To all of us, that splendid speech.

▲▲▲





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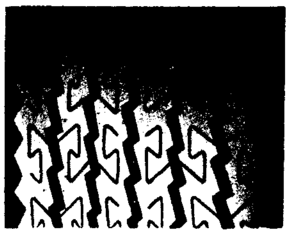

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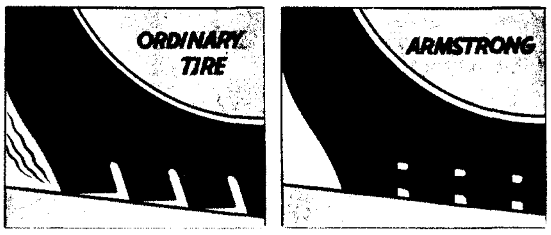

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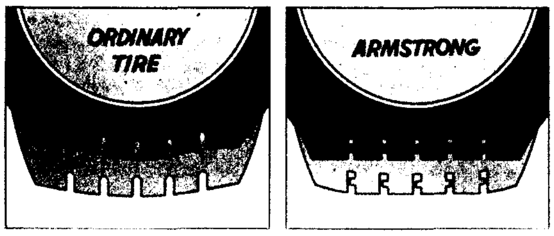

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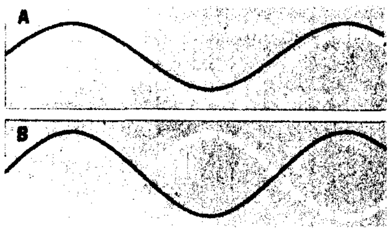

World's first SILENT TRACTION DESIGN! (A) Tires "sing" when traction slots and design follow same vibration pattern. In Armstrong's Rhino-Flex Premiums (B) opposing vibrations cancel noise, hum.

At animal show, crowd watches chicken strut after shooting popgun. General Mills put program on at Wood's Farm Supply Store, Athens, Pa.

BARNYARD CIRCUIT

During poker game on the training farm, dog condescendingly shows rivals his five aces

Rehearsing for its forthcoming stage debut, acrobatic pig takes a sliding dive into hay

Breland

SOME of the most popular road shows making the rounds today in rural U.S. communities have no music, no girls and no understandable dialogue. If some of the performers lay an egg every now and then, nobody cares; and cackles, oinks and moos are expected to echo across the stage. The stars of the barnyard circuit are chickens, and their supporting players assorted farm animals.

General Mills, Inc., puts the animal shows on without charge at country stores, fairs, rodeos and other gathering places to promote its farm feeds. The animals pack in the crowds by providing entertainment as varied as vaudeville. The chickens, for example, pick out tunes on pianos, walk tightropes and play poker. Well-mannered pigs eat at tables, vacuum floors and whisk down slides. Stage-struck calves go through a bull-in-the-china-shop routine in which they methodically upset dishes as their handlers try to set up big table displays.

The animals, of course, do not come by their talents naturally. They are converted into Thespians by a psychologist named Keller Breland, who is interested in animal behavior. Breland, who has a farm near Hot Springs, Ark., supplied the idea and began training acts for General Mills in 1947. The shows have proved so popular that the company this year alone is sponsoring more than 500 performances all across the nation.

Psychologist-animal trainer Breland estimates that, in the six-year period, he has taught more than 3,000 barnyard dwellers to do their bit on the stage. And when it comes to selling feed, that ain't hay. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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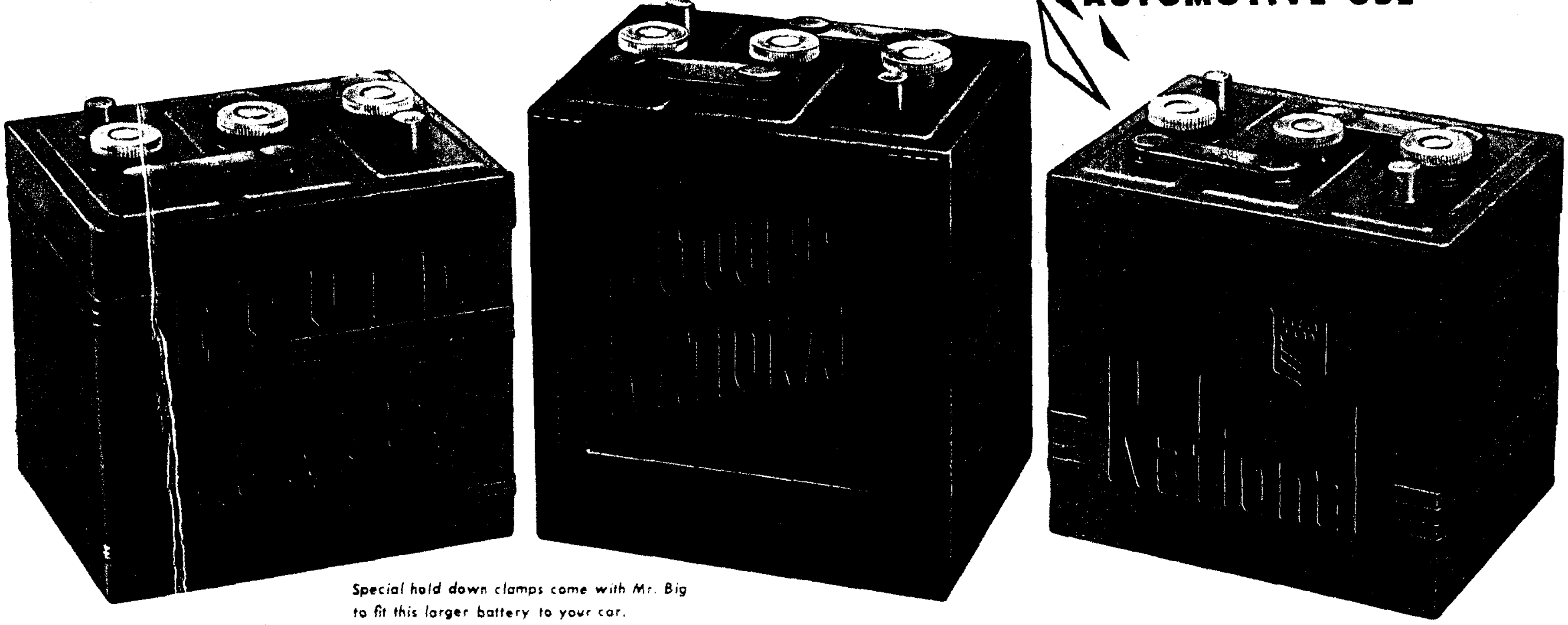

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PALMOLIVE AFTER SHAVE LOTION

I Haven't Bee

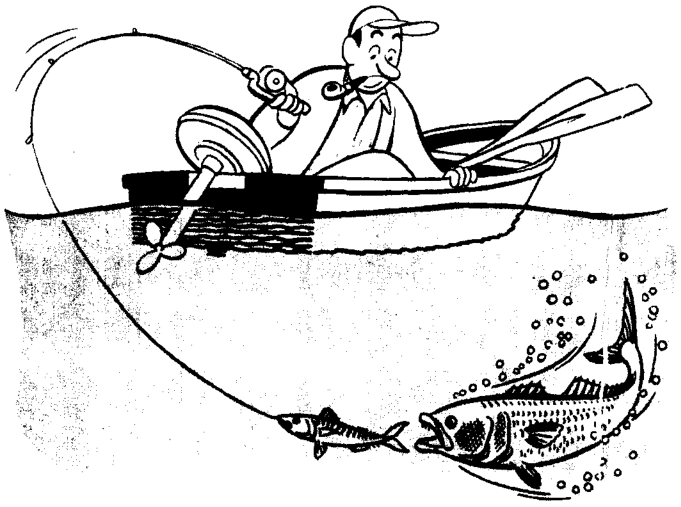
By SCOTT CORBETT

ALONG about this time every autumn, you fishermen have come back from your vacations and started cornering me with your fish stories. There was a time when I didn't get out fishing much myself, so I was defenseless, but now that's all changed. So before you get started on this year's crop I want to mention my experience while fishing in Cape Cod Bay this past summer.

On this particular day I was out alone trolling along nice and easy for striped bass. All of a sudden I got a light hit. Nothing like a striper; just a light hit. Still I knew I had something on, so I started reeling in.

Well, before I had it halfway in I could see it was a mackerel, and naturally this struck me as peculiar, because I was baited with sea worm. I don't have to tell you that you don't use sea worms to catch mackerel, but just a spinner with a bare hook. Secondly, you troll faster for mackerel than you do for striped bass, and thirdly the hook you use for stripers is too big for mackerel.

However, as this particular mackerel got near the boat I could see he had an unusually large mouth for a mackerel. I decided he was just a slow mackerel with a big mouth.



A bluefish hit it like a ton of bricks

Well, anyway, that mackerel wasn't 10 feet from the side of the boat when —*wham!*—a bluefish hit it like a ton of bricks. You know what a strike a blue can give you. This fellow was five pounds if he was an ounce, too, which is another unusual thing, because we hadn't been getting them that size at all. Two pounds was good.

Well, I got pretty excited, and let him have a little line, playing him along carefully, hoping he wouldn't let go of the mackerel. I had him within 20 feet of the boat when—*bam!*—I got a terrific strike. I knew right away I'd tangled with a big striper, which naturally surprised me, because you know what gangsters bluefish are. They gang up on stripers and harass them, if anything, instead of the other way around. If anybody harasses anybody it's bluefish stripers and not stripers bluefish. But I guess this fellow just figured he saw his chance, and certainly there's no better eating than bluefish anywhere. The striper's tail flapped out of the water once and—*pow!*—I got a strike that almost dragged me out of the boat.

Even before he leaped out of the water I figured it had to be a tuna, and it was; a monster of a fellow, 800 pounds if he was an ounce. My line was only 30-pound test stuff that came from the mail-order house with my nine-dollar salt-water rod and reel, so I don't need to tell you it was touch and go to keep him from snapping my line right quick.

Luckily I had brought along a harpoon that day. You know how it is so often when you're fishing—if you left your light rod home, there's nothing around but mackerel; if you left your casting rod home, then the stripers are flapping all around you just begging for a cast; if you didn't bring eelskins, that's what everybody's taking them on, that day. Well, this was one day I decided I wasn't going to get caught short, so I really brought *everything.* I even had a keg along, but then if I harpooned him and threw the keg over he might run away with my fishing line and I didn't want him to do that.

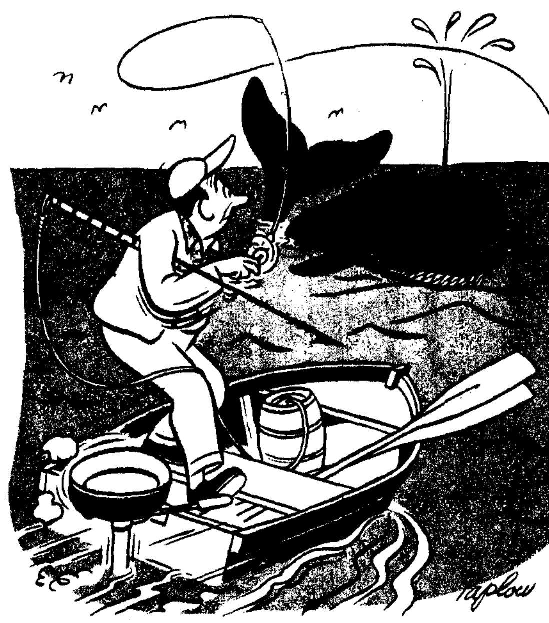
I made a quick grab for my harpoon, but even then I might have been too late if it hadn't been for what happened next.

Now, last year we didn't see a whale in the bay all summer, though the year before, I think it was, they were cruising up and down for a couple of months, scaring the fish and ruining the fishing. I wasn't on the Cape that year, though, so I hadn't had any experience with whales. I was pretty much unprepared for this next strike I got. When that 60 feet of whale suddenly surfaced and took my tuna I expect my face was a study.

The thing that was really unusual, too, was that this was not the type of whale we usually see. This was a type which feeds on plankton, which are minute animal and plant organisms that float around on top or near the surface of the water. This particular whale usually just swims around with his mouth open and skims the plankton out of the water. Sort of strains them through his teeth or something, but anyway he spits the water back and ends up with the plankton. Of course when I say spit I don't mean pitooey spit, I mean whale spit, which is a different type

Fishing Long, but...

BOB PAPLOW



I was pretty busy for a minute or two

of spitting. But be that as it may, he had my tuna.

Actually, looking back on it all, I don't think he was after my tuna at all. I think he just had his mouth open and wasn't looking where he was going. His mouth closed down with a snap and my tuna disappeared, and the whale came swimming straight toward me, which eased up my line.

Between reeling in slack—naturally I didn't want to give him any slack to work with—and holding the harpoon ready under my arm and swinging the boat sideways to get out of his way, I was pretty busy for a minute or two. As he went by, his tail slapped down, missing the boat by inches; and then I set my star drag not too tight and put down my rod and let him have it with the harpoon.

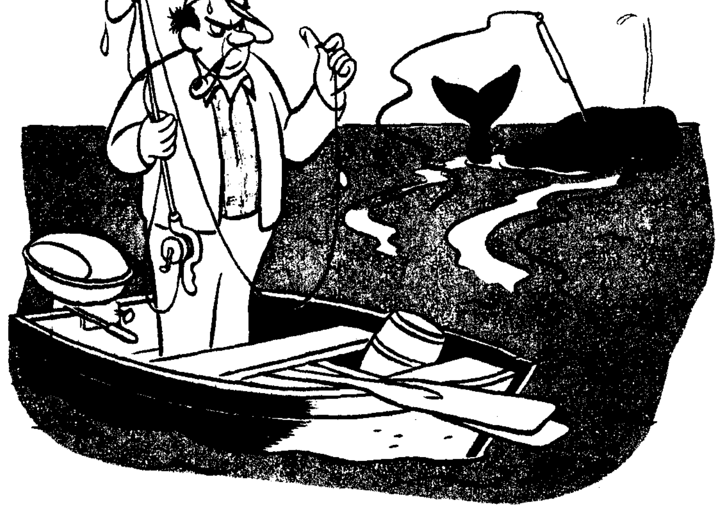
Plunk!—and I was off on a Nantucket sleigh ride, with the boat cutting through the water behind the whale and the harpoon line singing like the G string on a violin every time I reached out forward and plunked it. I did everything I could—dragged my feet over the side, reversed my five-horse outboard motor, even rowed backwards—but it was no use. When you realize it wasn't any whaleboat I was in, but only a little 12-foot skiff, you know what I was up against.

Once, while I was resting on my oars, I snapped a couple of pictures of my whale—luckily I'd brought along my box camera, hoping to get some cloud studies if the fishing was slow—and I sure wish I had those pictures to show you, but they didn't turn out.

By the time we rounded the point of the Cape I began to get concerned. I couldn't see 50 yards in any direction. I was afraid the whale might run into something and pile us up. It's lucky I had brought everything, including a small sportsman's foghorn I got for my birthday, because I learned afterward that the Boston boat must have passed quite close.

It was a shame about that fog, because that way nobody on the Provincetown Beach or Race Point saw us go by. I only saw the shore once, and that was between beaches. It was a real shame. All I needed was a little help at that point and things might have been different. As it was, though, after a while I had to face facts: if I went much farther out into the ocean I wouldn't have gas enough left to get me back, let alone tow in my catch. Besides, I was looking for that whale to sound any minute, and that could have meant trouble. So there was nothing to do but cut my harpoon line and let him go.

Well, just as I did, the whale gave a cough and my fishing line went slack, and I reeled in. The tuna and striper and blue and mackerel were all gone, of course, and that's not the worst of it. That whale had stripped my hook clean of my bait! ▲▲▲



. . . had stripped my hook clean of my bait!

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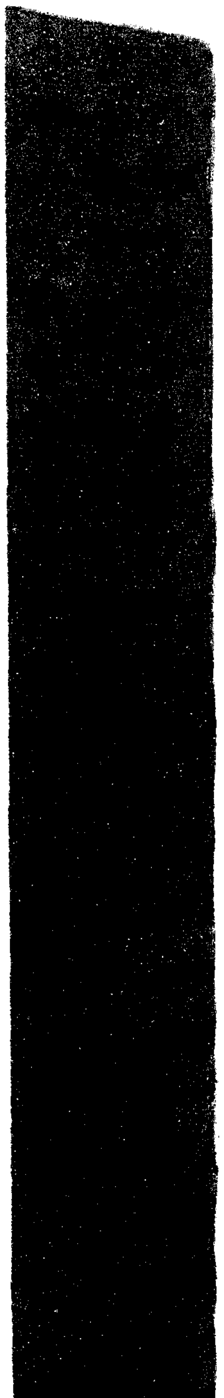
As usual, the irrepressible Tim Ryan had things well in hand. The party was a success. But Eve was a little uneasy as she watched the beautiful actress with Tim, who was the

MAN of the Cocktail HOUR

By JACK FINNEY



MR. TIMBERLAKE RYAN flipped his tie ends into a knot and strolled into the living room. He stopped beside his wife, two brown paper sacks under his left arm. She stood inspecting the room, apparently without noticing him, her full white forehead creased by a tiny vertical frown line. Then she turned toward him absently, her maroon-and-gold gown rustling. "How's it look?" she said worriedly, indicating the room.

He looked around him. Each table and chair, the radio cabinet, every wood surface gleamed, large cork coasters, and polished silver dishes heaped with potato chips, salted nuts or pretzel sticks stood on every table. The ash trays sparkled, cigarette boxes were filled, the waxed floors shone, and not a scrap or thread marred the dark surface of the rug. "Fair," Timberlake Ryan said doubtfully. "I guess it'll do."

Her voice was panicky. "What's wrong?"

"Well"—he hesitated, as though he hated to say this—"the pretzel sticks, Eve; they look pretty helter-skelter to me. Shouldn't they all be parallel? And matching in length? I could bite off the ends so they'd all be eve—"

She shook her head in annoyance. "No, seriously; how does it—"

Tim put an arm around her waist. "Beautiful. Perfect. Now relax. You've been worrying about this party all week, but the die is cast now, so how about relaxing and enjoying it?"

"Okay." She smiled up at him; then her eyes widened. "Napkins! Napkins and matches! Tim, did you remem—"

"*Yes!*" He cut her off in amused exasperation and handed her one of the brown paper sacks. "I bought them this noon. Fancy ones, too. I really shopped for these."

"Fancy ones?" Eve brought out a boxful of book matches and a packet of small paper napkins.

"Yeah, I got them at Saks. They monogram them while you wait, or put the family crest on them, or 'Stolen from the Jones Family,' or—"

"Tim, you didn't get anything silly?" Hurriedly she took out a matchbook, slipped a napkin from under the wide paper band, then smiled in relief. They were both white, simple and chaste in design, the matchbook imprinted in raised gold lettering, the napkin in blue. She read the inscription aloud. "'*The Jukes Family*,'" she said wonderingly. "Jukes? Isn't that the family people study in school? Generations of feeble-minded—" Her chin shot up. "Oh, for heaven's sakes, it *is!* Tim, what in the world?"

He laughed. "Honey, this is a party! Not a wake." Taking the matches and napkins, he began distributing them about the room. "These'll break the ice, start a flow of gay chatter and wit. You need things like this to get people talking; in fact, for some of the guests, we should furnish scripts."

"So what's in the other sack?" Eve asked. "Exploding cigars?"

"Listen, I spent a good part of my afternoon, neglecting my work, laboring for the success of this party."

"I'll bet. What's in the sack?"

Opening an end-table drawer, Tim brought out a shallow dish and emptied the sack into it. "Chinese fortune cookies."

"What?" Eve stepped forward suspiciously to examine the dishful of cookies; they were hollow puffballs of paper-thin dough.

"Fortune cookies. And I had a hard time finding them. You've seen them in San Francisco; they serve them with dessert in all the Chinese restaurants. There's a little strip of paper inside with your fortune printed on it."

EVE picked one up. "Oh, yes. They're cute," she admitted. "Tim, how do they get the paper inside? Bake it in?"

"No, it would burn. The cookies have these little openings in the top, and they poke the fortunes in afterward. You could even," he added, watching Eve from the corner of his eye, "reach in with tweezers and pull out the fortunes without breaking the cookies."

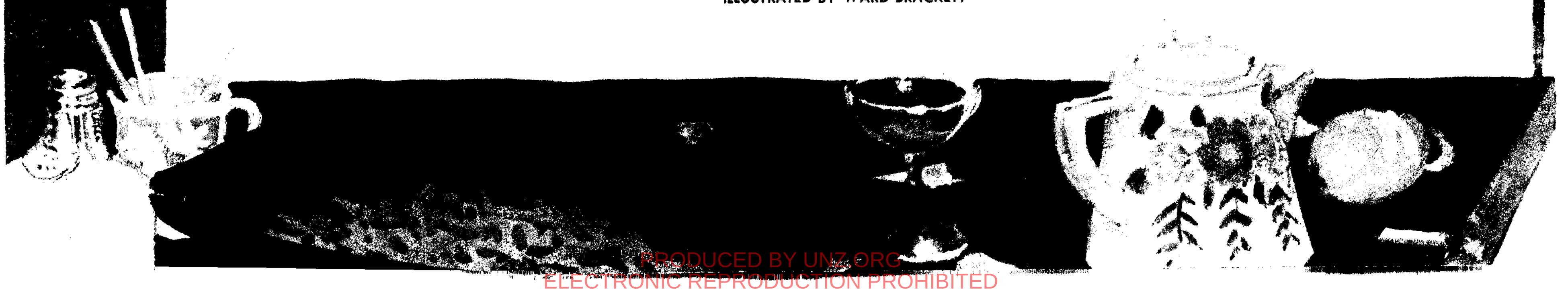
"What for?" She looked at him, puzzled.

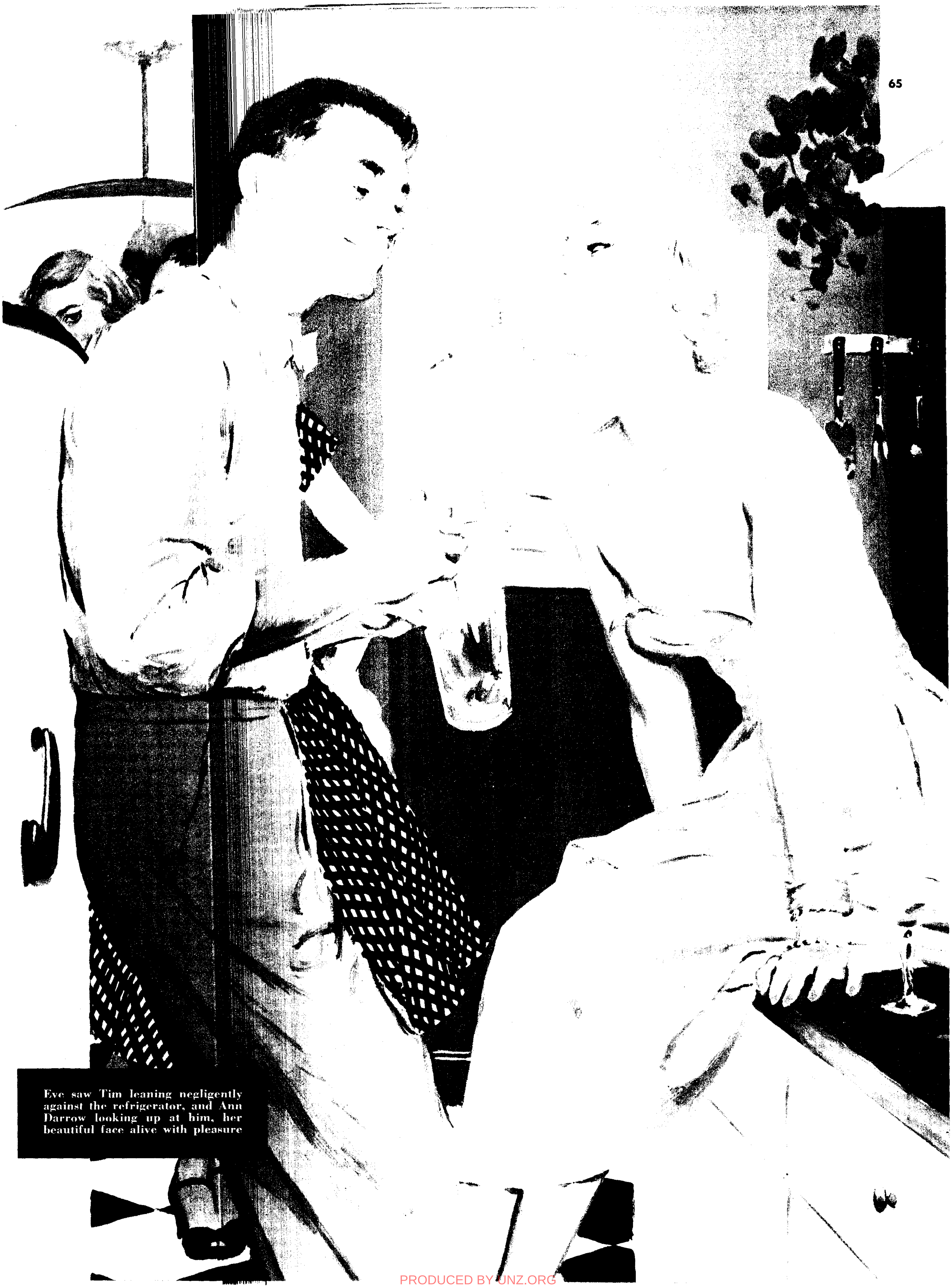
"I don't know." Tim shrugged. "Try one. See what the future holds."

Eve bit gingerly into the brittle shell, then lifted a little folded slip from the fragments. Opening it, she read aloud. "'You were born to be hanged.'" She glanced at Tim wonderingly—"What in the world?" Bringing the paper closer to her eyes, she saw that the inscription was not printed, but typed. "Honestly," she said, sighing. "Tweezers. The best part of your afternoon. Neglecting your work. A grown man, too." She shook her head.

The door buzzer sounded, and Tim pointed at the empty matchbook carton, the paper sacks and the cooky fragments in Eve's palm. "What a mess you've created," he said, and turned toward the hall, while Eve hurriedly brushed the broken cooky into an empty sack, crumpled sacks and carton into a wad, looked frantically around the room, then thrust them far out of sight under the davenport. "Oh, hi," she heard Tim say in a puzzled

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT





Eve saw Tim leaning negligently against the refrigerator, and Ann Darrow looking up at him, her beautiful face alive with pleasure

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tone, as he opened the front door. "You're just in time; we were about to go out."

"Out?" Eve recognized the bewildered voice of Alice Mellett, one of her oldest friends. Then she heard Jerry Mellett speak: "Isn't tonight—" he began.

"—the cocktail party?" Tim interrupted gravely. "That was last night. We wondered what had happened to you."

"Alice! Jerry! Come in here!" Eve called. "Tim's getting hysterical," she added, as she walked toward the door. "It's been so long since we've had a party that he's beside himself."

The guests came in, and as the two men shook hands, Eve led Alice, a dark, plain woman as tall as her husband, toward one of the bedrooms. A moment later she heard the door buzzer sound again, heard the door open, and heard Tim saying, "Oh, hello; you're in the nick of time. We were just going out." A man's worried voice said, "What?"

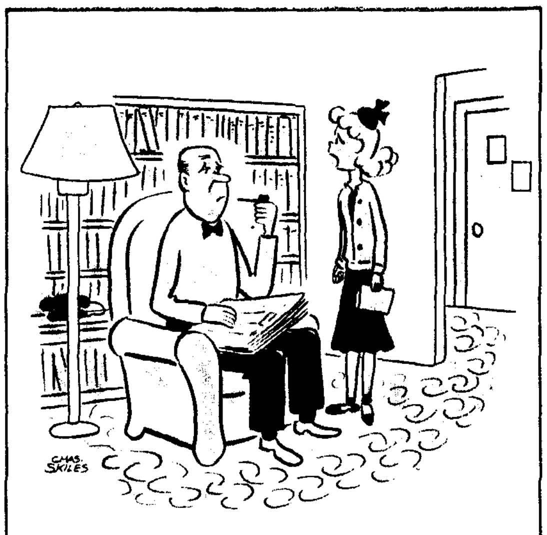
Within the next few minutes the door buzzer sounded several more times, and then suddenly the apartment was alive with the sound and presence of people. A thin layer of cigarette smoke was flattening against the living-room ceiling, and the half dozen or so guests, each holding a drink, sat talking—politely, formally and a little stiffly, Eve realized. Tense and anxious about her party, she sat on the very edge of her chair, ready to answer the door buzzer again, trying to hear something of each conversation. She wished Tim would come out of the kitchen, where he was mixing drinks, and do something to get the party started.

AGAIN the door buzzer sounded. As Eve got up to answer it, the kitchen door to the hall opened, and Tim stepped out, too, winking at Eve. She felt suddenly reassured. Tim opened the door to find a cluster of people in the outer hallway: Don and Teressa Wechsler, a casual, friendly couple in their early thirties who were Eve and Tim's neighbors at a beach cottage they rented each summer; Al and Grace Bergstrom, two of their oldest friends; and a stranger, a pretty girl in her twenties who had come with the Wechslers. They all crowded into the hall, and in the flurry of greetings and introductions, Eve saw Tim's eyes flick up and down in a fraction of a second, looking the girl over from head to foot. Never before had she seen Tim do this; she had always been proud that he did not; and now she felt shocked and betrayed. She felt her smile stiffen.

But after a few minutes, when the new guests had been introduced and Tim was back in the kitchen, mixing drinks, Eve saw that each man in the room, raising a glass to his mouth or reaching toward an ash tray, found an excuse in the movement to let his eyes pass over the new girl, and then Eve remembered who the girl was. She was an actress, Ann Darrow; they had seen her in a short-lived Broadway play last winter, in a secondary part, but one she had handled beautifully. Watching her now, talking to Alice Mellett and apparently unaware of the attention she was drawing, Eve knew Ann was an actress off stage as well as on, and that she was far more than pretty: she was genuinely beautiful. Her red hair was rich and perfectly groomed, her complexion incredibly smooth, her features perfect—a beautiful and exciting woman. She wore a strapless blue dress, and her arms, her ankles and legs, her entire figure, were exquisite. And Eve forgave Tim a little, understanding that, caught unaware, he could not possibly have helped looking at this girl as he had.

Someone called "Eve," and she saw Al Bergstrom lean toward her from the end of the davenport. Bending forward to listen, she saw Tim appear in the hallway from the kitchen and stand there—waiting, she knew, to get her attention. But Al Bergstrom, beginning an anecdote about a mutual friend, held her gaze, and Eve felt she could not turn away at the moment without seeming rude. Someone had turned on the radio, and a rumba began. She saw Tim, standing in the hall out of everyone's sight but hers, begin to dance.

HANDS clasped behind his head, feet motionless, he began swaying his hips, parodying a burlesque dancer. Al smiled, approaching the point of his story; Eve nodded, smiling in return; and Tim began a series of lewd bumps and grinds, teeth bared in a hideously exaggerated grin. Then he rolled his eyes suggestively and slowly beckoned to Eve, and still smiling at Al, she felt herself blush.



"This boy who phoned and whose name you didn't catch. Did he sound as if he was tall or short?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES SKILES

Tim pulled his coat down off one shoulder, then set both hands on his twisting hips. "Eve, darling," he called, "how would you like . . ." His voice trailed off, the bumps and grinds lewdly continuing, and Eve turned to him momentarily, her lips compressed, to shake her head once, furiously, then turned back, smiling, to Al. "How about it, honey?" Tim called, and pulled his coat down off both shoulders, winking furiously, swaying silently. "Would you like"—he gave a final grind and bump, then pulled up his coat, and finished the sentence—"a Manhattan, Martini or a highball, darling?"

Eve turned and said, "A highball, please," her eyes murderous, and Tim, with a final bump, went back into the kitchen. Still flustered, but inwardly amused, Eve resumed her conversation, realizing that she was suddenly more relaxed, and she knew Tim had anticipated that.

Carrying a tray of drinks, Tim came into the living room and began serving them to the new guests. When he reached Ann Darrow, she smiled at him, and Eve heard her say, "You're a magnificent dancer, Mr. Ryan." Tim looked at her blankly, and she nodded over his shoulder at a large mirror on the opposite wall. "I enjoyed every moment and movement," she said.

Glancing over his shoulder, seeing the mirror which gave her a perfect view of the hall in which he had been standing, Tim flushed.

"I do all kinds of funny things at parties," he said. "Stick around till I start wearing the women's hats." Then he moved on with his tray.

But Eve was annoyed, and when Tim brought her her drink, she thanked him without looking up. She told herself that it wasn't his fault, but still she resented this girl's seeing him do what she had not been meant to see him do. And for the girl actually to remark about it, Eve thought, was an inexcusable intrusion.

In the center of the room, Tim slapped his empty tray against his leg. "Okay!" he said. "Everybody start having delirious fun. Don"—he pointed at Don Wechsler—"make a witty remark." He turned to Jack Greer, a small, black-haired, good-looking man. "Put a lamp shade on your head, Jack; be *funny*. Alice, get drunk and pull your hair over your eyes. Ted"—he swung to Ted Weiner, a big, shy man sitting silently on the davenport with his wife—"make a pass at Miss Darrow. Miss Darrow, slap his impertinent face. Now, all together—everyone spill your drinks and scream, 'Yippee!' "

They laughed and replied; someone offered to squirt the guests with seltzer; Ed Yount, an old friend of Tim's and the one bachelor present, invited Ann Darrow to the kitchen, rolling his eyes; then, accidentally, Alice Mellett did tip over her nearly empty glass. Blotting it up with a napkin, she noticed the inscription. " 'The Jukes Family,' " she read, adding in agreement, "and the most degenerate branch at that." A few moments later, when Don Wechsler discovered the fortune cookies and read aloud from the little slip—"You are a natural-born slob; abandon all hope," Eve saw that her guests had a pleased look in their eyes. They were having a good time, she realized, and suddenly she felt very fond of Tim. Watching him make his way toward the kitchen, tall and slim, his movements casual and relaxed, Eve felt that he was easily the handsomest man in the room, and she was very aware and proud that this was her husband.

All the guests had arrived and the party was in full swing. People were making their own drinks now, and there were several people in the kitchen. At the front windows, Jack Greer and Ruby Weiner stood talking quietly. There were people around each end of the davenport; and at the radio cabinet Eve stood talking to Grace Bergstrom and Fay Greer.

TIM came in from the kitchen and joined the group at the end of the davenport nearest Eve. Noticing this, she became aware of their conversation.

"—all his suits at Brooks Brothers'," Alice Mellett was saying, "ever since he was in college. Can you imagine it?"

"Well," her husband said pompously, "why not?" Glancing at Ed Yount and Ann Darrow, he shrugged complacently. "They're expensive, but you can't beat 'em for wear or solid good looks. How about it, Tim?" he said confidently.

"Well," Tim agreed reluctantly, "yes. They are for you, anyway; you live in the right place."

"What do you mean?"

Tim frowned. "Well, I knew a guy had a pretty unfortunate experience with a Brooks Brothers' suit. He was like me when I first came to New York; I didn't know a Brooks Brothers' suit was something special. I'd never even heard of the 'Brooks' look'—the narrow lapels, unpadded shoulders and superconservative cut. Like me, this guy didn't realize they were practically a uniform for Eastern college men and rising young executives in banks, Wall Street and advertising agencies. Fact is, he was foreman in a brass foundry and lived in New Jersey, a really impossible situation." Tim shook his head sadly.

"So when he walked in off the street, bought a Brooks' suit, and wore it out of the store, the poor guy couldn't get home. He turned west toward the New

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Jersey ferry, and that suit just swung him around and headed for Grand Central Station and the more expensive Westchester suburbs, the pants legs pulling him along in a busy executive's stride."

Ed Young nodded. "I remember that case; a salesman was later fired, drummed out, for not making the man show proper credentials. In the station the suit stopped at a newsstand, the poor guy picked up a tabloid, tucked it under his arm, and that Brooks Brothers' sleeve shot indignantly straight up, and the tabloid fell down to the walk."

"Right," Tim said. "The only way he could get his arm down was to shove a Wall Street Journal underneath it. Well, sir"—he looked back at Jerry—"that suit carried him into a train and clear out to Bronxville, where they got off and stood waiting. One after another, all the other Brooks Brothers' suits passed by and stepped into the waiting Buicks, MGs, and properly aged station wagons.

"Dusk was falling, a chill wind had sprung up, and as the last car left and it was obvious no one was waiting for them, that suit just wilted. Sagged on his frame like a wet sack, its spirit broken. And do you know that suit was never the same?" Tim stared down at his glass. "Wouldn't even hold a press after that. The guy would put it on, fresh from the cleaner's, and the thing would just droop, an expatriate, abandoned by its kind. It died soon after."

"I hope"—Ed Yount looked questioningly at Tim—"that he gave it a decent burial?"

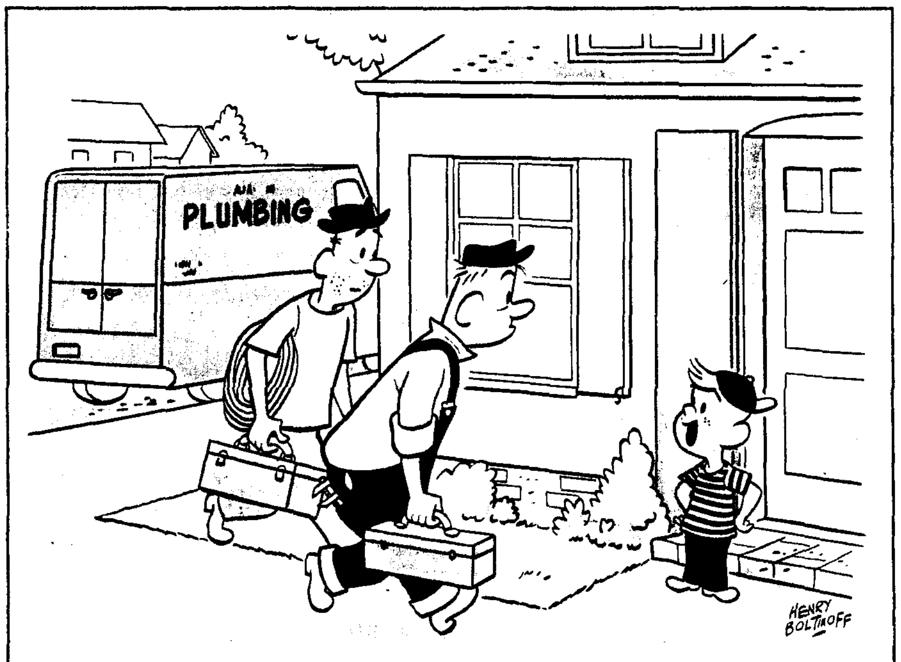
"Yes, he did—in a Brooks Brothers' box. And as he lowered it gently, he was certain he heard, from the direction of Connecticut and Yale University, the faint, ghostly strains of The Whiffenpoof Song." Jerry Mellett was sipping his drink, trying to look bored, but his wife and Ann Darrow were smiling. Tim turned away, winking at Jerry.

He's enjoying his own party, Eve thought; he's a good host and good company. She watched the group follow Tim with their eyes as he crossed the room toward the pair at the window.

PRESENTLY Eve left Grace and Fay and moved about, talking to her guests, feeling her drinks a little, noticing that as time passed, the groups divided and re-formed. The guests were mixing and she felt the party was going well. Don Wechsler walked toward the kitchen as big Ted Weiner came into the living room carrying a drink to his wife, who was sitting on the window sill talking to Tim and Jack Greer. Crossing the room, Eve stopped for a moment and stood alone in the center of the room, pleasantly aware of the sustained hubbub of talk and the occasional fragments of conversation that emerged from it. From somewhere she heard a man's voice say excitedly, ". . . greatest player the American League ever had, but he never got the publicity!" From across the room, a woman's voice said shrilly, ". . . taxes go any higher, we'll make our own whisky!" Someone called, "Read the fortune!" and Eve heard Al Bergstrom's slow, deep voice read, " 'You will be elected Vice-President, impeached and assassinated.' "

Still seated on the davenport, Ed Yount was earnestly explaining something to Alice Mellett, Ann Darrow sitting quietly beside him; and Eve realized that she was somehow pleased to see Ann and Ed together. But as Eve watched, Ann Darrow casually stood up, took a few peanuts from a dish on the table, then strolled over to join the group at the window. Reminding herself that as hostess she shouldn't stay by herself, Eve turned, too, to walk toward the windows. Then she checked herself, aware of a confusion in her motives, and she suddenly wondered if she'd have joined Tim if Ann Darrow hadn't.

So instead, Eve joined a group near them; Al Bergstrom, the little fortune slip still in his hand, was talking to Fay Greer and Teressa Wechsler, and he turned slightly to include Eve in what he was saying. "Six of them," he continued, "and I'm not fooling, they'd howl all night. Well, for a couple nights I threw rocks at them; big pebbles from the sunporch roof. But then the old lady complained; not only was I cruel to her miserable cats, but I was cluttering up her garden with rocks, she knew it was me, and I had to stop. But I've got 'em now." He laughed triumphantly. "It's the perfect crime at last. Ice cubes! Every night now, I take a tray of them upstairs; they're just the right size for easy throwing and perfect aim. And I am slowly braining her repulsive cats without leaving a shred of evidence. In the morning they're crouched under her porch, maimed and bleeding, the ice cubes have melted long since, and the old lady knows I'm doing it and is going nuts trying to figure out how."



COLLIER'S "Say, did you receive those messages in bottles that I sent down the drain pipes?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

In the pause following Al's story, Eve became aware of the conversation behind her. Jack Greer was saying, "Everyone's a psychiatrist nowadays. Any cabdriver can analyze you. And everyone knows what a neurosis is, and everyone has one. If you don't count stairs or tug at your ears, you tap cigarettes, or—" Al Bergstrom began another story about his neighbor, and Eve resolutely returned her attention to him, refusing to eavesdrop on the group Ann Darrow and Tim were with, even though Tim was speaking now.

But a moment later she heard Tim, in the middle of a sentence, emit a sharp, high-pitched sound. *"Yipe, yipe!"* he shrilled suddenly, then continued quietly and conversationally. Now Eve had to listen to him.

"It's very rare," Tim was saying earnestly. "It's called an unconscious neurosis, and it's something very few people have heard about. *I* never did till my psychiatrist explained it."

"An *unconscious* neurosis?" Jack Greer said doubtfully.

"Yeah," said Tim. "Everyone has the conscious kind, some nervous habit or other. But you know you're doing it. But my psychiatrist explained that I've got this—*Yipe! Yipe, yipe!*" he shrieked suddenly—"unconscious neurosis. He tells me," Tim continued worriedly, "that I don't even know what it is."

Eve shifted her position to see the Weiners staring open-mouthed at Tim, Ann Darrow frowning, and Jack Greer regarding him with a skeptical leer.

"Well, personally"—Tim shrugged—"I don't believe him. How could I possibly—*Yipe!*—be doing something, several times a day as this head doctor claims, without even knowing—*Yipe! Yipe, yipe!*—I was doing it?" He turned gravely to Ted Weiner, who stared down at his glass.

"He tells me he can cure it, if I'm patient, as long as no one tells me what it is. He's warned Eve not to tell me, and I've racked my brains trying to figure out what I'm—*Yipe!*—supposed to be doing."

Eve turned, walked up to Tim, and put a hand on his arm. "Before I forget it, darling," she said, "do you really feel I should—*Eeep! Eeep!*—see this psychiatrist of yours?" They all burst out laughing, and Tim put an arm around her waist.

"Of course not," he said, "and I think I'll quit seeing him, too. Personally, I thing we're the only normal, uncomplicated—*Yipe, yipe!*—people in this room."

"So do—*Eeep!*—I," said Eve, and without a word they turned from the others then and crossed the room toward the big leather chair, which was empty at the moment.

Eve sat down with a sigh of relief and looked up at Tim. "Nice party, don't you think?"

"Yeah." He stood quietly smiling down at her, and she sat relaxed, her head back against the chair; and for a few moments they regarded each other in companionable silence.

Then Ann Darrow appeared beside them and sat down on the footstool next to Eve's chair, smiling up at Eve. "I'm glad I came," she said, "and I wanted to thank you both for having me."

"I'm glad you could come," Eve said.

"Thanks. The Wechslers promised me you wouldn't mind, and"—she looked up to include Tim in what she was saying—"since I'll be spending some week ends with them this summer, they thought we should get acquainted."

Again Eve felt her smile stiffen, but she said, "Oh, fine. It'll be nice to see you again." Then Ed Yount appeared in the kitchen doorway and called to Tim. Tim reached down, squeezed Eve's hand, and joined Ed in the kitchen.

Ann Darrow said, "I think your husband is wonderful."

"So do I," Eve replied, and was instantly annoyed to realize that her tone was cool and that this girl, she was certain, had noticed it.

Eve heard a man's voice, cutting through the buzz of conversation, low, quiet and angry, and she looked up, surprised to see Al Bergstrom and Jack Greer, across the room in facing chairs, leaning intently toward each other, Al Bergstrom's heavy face flushed with anger. "As a political party," he was saying, "it hasn't stood for anything decent in seventy-five years." Jack answered, his voice cold and biting. "That so?" he said. "And what do your heroes stand for? I suppose you think—" Eve turned and looked toward the doorway, but Tim was still in the kitchen.

As though thinking aloud, Ann Darrow continued, "You meet a lot of men in show business, and so many of them are professional charmers, smooth and so practiced they can turn on the charm without even thinking about it." She smiled pleasantly at Eve. "But your husband could give them lessons in the real thing. I like him," she added frankly, coolly regarding Eve, waiting for her reaction.

Eve was confused. She did not want to say, "So do I," again but her brain refused to furnish any other reply. Across the room Jack Greer said, "Nuts," his voice heavy with contempt. "You guys are all alike. All you can do is—" Eve glanced at the kitchen doorway, and Tim was there again.

EVE watched him walk over to the bitter little argument in the corner of the room. He stopped, smiled at the two men, and sipped his drink, but they glanced at him only briefly. Al Bergstrom opened his mouth to speak, and Tim suddenly—voice sharp and loud—said, *"Bang!"* and the two men looked up at him, startled.

"Speaking of guns," Tim said squatting down beside them. The men smiled reluctantly. "I am reminded of the time I bought a .22 target pistol. It's a story of no interest and no point, and as a matter of fact it never happened at all. What I really want, Al"—he turned to Bergstrom—"is to get you into the kitchen for another drink. You've got a lot more drinking to do before we let you out of here tonight."

Al was silent for a moment; then he nodded slowly. "Okay," he said, rising. "I guess it's a good idea."

But Jack Greer stood up, too, his face sullen. "Just don't forget—" he began; then Tim leaned toward him and whispered in his ear. Greer, looking startled, glanced hastily around the room, then quickly walked out, while Tim and Al Bergstrom turned toward the kitchen.

The two women watched them cross the room, then Ann Darrow again turned to Eve. "I wonder what he said to him?" For a moment she sat looking at Eve; then she smiled, shaking her head admiringly. "He's terrific," she murmured, and calmly she said an outrageous thing. "I think I may take him away from you." For the fraction of a second, her eyes mocking and challenging, she stared at Eve; then Ann smiled winningly, as though to say that of course she was joking, and rose to her feet. "If I may, I think I'll have just one more drink," she said, and walked out to the kitchen.

Eve sat in motionless fury for a long moment, then involuntarily expelled her breath with an angry sigh and realized she had been unconsciously holding her breath, as if she had been holding back an answer. For a moment she was bitterly angry with herself for failing to make some contemptuous and devastating reply. Trying to calm down, she told herself that this girl was beneath contempt, that her remark had simply been stupid, a joke in poor taste. But Eve's reasoning wouldn't work; she felt, instead, that she had been warned, and the frightening, defeating realization came over her that sometimes these things actually happened, that husbands *were* lost, were taken away. This girl was beautiful and young, intelligent and talented, and if for no other reason but to test her ability, she might actually try to do what she had said she would.

Listening for it, Eve heard Tim's voice in the kitchen. "Taffyapple, Wyoming," he was saying, "and the sole industry is retreading old tennis balls." Eve didn't think this was funny, but the group in the kitchen laughed, Ann Darrow's delighted laugh rising above the others. A picture formed in Eve's mind. She saw Tim leaning negligently against the refrigerator and Ann Darrow looking up at him, her beautiful face alive with pleasure. "One man left town," Tim continued, "to study commercial art. He designs streetcar transfers and theater tickets." Ed Yount's voice said, "And he has a sister who poses for tattoo designs." Eve made herself get up, cross the room to the davenport, sit down beside Alice Mellett and talk.

THE party went on. Presently Jack Greer and Al Bergstrom were sitting on a window sill, looking faintly sheepish and talking quietly. Ted Weiner had pulled the radio cabinet slightly out from the wall and was pointing down at the wires at the back, solemnly explaining something to Teressa Wechsler.

A burst of laughter came from the kitchen, and the group came wandering slowly into the living room. "It's true," Tim protested, laughing. "I've been scribbling on subway posters for years; it's my hobby. I'm sure you've seen my work. But now I've modernized. I use rubber stamps—big ones a foot long. Every dirty word in the language, in Old English script. I've got tooth-blacker-outs in various sizes and a complete set of stencils for retouching brassière ads." They stopped, Ed Yount, Tim and Ann Darrow, in the center of the room. "I can now add mustaches, eyeglasses and inscriptions to every ad on a platform, with time to spare. I figure that with practice I can cover the whole East Side subway system, local and express stops, between dawn and dusk. It used to take me a week, using old-fashioned methods. Now Eve and I can get out to the movies or have an evening at home now and then."

Eve saw that Ed Yount was forming a reply; they were performing—actually competing—she felt, for Ann Darrow's amusement, and when she saw Jack Greer rise from the window sill, glancing at his wrist watch, and beckon to his wife, Eve felt a sudden sense of rescue and relief. The Greers crossed the room toward Eve, and seeing them, Tim joined her and received their good-bys.

The Greers left, and when Tim and Eve turned from the door, the Bergstroms and the Weiners were standing behind them, waiting to leave. And then, within minutes, the party was over. Ed Yount and the Melletts left next, and after they had gone, the Wechslers and Ann Darrow were ready to go. Eve wondered what Ann Darrow might say upon leaving, but she merely thanked them, gracefully and prettily, for having asked her. They all agreed to see each other in the country the following week end; then the door closed, and the apartment was suddenly silent.

Tim crossed the room to the davenport, took a handful of peanuts, and sat down, his legs sprawled out before him.

Eve sat in the chair facing him and made herself smile. "Well," she said, "that's that."

Munching his peanuts, staring wide-eyed at nothing, Tim nodded. "Yeah."

"I think they had a good time."

"Sure. Sure, they did."

They were silent for a moment; then Eve said, "Ann Darrow's beautiful."

Again Tim nodded absently. "Yeah."

Eve tried not to, but she had to go on. "Her face is lovely."

"Mm-hm."

"And her figure's just perfect."

Tim nodded and tossed a few more peanuts into his mouth.

"Far better than mine."

Apparently considering this, he stared at her thoughtfully. "Oh," he said then, "I suppose so. Technically speaking. By tape-measure standards. But"—he frowned at Eve, hunting for the phrase—"she doesn't begin to have the . . . well, *class* that you have, if you know what I mean. She's beautiful like the hundreds of Hollywood starlets you see in the movies and forget ten seconds later. You're a much better-looking woman than she is," he said.

Incredibly it came to Eve that he meant this, that there was no thought of flattery or consolation in his mind, that he was saying what was for him the simple truth. For a moment her eyes stung, and she stared at Tim, absent-mindedly munching peanuts, and felt a tremendous surge of love for him. She made herself speak lightly. "Well, I'd better be," she said. "I've got a very handsome husband."

He smiled slightly. "It's funny," he said. "I know for a fact that you mean that. But I'm not even close; I'm an average-looking man and nothing more. But don't you agree with me."

"I don't," she said, and then she had to add, "Neither did Ann Darrow."

He shook his head. "No." Then his smile widened. "Oh, I saw what was going on, all right. As much as you did, and maybe more. And it's even possible that I enjoyed her little play for me. But she wasn't actually seeing me, Eve; she was seeing you." Eve looked puzzled, and Tim, his face serious and intent, said, "That girl saw the way you feel about me sometimes, Eve; in your eyes, expression, your voice and the very way you move. And nothing intrigues a woman more than another woman in love. She wants to know why, and if she's not in love herself, she's envious. Why, baby, that girl is jealous of you. Not of the husband you have; whatever I am, there are plenty of others who are more so, and she meets them all the time. What she wishes she had, Eve, isn't me, but the way you are able to feel about a man, a capacity I doubt that she has. You're a better woman than she is, Eve, and she knows it."

"You make me feel wonderful."

TIM smiled, and didn't answer directly. "You know," he said, resting his head on the back of the davenport, "I have a good time at a thing like the party tonight. I walk around feeling gay and witty and charming and handsome as hell—because you're there in the room giving me that feeling. But I wouldn't be much without you." Eve started to reply, but he said, "Come on now, old lady, let's not talk it to death." He stood up, and Eve stood up, too.

Then she paused and looked at Tim, frowning. "By the way, what did you say to Jack Greer?"

"When?"

"When you stopped the argument, and he walked out of the room so suddenly."

"Oh." He hesitated. "Nothing much."

"Come on. What did you tell him?"

"Well—I told him his shirt tail was out, in back."

Eve nodded; then suddenly her eyes narrowed, and her jaw dropped. "You did not!" she said in a shocked voice. Incredulously, she said, "But I know what you *did* tell him. Honestly!" she shook her head. "No wonder he left the room so fast." Then suddenly she smiled, and believing completely that this was the truth, said, "I had a wonderful time tonight."

"So did I," Tim said. "Come on, now." He turned toward the kitchen, an arm around Eve's waist. "Let's clean the joint up, Mrs. Jukes." ▲▲▲

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Members of the Bunker family eat lunch seated in foundation of their one-time home in St. Thomas, Nevada. About 1,500 pilgrims were drawn to town for reunion

THE RETURN OF St. Thomas-on-the-

After 14 years in a watery grave, a small Nevada town, sacrificed to Hoover Dam, reappeared above Lake Mead

THE little Mormon town of St. Thomas-on-the-Muddy, just 25 miles from Hoover Dam, Nevada, will not be found on any map. But recently it was the scene of one of the most unusual pilgrimages ever held in the U.S. From all over the western states its former residents returned to celebrate the "resurrection" of their birthplace. Their town, St. Thomas-on-the-Muddy, had reappeared after lying under water for 14 years. When engineers at Hoover Dam lowered the level of huge Lake Mead—the man-made reservoir which feeds the dam—to accommodate an expected overflow from the melting snowpack of the Rockies, the little town had risen from its watery grave.

On that particular morning hundreds of dust-covered automobiles, crowded with men, women and children, converged on the town. There were cars bearing license plates from the neighboring states of Oregon, California and Idaho, some from New Mexico and Kansas. For one day the former inhabitants came back to the homes they had been forced to abandon in 1938 when Hoover Dam engineers flooded their valley to create Lake Mead.

By noon some 1,500 pilgrims had arrived. There, on a mud-gray waste amid house foundations and phantom streets stood the ruins of the town. Rusty railroad tracks and debris-filled irrigation ditches trailed through the silt like a surrealistic painting. Squared town lots, each with the remnants of a ruined building, stood out as though recently excavated by an archaeological expedition. But the good people of St. Thomas had not come to weep over a dead town; they were there to relive, for a few short hours, the community life they had shared years before.

Families Visit Ruins of Their Homes

Each family sought out the ruins of its own house and spread gay tablecloths upon the moldy masonry, or set up card tables under the skeletons of long-drowned trees. There were Frehners and Gentrys, Perkinses, Whitneys, Gibsons, Syphuses, Bunkers, Princes, Swapps, Lytles, Strassers, Hickmans, Abbotts, Hannigs, Whitmores, all familiar family names which had been associated with St. Thomas for two or three generations.

Middle-aged businessmen pummeled one another; plump matrons embraced. Up Main Street, along the row of skeletal trees which once lined its length, came an old man. He crossed the road to a family who sat picnicking within the squared confines of what had been the basement of their house. Grinning broadly he pretended to knock on a nonexistent door. "Come in," called the owner, "come in, Brother Whitney, and take this nice plush rocker." Still grinning, Brother Whitney sat down on a stone. Suddenly everybody was laughing, but the laughter was close to tears.

Elsewhere there were nostalgic finds which brought back a flood of memories. A young woman raised a bottle aloft and said: "Look, Mother, here's a bottle of fig preserves, just as good as ever." Somebody else had discovered "the borax doorstop I got from the mines." Mary Frehner, once St. Thomas' kindergarten teacher, showed some friends the water-washed ruin of the combination schoolhouse-meetinghouse and said nostalgically, "It was right behind this same old building that I finally got Henry to propose."

Throughout the day of celebration, the townspeople could not help but notice the blue shimmer of water which crept closer to the ruins by the hour. The lake was filling up to its old level again. Perhaps it was the encroaching water which recalled to Leland Whitmore, who had been the town's postmaster, the last day of St. Thomas, June 11, 1938. The huge valley then had taken months to

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Muddy

By MAURINE WHIPPLE

waters. Its old residents gathered for a reunion among the ruin

fill, but on that last day, with the waters lapping at the walls of the adobe post office erected by the pioneers of the sixties, the end had come quickly.

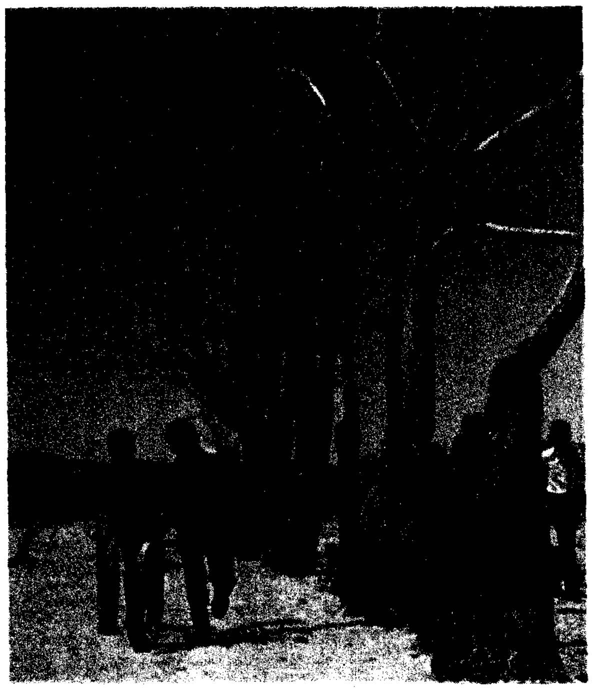
The last train to St. Thomas had panted back up the valley for good. All that lonely day, with the water rising underfoot, Leland and his wife had stamped the 5,000 letters and cards. They had been coming in for over two years from philatelists all over the world with instructions that they be held for the final cancellation stamp. At 4 P.M., Mrs. Whitmore and the carrier, George Perkins, with pouches bulging, waded out the door, and the postmaster gathered up his supplies.

The Postmaster's Final Gesture

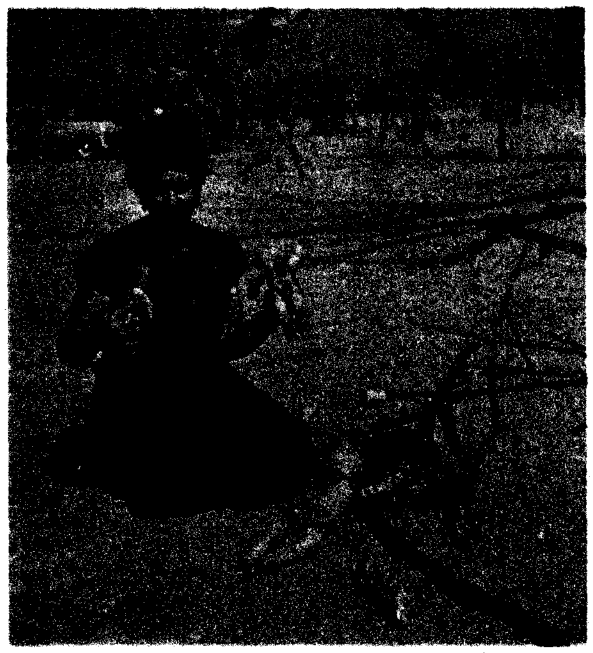
For a moment he stood in the doorway holding the cancellation stamp which had served St. Thomas for half a century. Then he threw the old stamp far out into the incoming waters on Main Street. Then they climbed into a boat and rowed away.

St. Thomas was colonized in 1864 when Brigham Young sent out a "call" for the establishment of the town as part of his "Mormon Corridor" to the West. But even after the town had been founded, the inhabitants were often uprooted because of economic or religious reasons. Most of the pilgrims agreed that the last move—this time in the name of progress—had been the least painful. Nearly all of them felt that the federal authorities had ultimately treated everybody fairly in the settling of land claims, but some pointed out that when the assessments were being made, St. Thomas was "as agitated as a clothespinned sheet in a stiff breeze."

Now, as this day of pilgrimage came to an end, the good people of St. Thomas gathered in the ruins of the schoolhouse-meetinghouse which they had built as a community project. The organ played and the congregation, which will probably never again see St. Thomas, sang My Country, 'Tis of Thee. Then, as all eyes watched the approaching water, one of the elders, Brother John Abbott, dismissed the crowd with a short prayer. "Our Father in Heaven," he said, and as heads bowed, two fingers of water began creeping around the meetinghouse, "we are thankful to Thee that if the waters had to cover our beloved homes, we have had the privilege of coming back this day, and we hereby dedicate this ground . . ." The two tentacles of water met and mingled. Once again the lake was claiming St. Thomas. ▲▲▲



Two boys roll rusty tire hoops past skeletons of trees which once lined main street of town



Marva Swapp, who organized reunion, discovers childhood dolls in ruins of her abandoned home

Former meetinghouse site was scene of Mormon service marking end of one-day revisit to town

"Did your husband and Mr. Prentiss quarrel over the Channing girl?" Dr. Coffee asked the pretty widow

Calendar Girl

Ken Wyman's death was no loss to anyone—except the company which had insured his life. In fact, Dr. Coffee discovered, there were a lot of people who considered it a blessing

By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

IF KENNETH WYMAN had been gathered to his fathers twenty-four hours sooner, he would have been quietly buried with few flowers, fewer tears and no suspicion that he had been murdered. The coroner had signed him out as a case of heart failure. Even the insurance company which had written a fifty-thousand-dollar policy on his life was not fussy about *how* Wyman had died; it was *when* that mattered.

Kenneth Wyman had neglected to pay his last insurance premium. His policy had expired at midnight Wednesday, four hours after his wife Helen had last seen him alive. His body was not found until the early hours of Thursday morning. If Wyman had died after midnight, the company would refuse to pay the claim, even if the Widow Wyman cried her pretty little eyes out.

However, the claims adjuster for the Northbank agency of the insurance company was a fair-minded man, and he consulted Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, chief pathologist for Pasteur Hospital, who occasionally did an autopsy for the company. Was it possible, the claims adjuster wanted to know, to determine scientifically whether death had occurred before midnight?

The tall, big-boned pathologist ran his fingers through his sandy hair. "I can try," he said. "It would have been easier to establish the post-mortem interval if I'd seen the body when it was found this morning. But there's a pretty fair chance that an autopsy will fix the time of death."

"That's just the trouble," the adjuster said. "The widow refuses permission for an autopsy."

Dr. Coffee set his jaw. "Then I'll take the job," he said, "including the job of getting permission."

As a rule, Dr. Coffee had an intense dislike of insurance jobs with a widow's mite at stake—if fifty thousand dollars could be called a mite. But he took the Wyman case without hesitation. Mrs. Wyman's attitude whetted his curiosity and aroused his suspicions. Why did she object to an autopsy which might be her only chance to establish her claim to the insurance? Did she have positive knowledge that Wyman's death had occurred *after* midnight? Or was she afraid an autopsy might reveal facts quite foreign to insurance?

Before he called on Helen Wyman, the pathologist made a few discreet inquiries about the dead man. He found that Kenneth Wyman was a journeyman photoengraver who had risen to be master printer. He was half owner of Wyman & Prentiss, a small Northbank printing and lithographing firm which did a big business in girlie-girlie calendars. There had been some trouble with the postal authorities the year before, resulting in wholesale confiscations and the loss of some of their biggest customers—a disastrous year altogether. The current year's calendars, however, by a decorous use of shadow and an extra layer of gauze in the right places, had re-established the right of Wyman & Prentiss to use the mails, and by the next year the firm expected to have recovered its lost business

Helen Wyman, before her marriage five years earlier, had been a photographer's model and had posed for many a Wyman & Prentiss calendar. Since her marriage, she had become a good bourgeois housewife in a good bourgeois neighborhood of Northbank.

She made a very pretty widow, although not a particularly sorrowful one, Dr. Coffee reflected, as she opened the door for him. She was a small, buxom, blue-eyed blonde, and black was quite becoming to her. She ushered the pathologist into a darkened living room, where a small, plump, red-faced young man in a shiny blue-serge suit sat drinking beer. "I've come on a very personal matter, Mrs. Wyman," Dr. Coffee said, looking pointedly at the plump young man.

"This is Ray Bowes." Helen Wyman made the presentation with a wave of her hand. "You can talk in front of Ray."

"Are you Mrs. Wyman's attorney, Mr. Bowes?"

"Nope," said Bowes. "I'm a photographer. But I've known Helen since she was so high, long before either of us went to work for that two-timing—"

"Stop it, Ray," Helen Wyman interrupted.

"Sorry."

Dr. Coffee had barely stated his business when Bowes broke in with: "If you're from the insurance company, you're wasting your time. Helen already said no."

"You realize, of course," the pathologist said, "that your advice may deprive Mrs. Wyman of fifty thousand dollars."

"We—Helen doesn't need his filthy money," Bowes said. "I can take care of her. Anyhow, it's not fifty thousand. It's only about half that. Wyman put his policy in hock about a month ago for twenty-four thousand."

"I see. Was your husband in financial trouble, Mrs. Wyman?"

"Not that I know of. He didn't tell me about the loan. I guess it must have been for the firm."

"What do you get out of this, Doctor?" Bowes demanded.

"My fee for a post-mortem examination is the same, no matter what report I make to the company. And I'm quite ready to turn the fee over to Mrs. Wyman in case I'm unable to establish her claim. Now I'd like you to tell me, Mrs. Wyman, everything that happened on the night you last saw your husband, including what you gave him for dinner."

Helen Wyman glanced at Bowes, who gave an almost imperceptible nod. "I'll try," she said. She spoke in low tones, looking at the floor.

WYMAN had come home for dinner at about six thirty, as usual, she said. They'd had two or three cocktails while the steak was broiling. It was a thick steak, and Wyman liked his well done. After dinner he had listened to the baseball scores on the radio, then said he was going out to get some cigars. He never came back.

Mrs. Wyman had not been alarmed when her husband did not return immediately. He often stopped at a neighborhood bar for a beer. And since he easily lost track of time, she rarely waited up for him. The night before, she had done some mending and gone to bed to read. She must have fallen asleep with the light on; it was still burning when she woke up.

She'd been startled to find that it was daylight and that her husband's bed had not been slept in. She'd called Joe Prentiss, her husband's partner, but he was no help. She'd called several bars; they were closed. She'd looked in Wyman's study, just in case he had come in late and stretched out on the leather couch there. He wasn't there—and neither was his brief case, which always stood on the floor beside his desk. The disappearance of the brief case had shocked Helen into action. She was dialing the police station when the doorbell rang: A detective with the bad news.

Wyman's body had been found in an alleyway half a mile from his house. He had an abrasion on the back of his scalp, caused, the coroner said, by his falling and striking his head on the curb after a heart attack. There were no marks on the body except the cut on the head, which was not serious enough to have been fatal.

And there was no sign of the brief case.

"Thanks to your steak," Dr. Coffee said when Helen Wyman had finished, "I think I can help. Will you sign a permit for an autopsy?"

Helen Wyman glanced at Ray Bowes who had been watching her adoringly as she spoke. His expression did not change. She sighed. "All right, I may as well," she said.

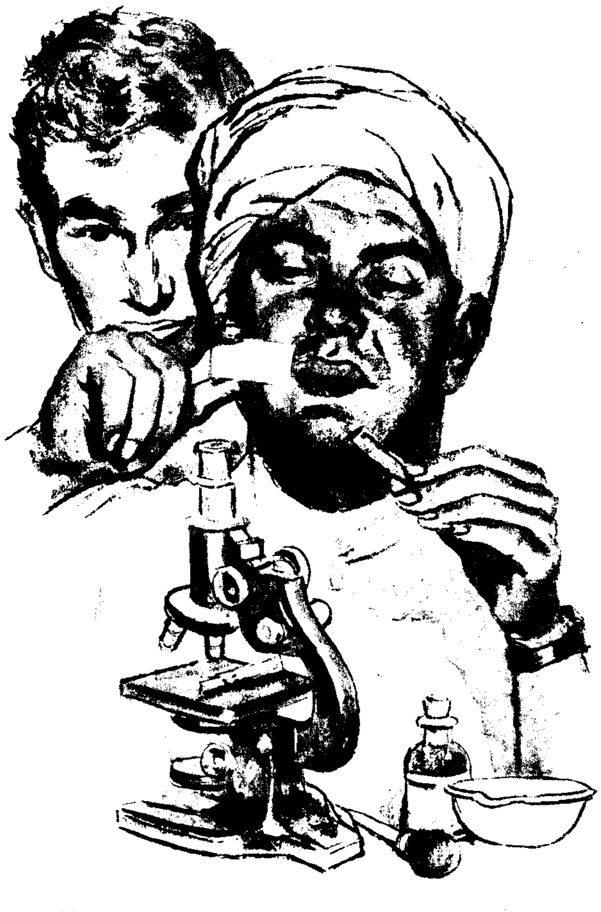
AT NINE that night, Dr. Coffee called the Northbank police station and asked for Max Ritter, lieutenant of detectives. "Can you hop over to my lab right away, Max?" the pathologist asked.

"Have a heart, Doc," the detective protested. "I was just going home."

"I just stumbled on a magnificent bit of homicide, Max," Dr. Coffee said, "and I wanted you to be the first to know."

"Okay, Doc. Right over."

Twenty minutes later, the slim, dark, sad-eyed



Dr. Mookerji shook his head. "Regretfully report only retrograde progress," he said

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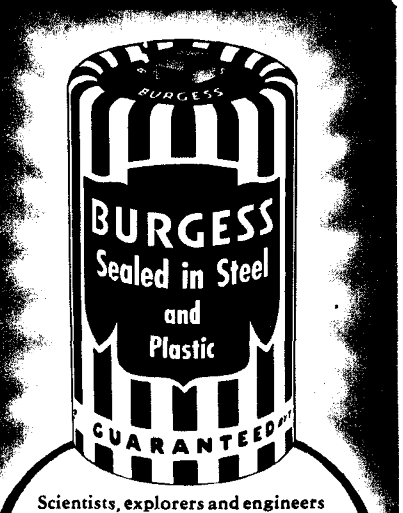

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police detective walked through the pathology laboratory of Pasteur Hospital to Dr. Coffee's private office in the rear.

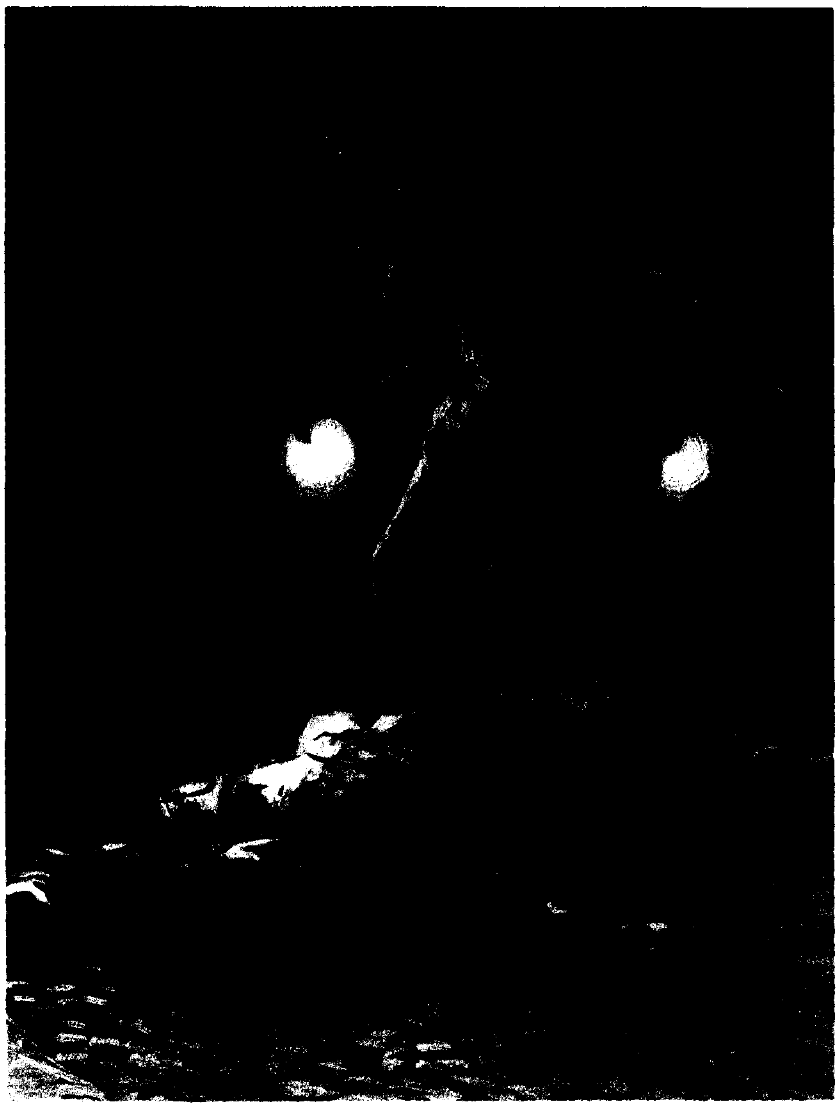
When the pathologist had finished telling him about his interview with Helen Wyman, Ritter asked, "And did you find out when the guy died?"

"I did. He died before midnight, all right. The digestive process had barely started. He must have been dead within an hour of leaving home."

"And he didn't die of a bad ticker?" Max Ritter asked.

"His heart was in perfect condition," Dr. Coffee said. "He was kicked to death."

Ritter opened his mouth, then closed it again without speaking. His prominent Adam's apple bobbled twice as he swallowed. Then he asked, "Doc, did you say *kicked?*"



Kenneth Wyman's life insurance policy had expired at midnight Wednesday. His body was not found until the early hours of Thursday

"Kicked," the pathologist repeated, "or jumped on. I found thirteen perforations of the mesentery and small intestine. He died of hemorrhage and shock. There were three quarts of blood in the peritoneal cavity."

"I'll say he was kicked." The detective whistled. "What fooled the coroner? Didn't he even take the guy's clothes off?"

"He may have. There were no external bruises. Black-and-blue marks are microscopic hemorrhages into the tissue from the rupture of tiny blood vessels. When death occurs instantaneously or nearly so, the blood stops circulating and there is no discoloration."

"I get the impression," Ritter said, "that in some quarters Kenneth Wyman wasn't well liked. Does his wife know he was murdered?"

"I haven't told her," Dr. Coffee said, "but she may have private sources. After all, she did oppose the autopsy at first, although I think that most of the objection came from Ray Bowes."

"Should I stop the funeral, Doc? We don't want to dig this guy up again next week, do we?"

"It's not necessary, Max. I've got all of Mr. Wyman's essential organs here in the lab, and Dr. Mookerji will go to work on them tomorrow. I talked to the coroner tonight, and he'll take my word for everything, as long as he doesn't have to leave his pinochle game. Where do we go from here, Max? Do we tell Mrs. Wyman now? Or wait until after the funeral tomorrow?"

"Let's wait till after the funeral. That'll give me time to— Hello, Swami. What are you doing around here this time of night? I ought to report you to the union."

Dr. Motilal Mookerji, Pasteur Hospital's resident pathologist, had waddled into Dr. Coffee's office. Dr. Mookerji was a brilliant Hindu biochemist who constantly amazed his colleagues by his mastery of histology and bacteriology, his spheroidal contours, and his struggle with the American idiom.

"Salaam, Doctor Sahib," he said. "Five times greetings, Leftenant. Somewhat skinny gentleman of asthenic type just now arriving in laboratory, is requesting urgent interview with Dr. Coffee. Name of Prentiss."

Dr. Coffee started. "Prentiss? Send him in, Doctor."

The senior partner of Wyman & Prentiss seemed even taller and thinner than Dr. Mookerji's description as he towered above the pink turban of the squat, rotund Hindu. His thin lips were grim, his sallow cheeks sunken, and his gray eyes worried.

"I'm Joseph Prentiss. Glad I caught you in, Dr. Coffee," he said. "I called your home, and your wife said I'd probably find you here. So I— Pardon me, I seem to be intruding. I didn't know you had someone with you."

"This is Lieutenant Ritter of the Northbank police."

"Then my premonition was right. My partner's death is a police matter," Prentiss said.

"Lieutenant Ritter came over to discuss another case," the pathologist said. "What made you think Mr. Wyman's death was a police matter?"

"Mrs. Wyman told me you were performing an autopsy. So naturally I wondered—"

"The autopsy was an insurance matter." Dr. Coffee looked steadfastly at Max Ritter, who looked steadfastly at the wall. "The coroner says Mr. Wyman died of heart failure. "Have you any reason to think otherwise?"

"No," said Prentiss with a wry smile, "except that I've heard that a fat insurance policy is sometimes almost as dangerous as a fatty heart."

"Mr. Wyman's insurance was heavily mortgaged," the pathologist said. "I understand he borrowed in order to prop up the firm."

Prentiss tightened his lips. "Ken Wyman hasn't put a dime into the partnership in eight years," he said. "We started Wyman & Prentiss with my capital, Ken's know-how, and the little photoengraving equipment that Ken owned. He was the master artisan, and I say that without reservation, while I was the capitalist and promoter. No, Ken didn't put much cash into the business. But as for taking it out—" Prentiss coughed into a green plaid handkerchief.

"You and he ever fight about money?" Ritter asked.

"Well—I guess all partners do. Nothing serious, though. Last year, when the firm was in the red, we had a hassle over his drawing account." Prentiss coughed again.

"Mr. Wyman didn't impress me as living extravagantly," Dr. Coffee said. "His home is modest enough."

"Which home?" Prentiss said. Then, apologetically, he said, "There I go again, slandering the dead. But I thought everybody knew. After all, when a man gets into big-money trouble, it's usually either gambling or women. Ken Wyman didn't gamble."

"Did Mrs. Wyman know?" Ritter asked.

PRENTISS pursed his lips. "I don't think Helen was particularly happy at home," he said. "But you talked to her, Doctor. What's your impression? Did she tell you about the plane tickets?"

"No, she didn't."

"Well, there's no reason why she should, really. But she phoned me the other day—Monday, I think it was—to ask me to do her a favor when I went to New York with her husband. Well, Ken hadn't tipped me off, so I put my foot in it. I said I didn't know Ken was going to New York. So she started crying a little on the phone, and asked me not to say anything to Ken about her calling. Seems like the night before while her husband was undressing for bed, he dropped his wallet, and two airline tickets fell out. She asked him where he was going, and he said he was flying to New York with me on business. After I messed up the deal, she knew he was lying, and I guess she thought he might be running out on her."

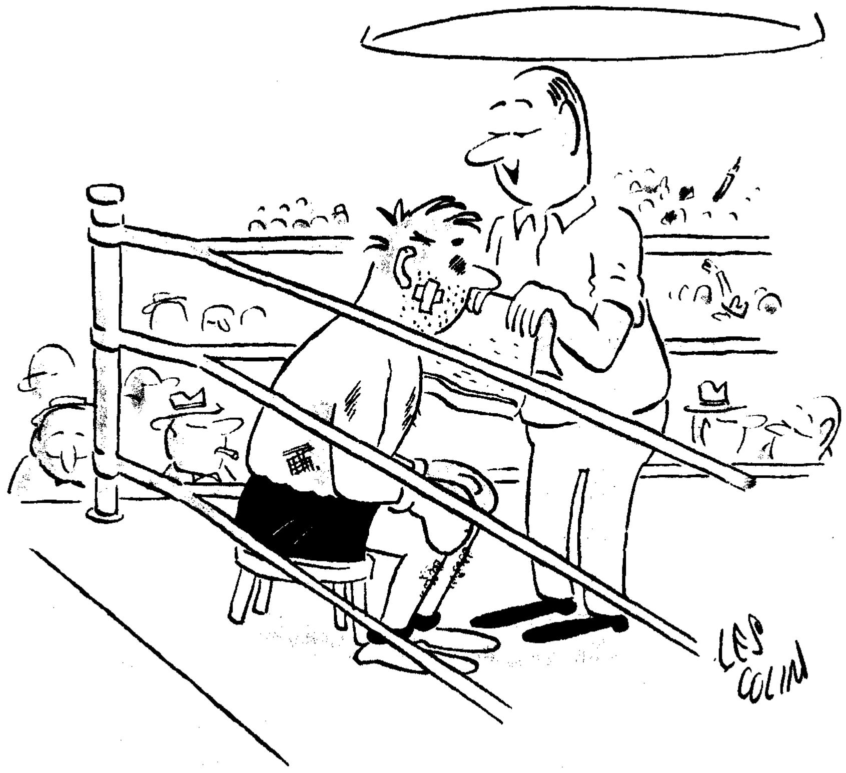
"Do you know a man named Ray Bowes?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Ray? Sure. He's sort of staff photographer for the firm."

"He seems quite friendly with Mrs. Wyman," the pathologist said.

"Oh, Ray's been carrying the torch for Helen for years, ever since they were in school together. He gets sore when you kid him about it. Purely platonic, he says." Prentiss raised his handkerchief to hide a smirk.

There was a chilly silence.



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"Well," Prentiss said, "if there's anything I can do to help—"

"Thank you for dropping in, Mr. Prentiss," Dr. Coffee said. "But I've only completed the gross autopsy. I'll let you know if the microscopic turns up anything. Good night."

Dr. Coffee listened to the footsteps retreating down the corridor of the surgical wing. When he heard the elevator doors open and close, he called, "Dr. Mookerji!"

The round, brown face of the Hindu appeared in the doorway.

"Doctor, what the devil did we do with the late Mr. Wyman's worldly belongings?"

Dr. Mookerji wagged his turban twice to the left. "Double-breasted imported tweed suit, plus silk shirt, underwear and Cordovan footwear now reposing in mothproof bag on workbench in rear. Personal effects are contained in Manila envelope in lower right-handed drawer."

"Yes, of course." Dr. Coffee pulled out the bottom drawer of his desk and withdrew a large envelope, which he emptied on the desk.

FROM the tangle of watch chain, watch, small change, comb, handkerchief, fountain pen, lighter and nail file, Ritter and Dr. Coffee reached for the wallet in unison. Ritter won.

"Guess we both got the same idea," the detective said. He checked through the wallet and drew out a green strip of paper. "Flight X-188 to San Francisco, 11 P.M., Wednesday. Why is there only one ticket?"

"That's not a question for a pathologist, Max."

"Okay, it's mine. And there's something else funny." Ritter was sifting the articles on the desk. "Notice anything, Doc?"

"What, Max?"

"No keys. Wouldn't a guy like Wyman carry a key ring?"

"I'd say so. Shall we call on Mrs. Wyman tonight?"

"Let's wait and break the news after they finish planting Wyman tomorrow. I love to go to burials when the mourners don't know I'm watching." . .

A chilling drizzle clouded the windshield when Dr. Coffee climbed into the police car the next morning.

"I got a few choice nuggets of information," Ritter said, as he put the car in gear. "I been busy. While everybody was paying next-to-last respects to the corpse down at the mortician's, I took a quiet look around the Wyman hacienda. The Widow Wyman was lying to you when she said her husband went out for cigars Wednesday night. I found a box of Perfectos in his desk drawer, half full."

"Maybe Wyman was lying, Max."

"Maybe. Anyhow, I also went out to the airport to check on the no-shows on Flight X-188 to San Francisco Wednesday night. Seems there were two—a Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farmer. Only Mrs. Farmer really checked in. She gave up the business end of her ticket for a gate pass and went aboard. Just before they closed the doors, she got off again, carrying her overnight bag. The stewardess on that flight ain't due back for a day or two, so I'm sort of marking time."

"That would explain the discrepancy between the two tickets Mrs. Wyman saw, and the one we found in Wyman's wallet."

"Maybe," the detective said. "I also called on a few of my financial connections this morning. Wyman didn't bank that twenty-four thousand from the policy loan. His balance is $62.50. And he didn't put it in the business, either. No big deposits like that to the firm's account for the last two months. So where is it?"

"I don't know, Max," Dr. Coffee said, "but here *we* are."

Gray rain veiled the cemetery, blurring the outlines of tombstones and the dark silhouettes of gaunt cypresses. Dr. Coffee studied the faces of the mourners huddled at the graveside. Helen Wyman still appeared more winsome than wet-eyed. She stood between granite-faced Joe Prentiss and pink-cheeked Ray Bowes. She was looking neither at the pastor nor at the grave. Whatever she was staring at seemed to upset her more than the funeral service. Her face was tense; her mouth was set in a tight, hostile line.

Dr. Coffee followed the direction of her stare to a group of typographers, engravers and office girls. Only one of the group seemed conspicuous enough to be the object of Helen Wyman's attention: a violet-eyed little brunette who might have just stepped from a Wyman & Prentiss calendar. She had been crying, and she dabbed at her eyes with a square of fine linen.

Dr. Coffee turned for another look at Helen Wyman, trying to analyze her taut expression. Could it be hate?

The minister droned, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection . . ."

At last, Helen Wyman sobbed. Prentiss gave her a comforting pat on the arm. She turned her back to him and buried her face against the ample shoulder of Ray Bowes. The photographer flushed and made an embarrassed gesture which tried to be protective without seeming too affectionate.

Prentiss came over to Dr. Coffee. "Any developments, Doctor?"

"I may know something this afternoon," the pathologist replied.

"Who's the good-looking brunette?" Ritter asked.

"You mean Gladys Channing?" Prentiss peered into the mist. "Yes, that's Gladys. She was Ken Wyman's secretary."

"Looks to me like a calendar girl," the detective said.

"Gladys used to pose for us," Prentiss said. "Very attractive model, in fact."

Ritter took Dr. Coffee's arm and walked him away rapidly. "I got a hunch we can crack the extra ticket mystery without the stewardess of X-188. Did you catch that babe's little feet, Doc?"

AS DR. COFFEE entered his laboratory and shook out his raincoat, Dr. Mookerji looked up from his microscope and beamed.

"Salaam, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu said.

"Good morning, Dr. Mookerji. How's your analysis coming?"

Dr. Mookerji's pink turban quivered as he wagged his big head. "Regretfully report only retrograde progress," he said. "Foreign substances present in scalp wound in such minute quantities that cannot devise analytical technique without exhausting suspected material."

Dan Coffee scratched his long chin. He said, "I'll send the specimen over to Northbank University this afternoon and let their spectrologists have a whirl at it."

"Am somewhat nonplused by seeming importance of scalp wound," Dr. Mookerji said, "inasmuch as late deceased did not expire from same."

"Simple," the pathologist explained. "The coroner says Wyman hit his head against the curb. If we find sand and cement traces in the wound, the coroner is right—which is highly unlikely. I think Wyman was deliberately conked by the person or persons who killed him. Lieutenant Ritter thinks he was conked hard enough so that even a woman with pointed shoes or high heels could have kicked him into eternity."

"Is Leftenant Ritter suspecting Widow Wyman of homicidal tendencies toward late husband?"

"The lieutenant is an honor graduate of the *cherchez-la-femme* school. Anyhow, our job is to find in the wound itself some clue as to the weapon that made it. For instance, if we find flakes of enamel from a photographer's tripod, or leather rubbings from a lady's handbag—"

"Comprehension is now dawning," said Dr. Mookerji. . . .

Two hours later, Ray Bowes and Helen Wyman burst into the lab. Bowes, running interference, charged through the broken field of startled technicians, dodged around Dr. Mookerji, and burst panting into Dr. Coffee's private office. His ruddy face was damp with perspira-

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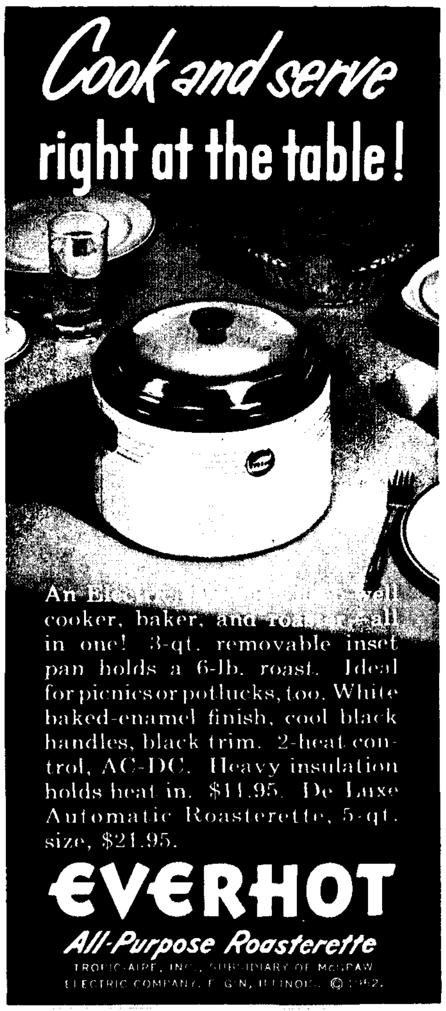

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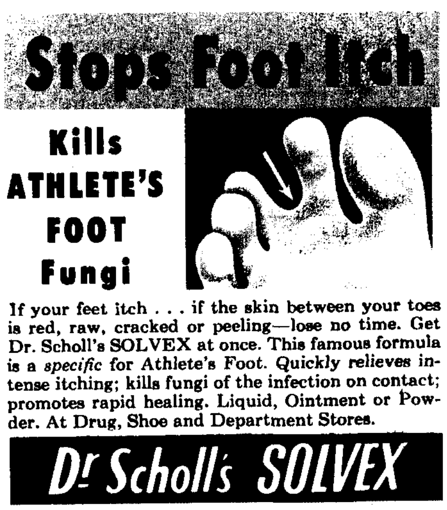

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tion, and the angry gestures of his small, plump hands were awkward. But for all his rumpled aspect, he was a knight in shining irony.

"Mrs. Wyman just heard the news from the insurance company," he said, "so we came by to congratulate you."

"I was glad to help," Dr. Coffee said.

"Help? Quit kidding, Doctor. The company isn't paying a dime, because you reported that Wyman was murdered. They say if the murderer turns out to be the beneficiary, the policy is void."

"I hadn't thought of that," Dr. Coffee said. "Please sit down."

"So you can think up some new tricks?" Bowes shouted. "Helen just wanted to let you know she regrets listening to you and—"

"Oh, stop it, Ray!" Helen Wyman broke in. Her black veil fluttered prettily as she sat down. "I do thank you for your services, Doctor, no matter how shocking the result. May I be of help?"

"The police will be handling the investigation, but I know of one question Lieutenant Ritter will ask when you meet him. It seems you saw two air-line tickets in your husband's wallet the other night. There was only one when he was found. Have you any idea whom the other might have been intended for?"

Helen Wyman looked at Bowes, whose nostrils quivered, rabbit-fashion. "No," she said.

"Look over the latest Wyman & Prentiss calendars," Bowes added.

"Could it have been a young woman named Gladys Channing?"

Again Helen Wyman looked at Bowes. His expression was blank. She said nothing.

"You might ask Joe Prentiss about that," Bowes said. "Joe's been drooling around Gladys for months."

"My husband always considered her quite attractive," Mrs. Wyman said.

"Did your husband and Mr. Prentiss quarrel over Gladys?"

"I—I don't know what to think." The widow covered her face with her black-gloved hands. Bowes put his arm around her. She stood up and started for the door.

MAX RITTER telephoned as Dan Coffee was getting ready for bed that night: "Put your pants back on, Doc. We're calling on Gladys Channing. I want another look at her feet. I'll pick you up in twenty minutes."

On the way to Miss Channing's apartment house, Ritter explained that he had called the San Francisco police as soon as he learned that "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farmer" had expected to fly west on the night Wyman was killed. He had just had a long and detailed reply.

"Seems like a few weeks ago somebody opened two bank accounts in San Francisco under the name of Charles Farmer. By a funny coincidence, the total balance comes to just twenty-four thousand dollars, same as Wyman's insurance loan. Farmer also gave the banks as reference when he rented a plushy apartment on Nob Hill, so the boys dropped in after I called. They found the apartment's never been lived in, but the closets are busting with expensive clothes, male and female, including a cute little mink jacket and enough shoes for a couple of centipedes. They also found a hundred thousand bucks in travelers' checks with no signature, not even Farmer's, locked in the bureau drawer. So I think we should call on Gladys."

Gladys was not exactly pleased by their visit. She tried hard to give the impression that she had been waked out of a sound sleep. She yawned as she poked her well-coiffed head through a gap in the door.

"Look," Ritter said, "we know you got constitutional rights and you don't have to let us in without a warrant. But I'd like to ask you four—five questions. Can we come in?"

GLADYS CHANNING'S violet eyes made a quick appraisal. "Please do," she said. "I've got nothing to hide."

"The stewardess on that San Francisco flight Wednesday is due back in Northbank tonight," Ritter said, as he sat down. "Shall I bring her here?"

Gladys hardly batted an eye. "What for?" she asked.

"To save you a trip to the airport. Maybe she'll identify you as the Mrs. Charles Farmer who jumped ship just before the take-off."

"So what?" Gladys crossed her legs.

"So why were you going west with the late K. Wyman?"

"That's easy. He was taking his secretary on a short business trip."

"I been in touch with San Francisco," Ritter said. "You and Wyman weren't taking no short business trip. Wyman was going for good. And so were you."

"I got on that plane with just an overnight bag," Gladys said. "A girl don't usually start a new life with just an overnight bag."

"She might," the detective said, looking at the girl's tiny, purple-feathered mules, "if she knew there was a cozy little nest lined with fine feathers at the other end of the flight. Feathers like a size-fourteen mink jacket, for instance."

"There must be fourteen million size-fourteen girls in this country, by the last census," Gladys said.

"Could be. But there ain't fourteen million Cinderellas who could squeeze their tootsies into a three-and-a-half shoe. You got a very damned pretty little foot."

Gladys paled. She breathed deeply and audibly for a moment.

"Okay," she said, finally, "what do you want from me?"

"Why did you get off the plane?"

"Ken didn't show up. Was I going out there all alone?"

"You knew he was dead, didn't you?"

"Oh my God, no! I—I was furious. I thought he stood me up, that's all."

"You knew Joe Prentiss would do anything to keep you from running off with Wyman—that he'd even kill the guy."

"Aw now, how stupid can a man get—even a cop? Joe Prentiss wouldn't kill a fly to keep me here because he knows it wouldn't do him any good. Oh sure, he's been making passes at me for months, but he knows I loved Ken Wyman."

"It don't make sense. Prentiss is single. Wyman was married."

"My hard luck," Gladys said. "I wouldn't go for Joe Prentiss if he was the last millionaire on earth, tax free."

No, Gladys didn't know of any enemies Wyman had. No, she didn't know any trouble he was in. No, he'd had no visits from strangers—unless you counted that FBI man, who really came to see Prentiss, only Prentiss was home with the flu, so he'd talked to Wyman. She thought his name was Tufts.

"He was investigating paper and inks made by certain manufacturers," Gladys said. "He looked around the shop and took samples of our work. He hasn't been back since."

"Did Ray Bowes ever make passes at you?"

"Ray?" Gladys laughed. "Ray never made passes at anybody. He just makes calf eyes at Helen Wyman. Any more questions, Big Boy?"

"Thank you, no. But stick around. People are going to be watching the airport and places like that. Good night."

TWO days later, Dr. Coffee got his spectrographic analysis report from Northbank University. He sat at his desk, poring over the strips of photographic paper on which unevenly spaced lines made long, dark ladders. Light from the incandescent vapor arising from heating a tiny fragment of Wyman's scalp wound in an electric arc had produced a different pattern than that made by vaporizing a fragment from another part of the scalp. Heavy lines on the graph indicated that particles of copper, carbon and manganese were present in the wound. There were also indications of some complex organic oil which would be difficult to break down without long, intricate computations and measurements of wave lengths in millionths of a millimeter.

"I think," the pathologist said to Dr. Mookerji, who was looking over his shoulder, "that I shall be very unscientific and make a long guess that the oil is linseed oil."

"On what basis are you deducing character of seeds?" the Hindu asked.

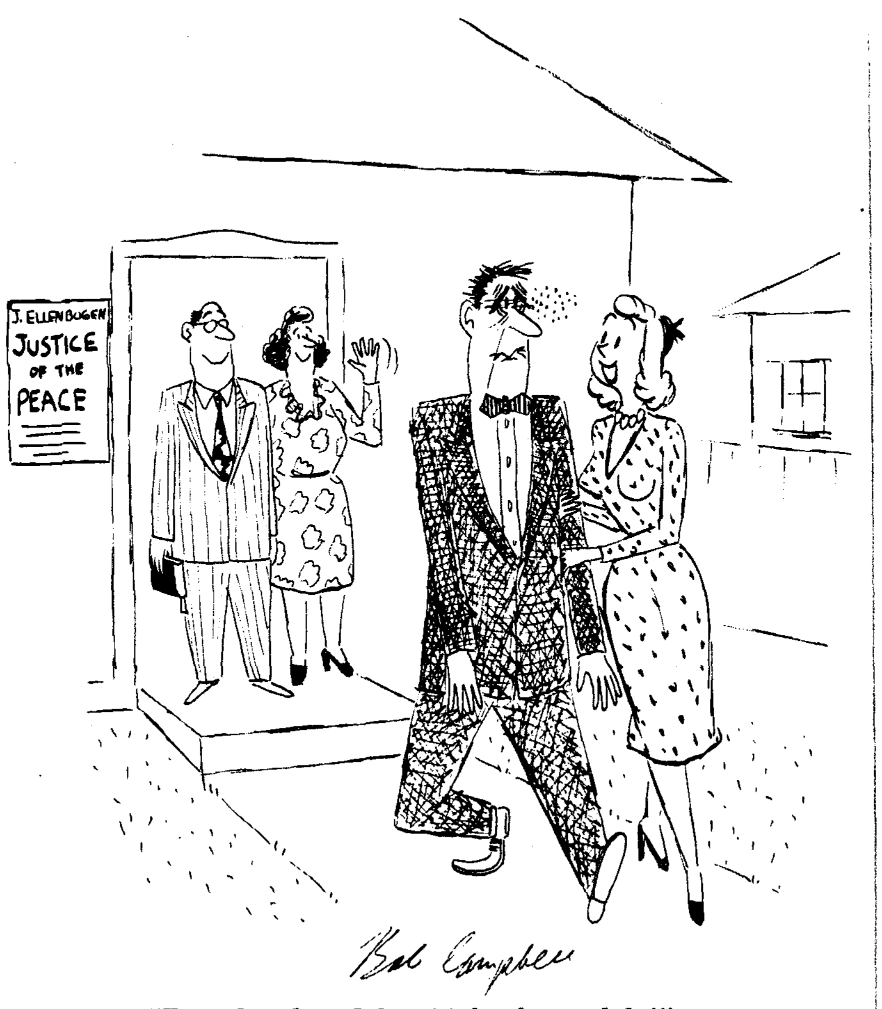
"A report from San Francisco, for one thing," Dr. Coffee

Next Week

Collier's
Science May Give You a SECOND HEART
A New Chafik Mystery
COLLEGE HATS (See Page 14)

Science May Give You a SECOND HEART

A New Chafik Mystery



COLLIER'S "For a first date, John, this has been a lulu!" BOB CAMPBELL

said. "And on the presence of carbon and manganese. The drying qualities of linseed oil are increased when it's boiled with manganese oxide. Boiled linseed oil plus carbon blacks equals printer's ink. Wyman was in the printing business. Therefore— Great stars! I think I've got something, Doctor."

He snatched up the telephone to call Lieutenant Ritter. "Max, have you stopped looking for Wyman's brief case?"

"No, I still got a man on it, Doc. He's getting nowhere."

"Can you get five or ten more, Max, to canvass every checkroom and checking locker in town? I got a hunch they'll find something. The picture is beginning to clear up, Max."

After he had hung up, Dr. Coffee drummed on the desk top for a moment. Then he took the telephone directory and looked up the number of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

WHEN Max Ritter telephoned, Dr. Coffee was halfway through dinner. "We found it, Doc! The brief case. In a checking locker at the airport. It weighs a ton."

"I should think it would, Max. Besides a toothbrush, razor and other toilet articles, I'll bet it's full of flat copper plates."

"Doc, you should of been a detective. How—?"

"Put the brief case back in the same locker, Max. Leave a man there, but tell him not to stop anybody taking it out. Where's Helen Wyman?"

"Home. She hasn't left the house for two days."

"Good. Now listen. I want you to round up Mrs. Wyman, Ray Bowes, Joe Prentiss and Gladys Channing. Have them all brought to the police station right away. Use any pretext you want—to sign statements, or anything. When you get them all together, give them a group lecture on the evils of obstructing justice and all that sort of thing. Then announce that you're going to hold Mrs. Wyman overnight. Say that an FBI man named Tufts is coming in from Washington on the midnight plane. Is there a midnight plane from Washington, Max?"

"There's one at twelve-forty."

"Good enough. Then announce that this FBI man wants to question Mrs. Wyman on the whereabouts and contents of a brief case that disappeared on the night Wyman was murdered. Say you've been asked to keep Mrs. Wyman in custody until he arrives. Got all that straight, Max? . . . Good. After that, you turn the other three loose. Once they're out of sight, jump on your white horse and meet me at the Wyman house. I assume you have a key."

"To the back door," the detective said.

"Fine. At the back door, then. And don't leave your car around." . . .

It was nearly two hours before Ritter joined the pathologist.

"What gives, Doc?" The detective unlocked the back door. "You've been holding out on me. What are we looking for in here?"

"We're not looking, Max. We're waiting—in the dark."

"Who do we expect?"

"The murderer. If I'm wrong, you can sue me. I got the hunch when I saw the spectro-analysis of Wyman's scalp wound today. The graphs indicated that Wyman was slugged with a copper object containing traces of printer's ink—"

"So he was killed in the print shop?" Ritter asked.

"Not necessarily. But I happened to think of those unsigned travelers' checks in 'Mr. Farmer's' San Francisco apartment. It struck me that unsigned checks in that amount must be either stolen or counterfeit. The FBI interest in the W. & P. print shop spells counterfeiting. I checked with the FBI. There are bum travelers' checks in interstate circulation, all right.

"Now, if the checks were printed here, the plates they were made from wouldn't be left lying around the print shop, where they might excite the curiosity of an honest journeyman printer. Since Wyman was the skilled artisan of the partnership, it's logical that he should have custody of the plates—Hurt yourself, Max?"

The detective had bumped into a chair in the dark and was muttering profanely.

"We'll wait here in the living room," Dr. Coffee went on. "As you pointed out the other day, the murderer has Wyman's keys. So sit over here, where you can train your artillery on the front door. As I was saying, Wyman was probably custodian of the half-tone plates. Let's say he kept them in his brief case when they were not in use. Let's say that when the FBI man dropped in, Wyman knew the game was up, flew to San Francisco to establish a new identity and lay the basis for a new life, then came back to cover up his traces. Let's say that on the night he was due to skip, he decided to leave the damning evidence behind, pointing to somebody else. So before boarding his plane, he took his brief case—"

DR. COFFEE stopped abruptly. He heard footsteps on the walk—and a faint click as Ritter moved the safety catch of his gun. The footfall grew more distinct, climbing the front steps. A key grated in the lock. The door opened slowly and closed quickly. The footsteps crossed the foyer to the living room. A cone of light leaped through the darkness from Ritter's flashlight.

"Drop that brief case," Ritter ordered, "and lift those lily-white paws, Prentiss!"

Joe Prentiss recoiled from the glare. He obeyed.

Dr. Coffee switched on the ceiling lights.

"Look for the plates, Doc. I'll look for knives and guns."

The detective searched Prentiss. Dr. Coffee opened the brief case. A stack of copper plates slid out. Crosshatched lines and etched shadows made dark oblongs on the gleaming metal.

"I—when you mentioned Wyman's brief case tonight, Lieutenant," Prentiss stammered, "I remembered seeing it under his desk in the shop. So I—I brought it over."

"You didn't get that from Wyman's desk, Prentiss. You got it from Locker 669 at the airport. And don't forget it's been there long enough for us to develop your prints off the copper, test the edges for blood stains, and put it back again."

"But—but why in the world would I—?"

"You tell him, Doc. You were just getting to that part."

"As I was saying," Dr. Coffee resumed, "Wyman decided to leave the incriminating evidence pointing to someone else. Since Prentiss was away the day the FBI called, why not leave the plates in his desk? But Prentiss knew his partner was up to some sly tricks, because Mrs. Wyman had phoned about the air tickets. So Prentiss was waiting.

"I assume, Mr. Prentiss, that you grabbed the plates out of Wyman's hands as he was preparing to plant them, that you banged him on the head with them, and, as he fell, that you jumped on him repeatedly or kicked him to death. Then you loaded the body in your car and abandoned it in an alley. Your taking his keys puzzled me for a while—until I decided you were planning to reverse Wyman's trick and carry the plates back to his own home whenever you could do it unobserved."

Deathly pale, Prentiss collapsed into a chair. "I—he was going to leave me holding the bag!" he mumbled.

"You fooled him after all," Ritter said. "You won't have to face that counterfeiting charge. Homicide gets priority in this state. Stick your hands in these, Buster."

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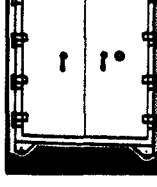

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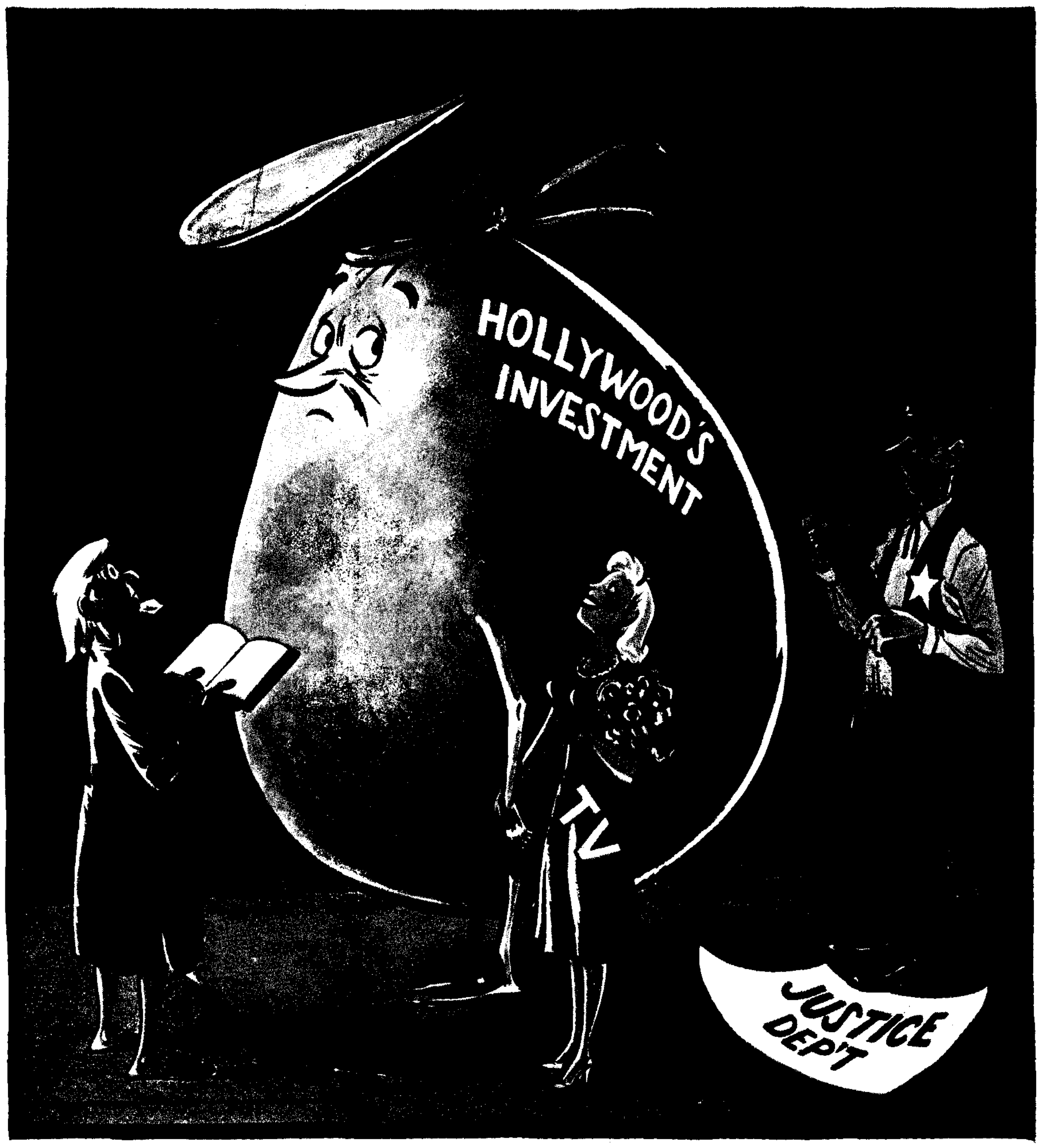


JOHN FISCHETTI

Really Happy Marriages Don't Start This Way

A VETERAN EXECUTIVE of the motion-picture industry, according to contemporary legend, once remarked, "This is a dog-eat-dog business—and nobody's going to eat me." We'll leave it up to the reader to guess who might have uttered those words, but there is no prize for the right answer. Because it's the sentiment and not the source that concerns us here. The sentiment is believable. Movies *are* a highly competitive enterprise, within the industry itself as well as with other mediums of entertainment. And so it seems rather foolish to us that the Department of Justice has charged 12 members of the industry with conspiracy to keep their product off television screens. We also think that this suit, if successful, would establish a precedent which, to say the least, would be disquieting.

Specifically, the department has brought an antitrust suit against a group of producers and distributors who, it alleges, have conspired to restrain interstate commerce in 16-millimeter films. These films are copies of certain standard 35-millimeter features which the movie people have made available to military camps, churches and the like. Naturally the number, type and age of these copies have been regulated so as not to jeopardize the income of the producers, distributors and exhibitors of commercial motion pictures. That is only common business sense. And it doesn't seem likely to us that a deep, dark, formal conspiracy would be necessary to persuade these individual members of the industry that it would be inviting commercial suicide to sell their product indiscriminately to their TV competitors at a small fraction of the product's original cost.

Yet the Justice Department charges conspiracy. And if it can make its case stick, it can compel the defendants to make their films available to television "for a limited time"—perhaps a year—and presumably at a price which a sponsor or station is willing to pay. The department is careful to point out that its only charge is conspiracy, and that it cannot compel an individual company to sell films to television. But that, to our perhaps oversimplified way of thinking, is cockeyed sophistry.

It is a simple and obvious fact that the predominant source of the movie industry's income is the repeated showing of films in theaters. Even in the case of old films, it is quite probable that a company would make more money by reissuing a picture to theaters than by selling it for a one-shot showing on television. In any event, we believe that the decision of whether to reissue, sell to TV or keep the film in the can is one which should be left up to the company which spent its money to produce the picture in the first place.

We have nothing against television. Quite the contrary. It's a great new medium, and we want to see it prosper. But we don't want to see it prosper through an unfair and government-assisted advantage over one of its competitors for the public's attention. And if we were in the television business we're not sure that we would like to see this antitrust suit decided in our favor.

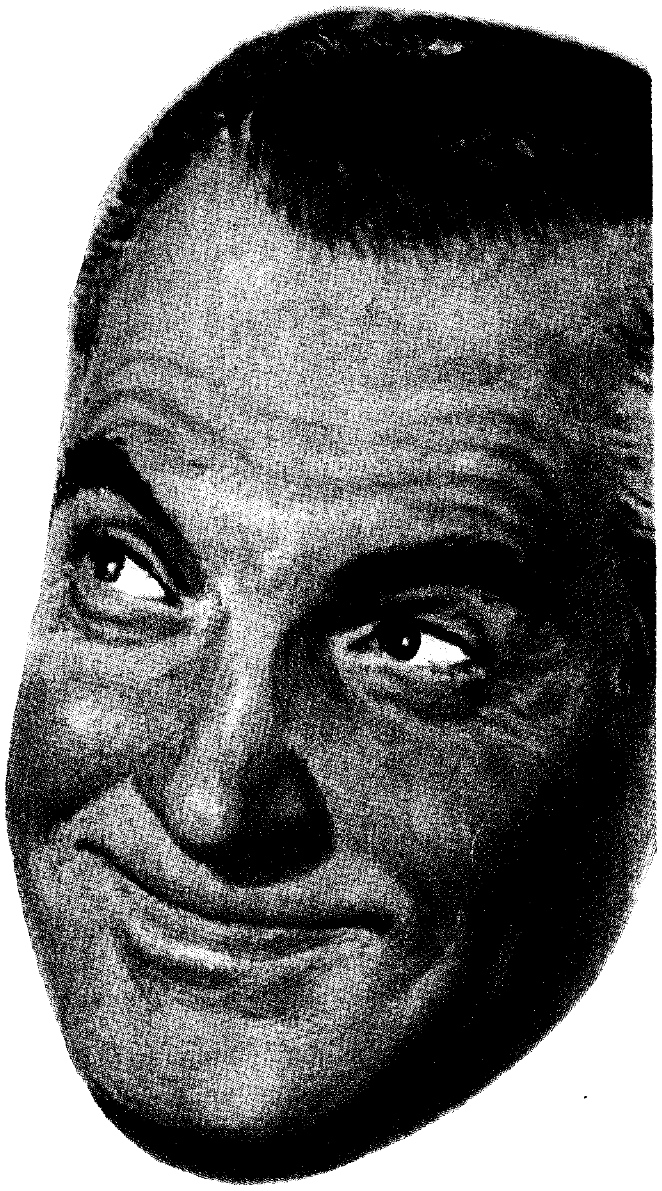
If the government can compel the movie makers to turn over their 16-millimeter films to television, why can't it also force them to sell their 35-millimeter pictures to the same medium, in case the movie companies refuse to make any more 16-millimeter duplicates? And if the government can exercise that compulsion, why can't it also order television networks sometime in the future to show some special event, like a World Series or a championship fight or a political convention, only in theaters to paid admissions? For that matter, why can't it compel this and every other magazine to give the republication rights to its current contents to a newspaper press association for distribution to the country's daily papers at a nominal fee?

Both television and motion pictures have unique properties and advantages as well as common areas of interest and operation and, no doubt, disagreement. It seems to us that the two mediums can safely be left to thresh out their disagreements without government intervention.

This isn't the first time that we have been baffled by the mental processes of bureaucracy. And that bafflement is not only general but applicable to the case in question. For, more than a year before the Justice Department got into the act, the Federal Communications Commission warned the movie people that they had better be prepared to make their product available to television. Now the antitrust lawyers come along with an attempt to back up that warning by giving an undue and unfair advantage to a new industry over one already established. We can't see how it serves the public interest.

The film industry is one of the country's largest simply because its product has won popular favor all over the world. Thousands of people depend upon it for their livelihood—not only the stars and executives with six-figure incomes, but the man who runs the neighborhood movie house and hires a half-dozen people to work for him. The Justice Department can threaten all those livelihoods if it succeeds through its present action in throwing open Hollywood's doors and inviting a competitor to help himself.

All this leads us back to something which we have said before, and which we intend to keep on saying when the occasion warrants until something is done: the antitrust laws should be interpreted in the light of public benefit and not of economic theory; and Congress should reexamine and if necessary rewrite those laws in the interest of the just regulation and orderly growth of American industry, rather than in the interest of punishment and restriction.



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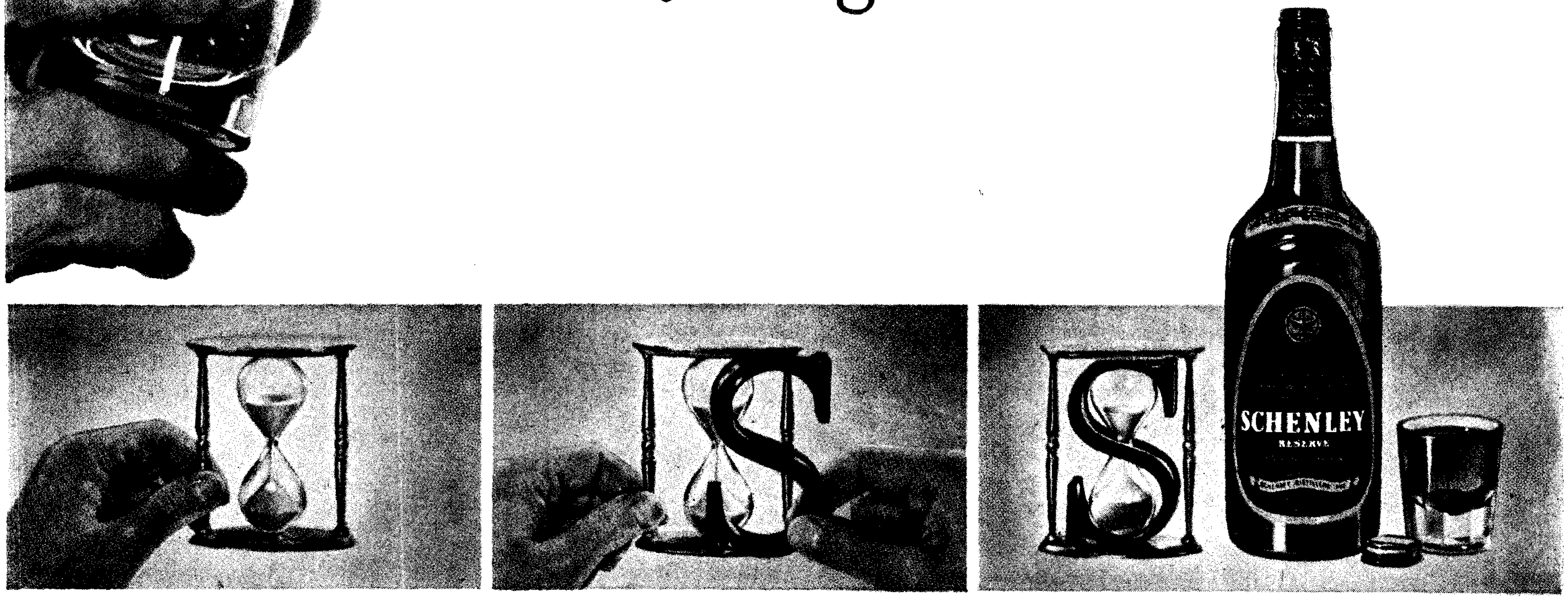

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